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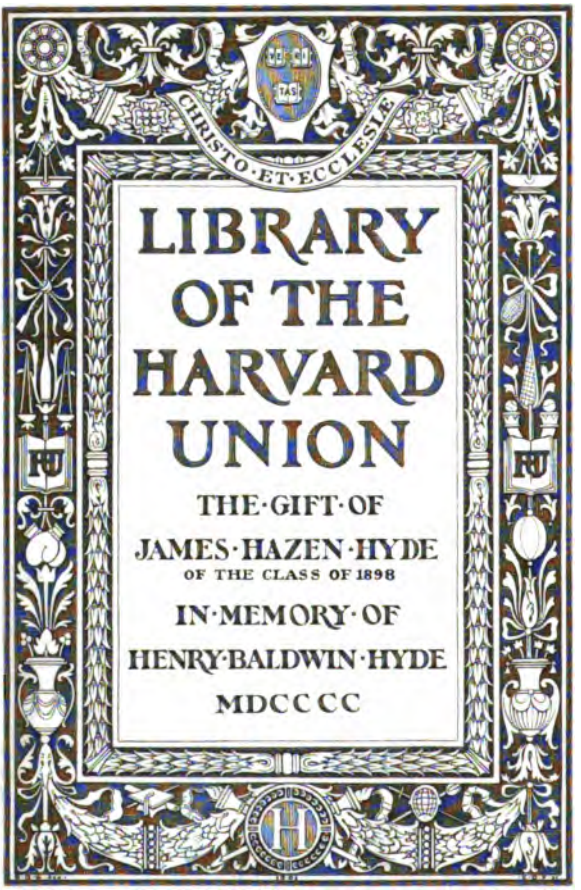

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GOLDSMITH'S WORKS

IN TWELVE VOLUMES

VOL. XII.

HIS LIFE AND TIMES

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The Works of Oliver Goldsmith

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THE LIFE AND TIMES

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

By JOHN FORSTER

ILLUSTRATED

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOL. IV.

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BOOK THE FOURTH

GOLDSMITH, THE FRIEND OF JOHNSON, BURKE, AND REYNOLDS: DRAMATIST, NOVELIST, AND POET

1767 TO 1774

(Continued)

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CHAPTER X

A ROUND OF PLEASURES

1771

It may have been on hearing the *Haunch of Venison* read in the Beauclerc and Bunbury circles (it was from a copy which Lord Clare had given Bunbury the poem was printed after the writer's death) that Horace Walpole conceded to the "silly changeling," as he called Goldsmith, "bright gleams of parts"; this being the style of verse he relished most and could value beyond *Travellers* and *Deserted Villages*.[1] It was in a later letter that Walpole made it a kind of boast that he had never exchanged a syllable with Johnson in his life, and had never been in a room with him six times; for the necessity of finding himself, once a year at least, perforce in the same room with him, and with Goldsmith too, did not begin till the present year. On St. George's day, 1771, Sir Joshua Reynolds took the chair at the first annual dinner of the Royal Academy, where the entertainers, himself and his fellow-academicians, sat surrounded by such evidence of claims to admiration as their own pencils had adorned the walls with, and their guests were the most distinguished men of the day; the highest in rank and the highest in genius, the poet as well as the

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[1] "I should like to be intimate with Mr. Anstey, even though he wrote *Lord Buckhorse*, or with the author of the *Heroic Epistle*. I have no thirst to know the rest of my contemporaries, from the absurd bombast of Dr. Johnson down to the silly Dr. Goldsmith; though the latter changeling has had bright gleams of parts, and the former had sense till he changed it for words, and sold it for a pension. Don't think me scornful. Recollect that I have seen Pope and lived with Gray."—*Coll. Lett.* v. 345–346.

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prince, the minister of state and the man of trade.[1] Goldsmith attended every dinner until his death, and so became personally known to several men of rank belonging to both parties in the state, who doubtless at any other time or in any other place would hardly have remembered or acknowledged his name. Nor, it may be added, has the attraction of these celebrated dinners suffered any diminution since. All who have had the privilege of invitation to them can testify to the interest they still excite; to the fact that princes and painters, men of letters and ministers of state, tradesmen and noblemen, still assemble at that hospitable table with objects of a common admiration and sympathy around them; to the happy occasion which their friendly greetings afford for the suspension of all excitements of rivalry, not between artists or academicians alone, but between the most eager combatants of public life, ministerial and ex-ministerial; and to the striking effect with

[1] It was on the occasion of Johnson's last appearance at this famous dinner (in 1784) that he left his seat by desire of the Prince of Wales, and went to the head of the table to be introduced. It was at the dinner two years later that the Prince of Wales had on his right hand the ill-fated Duke of Orleans, so soon to perish on the scaffold, who sat exactly under Reynolds's fine full-length portrait of him, and of whom Sir Joshua remarked, when the Duke rose to address the company, that he never saw a man stand so gracefully in a position which few men, the arms being wholly unemployed, could sustain with dignity or ease. The sons of this Duke of Orleans, I may add, were in England after his death, on the 4th August, 1797; and the occurrence called forth this singular remark from Southey, then in the "hot youth" of his republicanism: "Should there ever again be a king in France (which God forbid!) it will be the elder" (Louis Philippe) "of these young men. He will be a happier and a better man as an American farmer."—*Commonplace-Book*, iv. 516. For Walter Scott at one of these dinners, see *Life*, vii. 249–250; and for Scott's capital anecdote of John Kemble on the same occasion, see *Miscellaneous Prose*, xx. 196. At the dinner in 1789 the Prince of Wales was again present, and this was when Burke, catching sight of the print-seller Boydell at one of the tables while toasts to high-born dignitaries were freely circulating, scrawled the following note in pencil and sent it up to Sir Joshua: "This end of the table, in which, as there are many admirers of the art there are many friends of yours, wish to drink an English tradesman who patronizes the art better than the Grand Monarque of France"; whereupon, the Prince heartily approving, Boydell's health went round with acclamation.

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which, as the twilight of the summer evening gathers round while the dinner is in progress, the sudden lighting of the room at its close, as the president proposes the health and pronounces the name of the sovereign, appears to give startling life to the forms and colors on the pictured walls.

Undoubtedly this annual dinner, then, must be pronounced one of the happiest of those devices of the president by which he steered the new and unchartered Academy through the quicksands and shoals that had wrecked the chartered institution out of which it rose. Academies cannot create genius; academies had nothing to do with the begetting of Hogarth, or Reynolds, or Wilson, or Gainsborough, the greatest names of our English school; but they may assist in the wise development of such original powers, may guide and regulate their prudent and successful application,[1] and above

[1] "Could we teach taste or genius by rules," said Reynolds in his Third Discourse (delivered on the 14th December, 1770), "they would be no longer taste or genius." And he proceeded to show that there could not be any precise invariable rules for the acquisition or exercise of those great qualities, yet that they would always be found to operate in proportion to habits of attention acquired in observing the works of nature, to skill shown in selecting, and to care displayed in digesting, methodizing, and comparing observations. "Experience is all in all," said Reynolds, with subtle truth; "*but it is not every one who profits by experience.*"—*Works*, i. 57. It seems to me a great wrong to Reynolds to accuse him, as it is the cant of his objectors to do, of having unfairly depreciated genius as contrasted with study or labor, or of having taught that it was not to nature, but to modifications of it existing in idea, the student's devotion should be paid. I have formerly said (i. 307) that he overrated the effects of education; but he never misunderstood its objects, or betrayed it into any wrong direction. His principle is thoroughly sound. It is to draw from the study of the actual the noblest lessons of the ideal. "I cannot help imagining," he said, in a striking passage of that noble Second Discourse of the 11th December, 1769, to which Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith listened with such delight, "that I see a promising young painter equally vigilant, whether at home, or abroad in the streets, or in the fields. Every object that presents itself is to him a lesson. He regards all Nature with a view to his profession, and combines her beauties or corrects her defects. He examines the countenances of men under the influence of passion; and often catches the most pleasing hints from subjects of turbulence or deformity. Even bad pictures themselves supply him with useful documents," etc.—*Works*, i. 47. As this page is passing through the press (12th December, 1853), I have had the privilege of hearing the address on

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all may, and *do*, strengthen the painter's claims to consideration and esteem, and give to that sense of dignity which should invest every liberal art, and which too often passes for an airy nothing amid the hustle and crowd of more vulgar pretences, "a local habitation and a name." This was the main wise drift of Reynolds and his fellow laborers; it was the charter that held them together in spite of all their later dissensions; and to this day it outweighs the gravest fault or disadvantage that has yet been charged against the Royal Academy.

A fragment of the conversation at this first Academy dinner has survived; and takes us from it to the darkest contrast, to the most deplorable picture of human misery and disadvantage, which even these pages have described. Goldsmith spoke of an extraordinary boy who had come up to London from Bristol, died very suddenly and miserably, and left a wonderful treasure of ancient poetry behind him. Horace Walpole listened carelessly at first, it would seem; but very soon perceived that the subject of conversation had a special interest for himself. Some years afterwards he described what passed, with an affectation of equanimity

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the distribution of prizes by the distinguished artist who now fills the chair of Reynolds; and so appropriate was it to the remarks here made that I could not perhaps better define its subject than by calling it a Discourse on the non-Academical merits of a well-directed Academy. The importance of rules admitted, it was an argument to show that the subtleties of art might lie in disregarding them; it was an earnest adjuration to the students to seek always the ideal in the actual, even as Reynolds again and again advised them; and, as well in the elegance of the composition, and the simplicity and unaffectedness of diction, as in the scholarly abundance of the illustration used, it was impossible not to feel that the first and greatest of the presidents has found no unworthy representative in Sir Charles Eastlake. 1853. The memory of this excellent man, who died at Pisa on Christmas Eve of 1865, will survive in his valuable and most original writings on art; in his fine early landscapes, and those later pictures which are masterpieces of enchanting grace, rich sentiment, and refined execution; in the very remarkable letters lately published by Lady Eastlake (*Life of Sir Charles Lock Eastlake:* Murray, 1868); and by its lasting association with the National Gallery, which first under his direction became worthy of the nation, and has since found a director in Mr. Boxall, bent on giving full completion to his predecessor's noblest designs. 1870.

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which even then he did not feel. "Dining at the Royal Academy," he said, "Dr. Goldsmith drew the attention of the company with an account of a marvellous treasure of ancient poems lately discovered at Bristol, and expressed enthusiastic belief in them, for which he was laughed at by Dr. Johnson,[1] who was present. I soon found this was the trouvaille of my friend Chatterton, and I told Dr. Goldsmith that this novelty was known to me, who might, if I had pleased, have had the honor of ushering the great discovery to the learned world. You may imagine, sir, we did not at all agree in the measure of our faith; but though his credulity diverted me,[2] my mirth was soon dashed; for on asking about Chatterton, he told me he had been in London, and had destroyed himself. The persons of honor and veracity who were present will attest with what surprise and concern I thus first heard of his death." Yes; for the concern was natural. Even a Goldsmith credulity, for once, would have been Walpole's better friend. His mirth was dashed at the time, and his peace was for many years invaded, by that remorseful image of Chatterton. "From the time he resisted the imposition," says Miss Hawkins, in her considerate way, "he began to go down in public favor."[3] An imposition it undoubtedly was, even such

[1] Nevertheless, Dr. Johnson could say six years later, "This is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge. It is wonderful how the whelp has written such things."—*Boswell*, vi. 178.

[2] "I supposed," he says in the same paper printed at Strawberry Hill in 1779, and to be found in his *Works*, iv. 225–235, "the pieces were of the age of Richard I.; that impression was so strong on my mind that two years after, when Dr. Goldsmith told me they were alloted to the age of Henry IV. or V., I said, with surprise, 'They have shifted the date extremely.'"

[3] *Anecdotes*, 107. The same lady has given us one of the most lively portraitures of the appearance and manner of Horace Walpole at this particular time which any one has preserved for us. He did not more oddly contrast with Goldsmith in mind than he did in person! "His figure," says Miss Hawkins, "was . . . not merely tall, but more properly *long* and slender to excess; his complexion, and particularly his hands, of a most unhealthy paleness. I speak of him before the year 1772. His eyes were remarkably bright and penetrating, very dark and lively; his

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an imposition as he had himself attempted with his *Castle of Otranto;* and he had a perfect right on that ground to resist it. It was no guilt he had committed, but it was a great occasion lost. The poor boy who invented *Rowley* (the most wonderful invention of literature, all things considered) had not only communicated his discovery to the "learned Mr. Walpole," but the learned Mr. Walpole had with profuse respect and deference believed in it, till Gray and Mason laughed at him; when, turning coldly away from Chatterton's eager proposals, he planted in that young, ambitious heart its bitterest thorn. As for Goldsmith's upholding of the authenticity of *Rowley*, it may pass with a smile, if it really meant anything more than a belief in poor Chatterton himself;[1] and it is a pity that Dr. Percy should have got up a quarrel with him about it, as he is said to have done.[2] There is nothing so incredible that the

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voice was not strong, but his tones were extremely pleasant, and, if I may so say, highly gentlemanly. I do not remember his common gait; he always entered a room in that style of affected delicacy which fashion had then made almost natural—*chapeau bras* between his hands as if he wished to compress it, or under his arm—knees bent, and feet on tiptoe, as if afraid of a wet floor."—*Anecdotes*, 106.

[1] In another of the many letters he wrote having reference to this sore and sensitive subject, Walpole, addressing Cole in 1780 on Herbert Croft's *Love and Madness*, has a passage which seems hardly reconcilable with the impression he had elsewhere conveyed of Goldsmith's credulous faith in all the statements put forth by Chatterton, a matter quite distinct from admiration of the genius displayed in *Rowley*. "I did not repeat what Dr. Goldsmith told me at the Royal Academy when I first heard of his death, that he went by the appellation of 'the Young Villain.'" ("This, I am sure," writes Southey in his *Commonplace-book*, i. 582, "is false.") I may at the same time add that Goldsmith's alleged admiration of the poems, well justified as it was by their own merit, is borne out by an anecdote of the time. "The Doctor was a great admirer of Rowley's poems, and wished much to purchase the MS. copy of them, then in the possession of Mr. George Catcott, of Bristol. The Doctor had, however, nothing but his note of hand to offer for them. 'Alas! sir,' replied Mr. Catcott, 'I fear a poet's note of hand is not very current upon our exchange of Bristol.'"—*European Magazine*, xxi. 88.

[2] "How frail, alas! are all human friendships! I was witness to an entire separation between Percy and Goldsmith about Rowley's poems."—*Cradock*, i. 206. The separation was not "entire," for their intimacy

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wisest may not be found to believe. Hume believed in *Ossian* once, though a few years later he doubted, and at his death scornfully *dis*believed.

Goldsmith's stay in London at this time was to see his *English History* through the press; and it did not long detain him. But his reappearance in the Temple seldom failed to bring him new acquaintances now. His reputation kept no one at a distance; for his hospitable habits, his genial, unaffected ways, were notorious to all; and in particular his countrymen. The Temple student from Ireland, with or without introduction, seems to have walked into his chambers as into a home. To this period belong two such new acquaintances, sufficiently famous to have survived for recollection. The one was a youth named Robert Day, afterwards one of the Irish judges, and more famous for his amiability than his law,[1] first made known to Goldsmith by his namesake John Day, afterwards an advocate in India; the other was Day's friend and fellow-student, now ripening for a great career and the achievement of an illustrious name. The first strong impression of Henry Grattan's accomplishments was made upon Goldsmith; and it need not be reckoned their least distinction. Judge Day lived to talk and write to a biographer of the poet about these early times;[2] and described the "great delight" which the conversation and society of Grattan, then a youth of about nineteen, seemed to give to their more distinguished countryman. Again and again he would come to Grattan's room in Essex

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was renewed; but of Percy's hasty temper there can be no doubt. When Dr. Anderson described to the Bishop, in 1805, the proposal he had made to Messrs. Longman & Rees for a new edition of the *Northern Antiquities* and Mr. Longman's instant preference of the Bishop over Walter Scott as its editor, he went on to say that Mr. Rees "peremptorily declined the undertaking, which Longman caught eagerly, and said, from the account Mr. Davies had given him of your temper and conduct in the edition of Goldsmith, he would have no concern with you in any like undertaking whatever."—Nichols's *Illustrations*, vii. 155–156. This may explain the observations in vol. i. 168.

[1] It was of him that Plunket said, "A case tried before Day was a case tried in the dark."

[2] *Prior*, ii. 357–361.

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Court, till "his warm heart," Mr. Day modestly adds, "became naturally prepossessed towards the associate of one whom he so much admired."

Goldsmith's personal appearance and manners made a lively impression on the young Templar. He recalled them vividly after a lapse of nearly seventy years, and Day's description is one of the best we have. He was short, he says; about five feet five or six inches; strong, but not heavy in make, and rather fair in complexion; his hair, such at least as could be distinguished from his wig, was brown. "His features were plain, but not repulsive; certainly not so when lighted up by conversation." Though his complexion was pale, his face round and pitted with the small-pox, and a somewhat remarkable projection of his forehead and his upper lip suggested excellent sport for the caricaturists, the expression of intelligence, benevolence, and good-humor predominated over every disadvantage, and made the face extremely pleasing.[1] This, indeed, is not more evident in Reynolds's painting than in Bunbury's whimsical drawings; though I fancy it with more of a simple plaintive expression[2] than has been given to it by the president, who, with

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[1] Substantially it is the same description as we find in the *Percy Memoir*. "Nothing could be more amiable than the general features of his mind; those of his person were not, perhaps, so engaging. His stature was under the middle size, his body strongly built, and his limbs more sturdy than elegant; his complexion was pale, his forehead low, his face almost round and pitted with the small-pox; but marked with strong lines of thinking. His first appearance was not captivating; but when he grew easy and cheerful in company, he relaxed with such a display of good humor as soon removed every unfavorable impression."—117-118. It is, perhaps, worth adding that Percy afterwards discovered and described a singular likeness to Goldsmith in his poor weaver-boy protégé, the self-taught poet, William Cunningham. "Cunningham, though very unlike, in his bodily frame, to Goldsmith, who was short and not slender, so strongly resembled him in face that, when he stood near the profile of the Doctor, his portrait seemed to have been drawn for him."—Nichols's *Illustrations*, vii. 145.

[2] This, I confess, I miss in it, though it is only fair to say that Leslie found it, and a great deal more. He calls it "the most pathetic picture Reynolds ever painted; not only because, in looking at it, I think of the Deserted Village, but far more because the sufferings of a whole life and

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a natural and noble respect, was, perhaps, too anxious to put the author before the man. His manners were kindly, genial, and "perhaps on the whole, we may say not polished"; at least, Mr. Day explains, without that refinement and good breeding which the exquisite polish of his compositions would lead us to expect. He was always cheerful and animated, "often, indeed, boisterous in his mirth": entered with spirit into convivial society; contributed largely to its enjoyments by solidity of information, and by the naïveté and originality of his character; talked often without premeditation, and laughed loudly without restraint. It was a laugh ambitious to compete with even Johnson's, which Tom Davies, with an enviable knowledge of natural history, compared to the laugh of a rhinoceros, and which seemed to Boswell, in their midnight walkings, to resound from Temple Bar to Fleet Ditch. To such explosions of mirth from Goldsmith, it would seem, the Grecian coffee-house now oftenest echoed; for this had become the favorite resort of the Irish and Lancashire Templars, whom he delighted in collecting around him, in entertaining with a cordial and unostentatious hospitality, and in occasionally amusing with his flute or with whist, "neither of which he played very well." Of his occupations and his dress at the time, Judge Day confirms and further illustrates what is already known to us. He was composing light and superficial works, he says, memoirs and histories; not for fame, but for the more urgent need of recruiting exhausted finances. To such labors he returned, and shut himself up to provide fresh matter for his bookseller, and fresh supplies for himself whenever his funds were dissipated; "and they fled more rapidly from his being the dupe of many artful persons, male and female, who practised upon his benevolence." With a purse replenished by labor of this kind, adds the worthy judge, the season of relaxation and

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of the tenderest of hearts are written in it. The Ugolino of Reynolds is agonizing; but the portrait of Oliver Goldsmith displays a gentler, yet a rarer power."—*Life*, i. 361. We must surely confess that there is some exaggeration here.

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pleasure took its turn in attending the theatres, Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and other scenes of gayety and amusement, which he continued to frequent as long as his supply held out, and where he was fond of exhibiting his muscular little person in the gayest apparel of the day, to which were added a bag-wig and sword.[1]

This favorite costume, it appears, involved him one day in a short but comical dialogue with two coxcombs in the Strand, one of whom, pointing to Goldsmith, called to his companion to "look at that fly with a long pin stuck through it"; whereupon, says Mr. Day, the sturdy little poet instantly called aloud to the passers-by to caution them against "that brace of disguised pickpockets"; and, to show that he wore a sword as well for defence from insolence as for ornament, retired from the footpath into the coach-way to give himself more space, "and half drawing, beckoned to the witty gentleman armed in like manner to follow him; but he and his companion, thinking prudence the better part of valor, declined the invitation, and sneaked away amid the hootings of the spectators." The prudent example was followed not long afterwards by his old friend Kenrick, who, having grossly libelled him in some coarse lines on seeing his name "in the list of mummers at the late masquerade,"[2] and being, by Goldsmith himself at an acci-

[1] His pleasant delight in such scenes he is always candidly confessing in his writings. "The illuminations began before we arrived, and I must confess that, upon entering the gardens, I found every sense overpaid with more than expected pleasure: the lights everywhere glimmering through the scarcely moving trees—the full-bodied concert bursting on the stillness of the night—the natural concert of the birds, in the more retired part of the grove, vying with that which was formed by art—the company, gayly dressed, looking satisfaction—and the tables spread with various delicacies," etc.—*Citizen of the World*, letter lxxi.

[2] Before I give the lines, let me prefix a few words about Kenrick. "I remember one evening," says Boswell, "when some of his works were mentioned, Dr. Goldsmith said he had never heard of them, upon which Dr. Johnson observed, 'Sir, he is one of the many who have made themselves public without making themselves known.'"—ii. 300. Hawkins characterizes him as "a Dr. Kenrick, the author of many scurrilous publications now deservedly forgotten, who, in a small volume entitled *Lexi-*

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dental meeting in the Chapter coffee-house, not only charged with the offence but with personal responsibility for it, made a shuffling and lame retreat from his previously avowed satire, and publicly declared his disbelief of the foul imputations contained in it. Yet an acquaintance of both entered the house soon after Goldsmith had quitted it, and relates that he found Kenrick publicly haranguing the coffee-room against the man to whom he had just apologized, and showing off both the ignorance of science (a great subject with the "rule-maker") and the enormous conceit of Goldsmith, by an account of how he had on some occasion maintained that the sun was not eight days or so more in the northern than in the southern signs, and, being referred to Maupertuis for a better opinion, had answered, "Maupertuis! I know more of the matter than Maupertuis!"

The masquerade itself was a weakness to be confessed.

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phanes, endeavored to turn many passages in the *Rambler*, and interpretations in the *Dictionary*, into ridicule."—*Life of Johnson*, 346. Kenrick, I may add, was living at this particular time in "Warwick Street, Golden Square, next door to a glazier" (as I find from one of his insolently characteristic letters to George Colman, in which he tells him that his "only motive for writing for the stage," or for anything else, "is profit."—*Posthumous Letters*, 158). Here are the lines: "To Dr. Goldsmith, on seeing his name in the list of mummers at the late masquerade:

"How widely different, Goldsmith, are the ways
Of Doctors now, and those of ancient days!
Theirs taught the truth in academic shades,
Ours in lewd hops and midnight masquerades.
So changed the times! say, philosophic sage,
Whose genius suits so well this tasteful age,
Is the Pantheon, late a sink obscene,
Become the fountain of chaste Hippocrene?
Or do thy moral numbers quaintly flow,
Inspired by th' *Aganippe* of Soho?
Do wisdom's sons gorge cates and vermicelli,
Like beastly Bickerstaff or bothering Kelly?
Or art thou tired of th' undeserved applause,
Bestowed on bards affecting Virtue's cause?
Is this the good that makes the humble vain,
The good philosophy should not disdain?
If so, let pride dissemble all it can,
A modern sage is still much less than man."

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It was among the temptations of the town or winter Ranelagh, which was this year built in the Oxford Road at an expense of several thousand pounds, and with such dazzling magnificence (it is now the poor faded Pantheon of Oxford Street), that "Balbec in all its glory" was the comparison it suggested to Horace Walpole. Here, and at Vauxhall, there is little doubt that Goldsmith was often to be seen; and even here his friend Reynolds good-naturedly kept him company. "Sir Joshua and Dr. Goldsmith at Vauxhall" is a fact that now frequently meets us in the *Garrick Correspondence*. "Sir Joshua and Goldsmith," writes Beauclerc to Lord Charlemont, "have got into a round of pleasures." "Would you imagine," he adds in another letter, "that Sir Joshua is extremely anxious to be a member of Almacks? You see what noble ambition will make a man attempt."[1] Whether the same noble ambition animated Goldsmith; whether the friends ever appeared in red-heeled shoes to imitate the leading macaronis;[2] or, in riv-

[1] Hardy's *Life of Lord Charlemont*, 177 and 179. Reynolds's last biographer tells us that he saw more of Goldsmith than of any other friend at this time. "They were often seen together at Vauxhall and Ranelagh; the thick-set little poet in butterfly brilliancy of colors, and the quiet painter in sober black or brown. Sir Joshua would leave the high play and high-life jokes and scandal to enjoy the shilling rubber and the homely company at the 'Devil' or the 'Globe' in Goldsmith's society." —*Life* by Leslie and Taylor, i. 364. And see *post*, chap. xix.

[2] Besides the red-heeled shoes, the macaronis were distinguished in 1772 by an immense knot of artificial hair behind, a very small cocked hat, an enormous walking-stick with long tassels, and extremely close-cut jacket, waistcoat, and breeches. In the following year a very lofty head-dress was added, and an immense nosegay. And now let me show them at the gaming-table. "They began by pulling off their embroidered clothes, and put on frieze great-coats, or turned their coats inside outward for luck. They put on pieces of leather (such as are worn by footmen when they clean the knives) to save their laced ruffles; and, to guard their eyes from the light and to prevent tumbling their hair, wore high-crowned straw hats with broad brims and adorned with flowers and ribbons; masks to conceal their emotions when they played at quinze. . . . They borrowed great sums of Jews at exorbitant premiums. Charles Fox called his outward room, where those Jews waited till he rose, his Jerusalem Chamber."—Lord John Russell's *Memorials of Fox*, i. 70–71.

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alry of Charles Fox[1] and Lord Carlisle, masqueraded at any time as exquisitely dressed "running footmen," is not recorded; but such were the fashionable follies of the day, indulged now and then by the gravest people.[2] "Johnson often went to Ranelagh," says Mr. Maxwell, "which he deemed a place of innocent recreation." "I am a great friend to these public amusements, sir," he said to Boswell; "they keep people from vice."[3] Poor Goldsmith had often to repent such pleasures, notwithstanding. Sir Joshua found him one morning, on entering his chambers unannounced, walking quickly about from room to room, making a football of a bundle which he deliberately kicked before him; and on inquiry found it was a masquerade dress, bought when he could ill afford it, and for which he was thus doing penance. He was too poor to have anything in his possession that was not useful to him, he said to Reynolds; and he was, therefore, taking out the value of his extravagance in exercise.

He had sometimes to do penance, too, in other forms. His peculiarities of person and manner would for the most part betray him, whatever his disguise might be, and he would be singled out and played upon by men who could better sustain their disguise than himself. In this way he

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[1] As I more than once hint at the youthful follies and extravagances of this great, genial, noble-hearted man, let me also remark that even thus early he blended with them tastes singularly opposite and incompatible. Horace Walpole's description of him at this very period, when he was three-and-twenty, arriving from the most desperate losses at Newmarket, sitting up all night drinking, and amazing everybody next day in the House of Commons by a speech of extraordinary eloquence and power—is well known. I find him also, in August of the present year, deep in the study of Clarendon's *History;* and it is remarkable to observe that though he went to the reading of that book with those strong prepossessions against the popular party with which he started in life he had, nevertheless, enough already of the spirit which soon afterwards shone forth so lustrously in him to be dissatisfied with Clarendon's mode of thinking. "I think the style bad, and that he has a good deal of the old woman in his way of thinking, but hate the opposite party so much that it gives one a kind of partiality for him."—*Selwyn's Correspondence*, iii. 2.

[2] See *Chronicles of Fashion*, ii. 231.

[3] Boswell's *Life*, iii. 202.

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would have to listen to gross abuse of his own writings by the side of extravagant praise of those of others whom he most bitterly disliked. He would also overhear himself misquoted, and parodied, and at last, in the hopeless impossibility of retaliation, had been seen abruptly to quit the place amid the hardly disguised laughter of his persecutors. Among his acquaintances at this time was a Mr. James Brooke, related to the author of the *Fool of Quality*, and himself somewhat notorious for having conducted the *North Briton* for Wilkes; and of the daughter of this person, Miss Clara Brooke, who became afterwards resident in the family of Mr. John Taylor, we are told,[1] "being once annoyed at a masquerade by the noisy gayety of Goldsmith, who laughed heartily at some of the jokes with which he assailed her, she was induced in answer to repeat his own line in the *Deserted Village*,

'And the loud laugh which spoke the vacant mind.'

Goldsmith was quite abashed at the application, and retired; as if by the word *vacant* he rather meant barren than free from care." This last remark, it will be observed, pleasantly suggests a new reading for the celebrated line, which would make it much more true than the ordinary reading does.[2]

Other allusions to a habit of Goldsmith's, however, which did not admit of even so much practical repentance as that of frequenting masquerades, are incidentally made in the

[1] *Records*, i. 118.

[2] Some of the most famous living writers with whom I am acquainted are as famous for the loud laugh as for the well-stored mind, and Johnson, we have just heard, had a laugh like a rhinoceros, though what that particular laugh may be Tom Davies does not explain. "Johnson," says Mrs. Piozzi, "used to say that the size of a man's understanding might always be justly measured by his mirth; and his own was never contemptible. He would laugh at a stroke of genuine humor, or sudden sally of odd absurdity, as heartily and freely as I ever yet saw any man; and though the jest was often such as few felt besides himself, yet his laugh was irresistible, and was observed immediately to produce that of the company, not merely from the notion that it was proper to laugh when he did, but purely out of want of power to forbear it."—*Anecdotes*, 298–299.

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letters of the time. Judge Day has mentioned that he was fond of whist, and adds that he played it particularly ill; but in losing his money he never lost his temper. In a run of bad luck and worse play, he would fling his cards upon the floor, and exclaim, "*Byefore* George! I ought forever to renounce thee, fickle, faithless Fortune!" I have traced the origin of this card-playing to the idle days of Ballymahon; and that the love of it continued to beset him there is no ground for questioning. But it may well be doubted if anything like a grave imputation of gambling could with fairness be raised upon it. Mr. Cradock, who made his acquaintance at the close of this year, tells us "his greatest real fault was, that if he had thirty pounds in his pocket, he would go into certain companies in the country, and in hopes of doubling the sum, would generally return to town without any part of it":[1] and another acquaintance tells us that the "certain companies" were supposed to be Beauclerc and men of that stamp. But this only provokes a smile. The class to which Beauclerc belonged were the men like Charles Fox or Lord Stavordale, Lord March or Lord Carlisle, whose nightly gains and losses at Almack's, now taking the lead of White's, were at this time the town talk; and though Goldsmith could as little afford thirty pounds lost in as many nights at loo, as Lord Stavordale or Charles Fox eleven thousand lost by one hand at hazard,[2] the reproach

[1] *Memoirs*, i. 282.

[2] Lord Holland had to pay £140,000 to clear Charles's gambling debts before he was twenty-five. Gibbon describes him (in a letter to Lord Sheffield, February 8, 1771) on the eve of that debate for relieving the clergy from subscription to the thirty-nine articles, in which he made one of the most remarkable of his youthful speeches. "I congratulate you on the late victory of our dear mamma, the Church of England....By-the-by, Charles Fox prepared himself for that holy work by passing twenty-two hours in the pious exercise of hazard; his devotion cost him only about five hundred pounds an hour—in all, eleven thousand pounds." "The young men of the age," writes Horace Walpole, "lose five, ten, fifteen thousand pounds in an evening there. Lord Stavordale" (he was the eldest son of Lord Ilchester), "not one-and-twenty, lost eleven thousand there, last Tuesday, but recovered it by one great hand at hazard. He swore a great oath—

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of putting it in risk with as much recklessness does not seem really chargeable to him. When Garrick accused him of it, he was smarting under an attack upon himself, and avowedly retaliating. The extent of the folly is great enough when merely described as the indulgence among private friends, at an utterly thoughtless cost, of a real love of card-playing. Such it seems to have been;[1] and as such it will shortly meet us at the Bunburys', the Chambers's, and other houses he visited, where, poorer than any one he was in the habit of meeting, he invariably played worse than any one, generally lost, and always more than he could afford to lose. Let no reproach really merited be withheld in yet connecting the habit with a worthier inducement than the love of mad excitement or of miserable gain. "I am sorry," said Johnson, "I have not learned to

'Now if I had been playing *deep*, I might have won millions.' His cousin, Charles Fox, shines equally there and in the House of Commons. He was twenty-one yesterday se'nnight; and is already one of our best speakers. Yesterday he was made a Lord of the Admiralty."—*Letters to Mann*, ii. 81–82. In another letter he illustrates more whimsically the foibles of the hopeful young squadron of macaronis. "I must tell you of a set of young men of fashion, who, dining lately at the St. Albans tavern, thought the noise of the coaches troublesome. They ordered the street to be littered with straw, as is done for women that lie in. The bill from the Haymarket amounted to fifty shillings a piece: methinks I am glad the Carabiniers and the Grenadiers of France are cashiered—the sight of them before a tavern would make our young men miscarry."

[1] I find no authority for supposing that gambling to any extent went on in the rooms which were open at this time on the site of the once celebrated Button's (now forming part of the Hummums), and to which the following allusion occurs in a preface by Mr. Till, a coin-dealer, to a book entitled *Descriptive Particulars of English Coronation Medals:* "The room in which I conduct my business as a coin-dealer" (17 Russell Street, then), "is that which in 1764 became the card-room and place of meeting for many of the now illustrious dead, till 1768, when a voluntary subscription among its members induced Mr. Haines, the proprietor, to take in the next room westward as a coffee-room; and the whole floor, *en suite*, was converted into card and conversation rooms. Here assembled Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Murphy, Dr. Dodd, Dr. Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Foote, Moody, Count Bruhl, Sir Philip Francis, George Colman the elder, the Dukes of Northumberland and Montague, Lord Rodney, George Steevens, Warner, and many others, all of whom have long since passed to that 'bourne from whence no traveller returns.'"

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play at cards. It is very useful in life. It generates kindness and consolidates society."[1] If that innocent design was ever the inducement of any man, it may fairly be assumed for Goldsmith.

His part in his *English History* completed, there was nothing to prevent his betaking himself to the country; but it was not for amusement he now went there. He was resolved again to write for the theatre. His necessities were the first motive; but the determination to try another fall with sentimental comedy no doubt very strongly influenced him. Poor Kelly's splendid career had come to a somewhat ignominious close. No sooner had his sudden success given promise of a rising man than the hacks of the ministry laid hold of him, using him as the newspaper hack they had attempted to make of Goldsmith; and when Garrick announced his next comedy as "A Word to the Wise," a word to a much wider audience, exasperated by his servile support of their feeble and profligate rulers, went rapidly round the town and sealed poor Kelly's fate. His play was hardly listened to.[2] His melancholy satisfaction was that

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[1] *Boswell* (who adds, "He certainly could not mean deep play"), v. 157. At a later period, however, he had even a word to say for deep play. "Depend upon it, sir, this is mere talk. *Who* is ruined by gaming? You will not find six instances in an age. There is a strange rout made about deep play; whereas you have many more people ruined by adventurous trade, and yet we do not hear such an outcry against it."—vi. 141. Apropos of which Boswell thinks it right to add: "He would sometimes in conversation maintain opinions which he was sensible were wrong, but in supporting which his reasoning and wit would be most conspicuous. He would begin thus: 'Why, sir, as to the good or evil of card-playing'—'Now,' said Garrick, 'he is thinking which side he shall take.'"

[2] See vol. iii. 72 and 93–95. Here I may quote what is said of Kelly, by Tom Davies, in regard to both his rapid changes of fortune. On the whole, it is very creditable to him, as are other traits which will appear at the close of my narrative. "No man ever profited more by a sudden change of fortune in his favor; prosperity caused an immediate and remarkable alteration in his whole conduct: from a low, petulant, absurd, and ill-bred censurer he was transformed to the humane, affable, good-natured, well-bred man. . . . The fate of his comedies was as uncommon as his sudden elevation from distress to affluence was surprising." Mr. Davies means that they

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he had fallen before liberty and Wilkes, not before laughter and wit; but the sentence was a decisive one. Passed at Drury Lane in 1770, he had, with a new play, attempted its reversal at Covent Garden in the present year; but to little better purpose, though his name had been carefully concealed, and "a young American clergyman not yet arrived in England" put forward as the author. On the fall of Hugh Kelly, however, there had arisen a more formidable antagonist in the person of Richard Cumberland. He came into the field with every social advantage. He was the son and great-grandson of a bishop; his mother was the celebrated Bentley's daughter; he had himself held a fellowship of Trinity; and, connected as private secretary with Lord Halifax, he had passed through the subordinate political offices, when weariness of waiting for promotion turned his thoughts to the stage. His first comedy, ushered in by a prologue in which he attacked all contemporary dramatists and complimented Garrick as "the immortal actor," was played at Covent Garden; and Garrick being present, and charmed with the unexpected compliment (for in earlier days he had rejected a tragedy by Cumberland), Fitzherbert, in whose box he was, made the author and actor known to each other, a sudden friendship was struck up, and Cumberland's second comedy was secured for Drury Lane. This was the "West Indian," produced with decisive success in the present year, and an unquestionably strong reinforcement of the sentimental style. Cumberland thought himself, indeed, the *creator* of his own school, and ignored the existence of poor Kelly; but that was one of many weaknesses he afterwards more fully developed, and with Sheridan amusingly satirized in Sir Fretful Plagiary. He vouchsafed ridiculous airs of patronage to men who stood confessedly above him; professed a lofty indifference to criticism that tortured him; abused those dramatists most heartily whose notions he was readiest to borrow; and had a stock of con-

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tumbled down as rapidly as their author was raised up.—*Life of Garrick*, ii. 145-146.

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ceit and self-complacency which was proof against every effort to diminish it. Goldsmith discovered all this long before Sheridan; subtly insinuated it in those famous lines:

> Here Cumberland lies having acted his parts,
> The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
> A flattering painter, who made it his care
> To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
> His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
> And Comedy wonders at being so fine!
> Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
> Or rather like Tragedy giving a rout.
> His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
> Of virtues and feelings that Folly grows proud;
> And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
> Adopting his portraits, are pleased with their own.
> Say, where has our poet this malady caught?
> Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
> Say, was it that vainly directing his view
> To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
> Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
> He grew lazy at last—and drew from himself?

which were written in a spirit of exquisite persiflage at once detected by the lively Mrs. Thrale;[1] and lived to receive amusing confirmation of its truth in Cumberland's grave gratitude for these very verses. He had not discovered their real meaning, even when he wrote his *Memoirs* five-and-thirty years later. He remained still grateful to Goldsmith for having laughed at him; and so cordial and pleasant is the laughter that his mistake may, perhaps, fairly be forgiven.

Nevertheless, Goldsmith was now conscious of an opponent in the author of the "West Indian" who challenged his utmost exertion; and, eager again to make it in behalf of the merriment, humor, and character of the good old school of comedy[2] (Colman so far encouraged this purpose

[1] Mr. Boaden, in his *Life of Kemble*, tells us that "Mrs. Piozzi used to give as an instance of the danger of irony the character of Cumberland in Goldsmith's *Retaliation*, which had, by all who did not know the Doctor, been taken for serious commendation."

[2] "He told one or two of his friends," says Cooke, "that he would try

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as to revive the "Good-natured Man" for a night or two during the run of the "West Indian"), withdrew to the quiet of a country lodging to pursue his labor undisturbed. The Shoemaker's Paradise was no longer his; but he continued his liking for the neighborhood, and took a single room in a farmer's house near the six mile stone on the Edgware Road. It so suited his modest wants and means, and he liked the farmer's family so much, that he returned to it in the following summer to write his *Natural History*, "carrying down his books in two returned post-chaises"; and it was then that Boswell's curiosity was moved to go and see the place, taking with him Mr. Mickle, translator of the *Lusiad* and author of the ballad of "Cumnor Hall."[1] "Goldsmith was not at home; but having a curiosity to see his apartment, we went in, and found curious scraps of descriptions of animals, scrawled upon the wall with a black-lead pencil." Seeing these, Boswell doubtless would remind his friend of what he had heard Johnson say: "Goldsmith, sir, will give us a very fine book

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the dramatic taste of the town once more, but that he would still hunt after nature and humor in whatever walks of life they were most conspicuous." —*European Magazine*, xxiv. 173. Another friend to whom he afterwards gave the same assurance tells us also the reply he had made to the sneer which "some authors" hinted to him "that for a man to write genteel comedy, it was necessary that he should be well acquainted with high life himself." "True," said Goldsmith; "and if any of you have a character of a truly elegant lady in high life who is neither a coquette nor a prude, I hope you will favor me with it."—Cradock's *Memoirs*, iv. 282.

[1] William Julius Mickle—originally a compositor for the press, and a man of real merit, of some of whose imitations of the old ballad Walter Scott held that they were better than old ballads themselves—in his Dissertation prefixed to the *Lusiad*, after adding Dr. Johnson to the number of those whose kindness for the man and good wishes for the translator call for the sincerest gratitude, says: "Nor must a tribute to the memory of Dr. Goldsmith be neglected. He saw a part of this version, but he cannot now receive the thanks of the translator." In the brief memoir of Mickle, in which I find this passage quoted, it is also said that both Johnson and Goldsmith had contemplated translating the *Lusiad*, but that "other avocations prevented." Mickle got into an unfortunate dispute with Garrick about a tragedy recommended by Boswell, and not worth the heart-burnings it caused.—*Life of Johnson*, v. 91.

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upon the subject; but if he can distinguish a cow from a horse, that, I believe, may be the extent of his knowledge of natural history,"[1] and very probably he would proceed to ascertain, by closer examination of the black-lead scrawls, whether or not that distinction had yet been thoroughly mastered.

It is very certain that Goldsmith began with quite imperfect knowledge the labor which was now his country occupation; but perhaps neither Johnson nor any other of his friends knew the pains he had been taking to supply his defects, and the surprise he was preparing for them he unhappily did not live himself to enjoy. He had not forgotten his fishing and otter-hunting "when a boy" in Ire-

[1] *Life*, vi. 209. In like manner Miss Hawkins reports Johnson saying *after* the publication of the work (*Memoirs*, i. 294), "You are not to infer from this compilation Goldsmith's knowledge on the subject; if he knows that a cow has horns, it is as much as he does know." But I have no doubt that this was simply copied from Boswell, and confused with what the latter adds, in the same page of his book, about Goldsmith having transcribed Buffon's mistake as to a cow shedding her horns every two years. I may add another anecdote connected with the same subject, which the painter Haydon derived from a very old lady whom he met in Devonshire, no other than the younger of Sir Joshua Reynolds's nieces (the Miss Palmers, of whom the elder became Marchioness of Thomond), who married Mr. Gwatkin, died only very recently, and must have been at this time about fourteen or fifteen years old. She was eighty-nine when Mr. Haydon met her eight years ago, and he describes her figure as "fine and elastic, upright as a dart, with nothing of decrepitude; certainly extraordinary for a woman in her eighty-ninth year. . . . We had a delightful chat about Burke, Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, and Reynolds. She said that she came to Sir Joshua quite a girl, and at the first grand party Dr. Johnson stayed, as he always did, after all were gone; and that she, being afraid of hurting her new frock, went up-stairs, and put on another, and came down to sit with Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua. Johnson thundered out at her, scolded her for her disrespect to him, in supposing he was not as worthy of her best frock as fine folks. He sent her crying to bed, and took a dislike to her ever after. She had a goldfinch which she had left at home. Her brother and sister dropped water on it from a great height, for fun. The bird died from fright, and turned black. She told Goldsmith, who was writing his *Animated Nature*. Goldsmith begged her to get the facts, and he would allude to it. 'Sir,' roared out Johnson, 'if you do you'll ruin your work, for, depend upon it, it's a lie.' "—Haydon's *Autobiography*, iii. 286–287. (1853.)

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land; or the nest of the heron, "built near a school-house" he well knew; or the five young bats he had found in one hole together; or the great Irish wolf-dog he took such pleasure in describing; or his absorbing interest in the seals kept by a gentleman known to him in that early time. At the Tower in London he was himself well known for his frequent visits to the "Lions" there, and with the Queen's menagerie at Buckingham Gate he was as perfectly familiar; in the former place he had been at no small pains to measure, "through the bars" and "as well as I could," an enormous tiger, and in the latter he had narrowly escaped a kick from a terrified zebra. Many such amusing experiences are set down in his volumes, which, whatever their defects of information may be, are at least thoroughly impressed with the love of nature and natural objects, with a delighted enjoyment of the beauties and wonders of creation, and with that devoutly unaffected sense of religion, that cheerful and continual piety, which such contemplations inspire. We hardly need to be told, after reading the book, that almost all of it was written in the country, either at Hyde or at Kingsbury,[1] or in some other rural place near London; and as we observe its occasional humorous notices of things to be seen at country fairs—of the giants, the dwarfs, or other vagrant notabilities with which he has "sometimes conversed"—the possibility occurs that if Boswell and his friend could have ascertained from the farmer's family the exact road which The Gentleman (as they called their lodger) had taken, he might have been discovered in some adjoining lane or common questioning the proprietor of a travelling booth; hearing a highly accomplished raven "sing the 'Black Joke' with great distinctness, truth, and humor";[2] listening to that "ridiculous duet" between the

[1] "At Kingsbury (Middlesex) Dr. Goldsmith lodged while composing his *Animated Nature*."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, lxxxviii. 116.

[2] However, this raven did not turn his accomplishments to such excellent practical use as another bird of Goldsmith's acquaintance, as to which he relates this anecdote: "I have seen a parrot, belonging to a distiller, who had suffered pretty largely in his circumstances from an informer

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giant and the dwarf which was so popular at the time among the country laborers and their children; observing the man without hands or legs convert his stumps to the most convenient purposes; marvelling to see two white negroes born of black parents; laughing at the monkey amusing itself in imposing on the gravity of a cat; unspeakably amazed when he first saw the size of the elephant; admiring the canary-bird that had been taught, at the word of command, to pick up letters of the alphabet so as to spell any person's name in company; attracted by the hare on his hind legs with such "a remarkable good ear," who used his forepaws as hands, beat the drum, danced to music, and went through the manual exercise; and, though doubting the "credibility of the person who showed" the bonassus, and thus letting him feel that a showman's tricks would not always pass upon travellers, yet not the less ready with a pleasant candor to admit that he had "*seen* sheep that would eat flesh and a horse that was fond of oysters."[1]

Such experiences as these we must doubtless carry with us, if we would also understand the somewhat strange unconsciousness with which, in this pleasant *Natural History* book, even greater marvels and conjectures yet more original were quietly accepted; as where he throws out grave intimation of the perfect feasibility of improving the breed of the zebra into an animal for common use "as large as the horse, as fleet, as strong, and much more beautiful"; or where, speaking of the ostrich, he seriously indulges the

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who lived opposite him, very ridiculously employed. This bird was taught to pronounce the ninth commandment, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor,' with a very clear, loud, articulate voice. The bird was generally placed in its cage over against the informer's house, and delighted the whole neighborhood with its persevering exhortations."—*Animated Nature*, iv. 218.

[1] For these various personal allusions in the order in which I have introduced them, see *Animated Nature*, iii. 240–243, iv. 315, iii. 229, 19–21, 257–262, ii. 405, 413, 212, 109, iv. 174, ii. 103–110, iii. 329, ii. 94–95, iii. 310, 334, iv. 31, iii. 122, ii. 246, and 160. And for further notices, see *post*, 302–306, and chaps. xvi. and xvii.

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expectation that "posterity may avail themselves of this creature's abilities; and riding upon an ostrich may one day become the favorite, as it most certainly is the swiftest, mode of conveyance." And in like manner, when he gravely relates the story of the Arabian caliph who marked with an iron ring a dolphin caught in the Mediterranean, and so identified it for the self-same dolphin caught afterwards in the Red Sea (i. 220); when he gives Margrave's account of the orderly deliberations and debates of the Ouarines (iii. 307); when he transcribes from a letter in the German *Ephemerides* the details of a fight between an enormous serpent and a buffalo, wherein the bones of the latter, as the folds of his enemy entwine him, are heard to crack as loud as the report of a cannon (v. 337); when he tells what he has found in Father Labat of the monkey's mode of managing an oyster in the tropics, how he will pick up a stone and clap it between the opening shells, and then return at leisure to eat the fish up at his ease (iii. 308); when he relates the not less marvellous manner in which the same sort of intelligent monkey manages at his pleasure to enjoy a fine crab, by putting his tail in the water, letting it be seized, and drawing out with a violent jerk the victim of his appetite (*ib.*); when he repeats what he has heard of Patagonian horses not more than fourteen hands high carrying men nine feet high (ii. 109); when he tells Gesner's story of the hungry pike seizing the mule's nose (v. 153), or the more marvellous story in which Gesner celebrates the two nightingales who were heard repeating what they had overheard of a long and not remarkably decent conversation between a drunken tapster and his wife, as well as of the talk of two travellers about an impending war against the Protestants (iv. 257–260): in all these, and many other instances, notwithstanding his care to give in every case his authorities, it is too manifest that for his own part he sees nothing that may not be believed. Indeed, he avouches his belief at times in very amusing ways; nor is it possible to refrain from smiling at the gravity with which, after reporting a Munchausen relation about all the dogs of a Chinese village turning

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out for pursuit and attack when they happen to see a man walking through the street whose trade it is to kill and dress them, he adds: "This I should hardly have believed but that I have seen more than one instance of it among ourselves. I have seen a poor fellow who made a practice of stealing and killing dogs for their skins pursued in full cry for three or four streets together by all the bolder breed of dogs, while the weaker flew from his presence with affright . . . *such is the fact*" (ii. 213–214). Nevertheless, perhaps the cautious reader will be as little disposed to accept it for a fact as to believe that other marvel, which "as it comes from a variety of the most credible witnesses, we cannot refuse our assent" to (iii. 295), about the baboons who have such a love for women that they will attack a village when they know the men are engaged in their rice-harvest, assail the poor deserted wives in a body, force them into the woods, keep them there against their wills, and kill them when refractory! In justice to him let me add, however, that when, of the same class of imitative creatures, he protests his inability to see why monkeys should not be able to conduct debates and deliberations in quite as orderly a manner as any civilized human assembly, his remark had probably more of intended sarcasm than of undesigned absurdity in it.[1] At this very time his friend Burke was sub-

[1] One more passage, not less amusing than any I have thus referred to, I must subjoin. It is Goldsmith's introduction into his Natural History of one of the Edinburgh professors. Discoursing of the under jaw, and the influences upon it of passion or of languor, he says: "Every one knows how very sympathetic this kind of languid motion is; and that for one person to yawn is sufficient to set all the rest of the company a-yawning. A ridiculous instance of this was commonly practised upon the famous McLaurin, one of the professors at Edinburgh. He was very subject to have his jaw dislocated; so that when he opened his mouth wider than ordinary, or when he yawned, he could not shut it again. In the midst of his harangues, therefore, if any of his pupils began to be tired of his lecture, he had only to gape, or yawn, and the professor instantly caught the sympathetic affection; so that he thus continued to stand speechless, with his mouth wide open, till his servant, from the next room, was called in to set his jaw again."—i. 415–416. As might have been expected, a note appeared in the second edition to the effect that the editor had been "credibly informed" that the professor had *not* the defect mentioned!

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jected nightly to interruptions in the House of Commons that really would have been discreditable to an assembly of apes.

But leaving him to the amusing mistakes and simple enjoyments in natural history which occupied him in his country home, events which preceded the publication of his *English History* bring us back for a while to London.

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CHAPTER XI

EDMUND BURKE

1771

This brief chapter I devote chiefly to Edmund Burke, not only because the part he has played in my narrative requires that such a sequel should be given, but because the reader should also have the means of observing what now fell within the observation of Goldsmith, and led to that imaginary epitaph in which the whole career as well as character of his friend was expressed, in which with a singular forecast all the future was seen from the present, and the loftiest admiration only served with exquisite art to indicate defects which were to spring, as too surely and soon they did, from the very wealth and exuberance of this great man's genius.

Burke had just resumed those farmer occupations at Beaconsfield into which he threw himself with as much energy as if they had been party politics, after a session of unprecedented violence, but which had not ended in vehement speeches alone. Impelled and supported by the excitement out of doors, which had risen to an unexampled pitch, and high above whose loudest storm the triumphant thunder of "Junius" was heard rattling against the Treasury benches, he, and the minority with whom he acted, had been able at last to crush Lord North's majorities. The battle of the session was fought upon the right of the press to publish reports of what was passing in Parliament; and if "Junius" and Wilkes had done nothing more than help us to a few years' earlier enjoyment of that popular right, such brawling mischief as undoubtedly attended them might

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claim to have received some sort of expiation. It was in vain that Lord North walked out into the lobby with his splendid majorities; the opposition went back two hundred years for a precedent, and, strong in public opinion, invoked the orders of the House against its own tyranny. On the question of bringing what Colonel Onslow, with a proper sense of sport, called "three brace"[1] of printers to the bar, Burke and Barré divided three-and-twenty times; and when they left at the close of the struggle, between five and six o'clock in the morning of Saturday, the 12th of March, they knew that the privilege was won. "Posterity," exclaimed Burke, at the next meeting of the House, "will bless the pertinaciousness of that day."[2] In which faith he was quite content to receive the abuse of his contemporaries.

It was not sparing. Conway recommended him to carry that line of tactics in future to Hockley in the Hole.[3] Charles Fox grieved that he should turn the House into a bear-garden.[4] George Onslow asked what else but ignorance of its orders could the House expect from a man who was not descended from parliamentary men. Burke owned

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[1] *Cavendish Debates*, ii. 378.

[2] *Ib.* The day was the 14th March, 1771.

[3] Says Mrs. Peachum to Filch: "You should go to Hockley in the Hole, and to Marybone, child, to learn valor. These are the schools that have bred so many brave men."—*Beggar's Opera* (Ed. 1729), 7. Hockley in the Hole was the place for encounters in the ring. It is now a part of Clerkenwell Green. "In the phrase of Hockley in the Hole," writes Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, laughing at Boswell's shrinking from his once eagerly proposed Baltic expedition, "it is a pity he has not a better bottom."—Mrs. Piozzi's *Letters*, i. 367.

[4] Yet Charles Fox soon changed his tone; and Horace Walpole does not scruple to say that his motives were his father's application for an earldom, and his uncle Ilchester's for a place in which to put O'Brien out of the way: both received unfavorably by Lord North. Who would suppose that the poor actor's *bonne fortune* (see vol. ii. 144–146) would have proved such a sad piece of *ill*-fortune to all the great people it so sorely discomposed? But the incident is really one of the most characteristic of the time, showing as it does what important acts hinged on motives the most contemptible. See Lord John Russell's *Memorials of Fox*, i. 16, and 74–75; and the *Selwyn Correspondence*, iii. 51.

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that insolent impeachment. "I am *not* descended from members of Parliament," he said. "I am not descended from any distinguished character whatever. My father left me nothing in the world but good principles, good instruction, good example, which I have not departed from." Nor was it in the house alone, or simply upon public grounds, that such attacks were made.[1] A churchman, Dr. Mark-

[1] No man in public life was ever subjected to more unscrupulous attacks on his private character than Burke. In the very year to which I have brought my narrative, so foul was the bitterness of party strife that even the respectable *Advertiser* opened its columns to the most gross imputations on "the brothers and their cousin" (by which expression Edmund and Richard Burke, and their relative William, were well understood), as part of a "knot of knaves" engaged in disreputable schemes to raise the price of India bonds. Unfortunately a certain color had been given to such charges by the undoubted fact that William and Richard Burke, with their friend Dyer and others, had speculated in the new stock and lost considerably. It involved poor Dyer's utter bankruptcy; and Hawkins alludes either to William or Edmund Burke, whom he always does his best to avoid naming directly, when he remarks that "the last office of humanity towards him was performed by one of those who had been accessory to this ruin."—*Life of Johnson*, 231. But Edmund afterwards most solemnly averred that he was not himself involved in these transactions, and I implicitly believe him. Even the statement which Mr. Nichols makes in his *Recollections and Reflections* (i. 54–55), and which I quote as the sum of what one of the bitterest of Burke's opponents could collect and retail on this head, he is obliged to confess, "I know only from the relation of others," though he adds, "I believe it to be true." Here it is: "Soon after Mr. Edmund Burke became a political character, he, and his cousin William Burke, embarked in a speculation in India stock. They prevailed on many of their friends to join them, among others, on Earl Verney" (Verney was an Irish peer who represented Buckinghamshire in several later Parliaments, but at this time sat for Carmarthen), "who fell a victim to this connection. They used much solicitation with Sir Joshua Reynolds to join them, but he was dissuaded from it by Anthony Chamier, for which Anthony Chamier, as he told me himself, was never forgiven by the Burkes." (How loose and little to be depended upon are assertions so worded, under which Edmund may or may not be included, needs not be pointed out.) "This speculation was at first extremely successful, but at last it failed. William Burke and Lord Verney were announced as the defaulters; and Edmund Burke's name was concealed." Yet the man who wrote this passage, on mere hearsay, took afterwards an active personal part against Burke in the House of Commons on the impeachment of Hastings, whom he was put forward to defend against two of the leading charges; and it is credible that with the desperate resentments which then sprang

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ham, who had been his own early associate and was godfather to his son, had lately received a mitre from Lord Mansfield, and abuse of his seventeen years' friend might seem to have been the condition of the gift. He called

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up against the originator of that impeachment, and which arrayed against him in unrelenting animosity the countless clients and satellites of the still powerful ex-Governor-General, Burke could have remained uncrushed by the *proof* of imputations of that kind, if any means of proof existed?—Since this note was written I have regretted to observe these scandals against Burke revived by an able and well-informed writer in the *Athenæum* (17th December, 1853), who finds it difficult otherwise to account for his purchase of Gregories so soon after his entrance into political life, etc. As this writer, however, does not carry the matter beyond the sort of suspicion already remarked upon above, I will only add, as to the Beaconsfield purchase, and the sudden rise into political notoriety, what we receive on even the unfavorable testimony of the *Recollections and Reflections* above quoted. Nichols says that, on Lord Rockingham first coming into office, his inexperience in regard to public business was such as to render it absolutely necessary to have a person about him acquainted with political subjects and accustomed to laborious application, and that every one felt the selection of Burke to be a discreet and natural one at that time. "He was an author in the service of Mr. Dodsley, the bookseller; he had conducted for that gentleman the *Annual Register*," etc. . . . "His political knowledge might be considered almost as an Encyclopædia." . . . "Every man who approached him received instruction from his stores; and his failings were not visible at that time," etc. . . . "When Mr. Burke entered into the service of the Marquis of Rockingham he was not rich, but the munificent generosity of that nobleman," etc. . . . "Mr. Burke purchased a beautiful villa at Beaconsfield, which was paid for by the Marquis of Rockingham," etc. . . . "But his liberality was not confined to the person of Mr. Burke; he procured for Mr. William Burke, his cousin and most confidential connection, the employment of Under-Secretary of State to General Conway; and he gave to Mr. Edmund Burke's brother, Richard Burke, the place of Collector to the Customs at Grenada. I mention these circumstances to show," etc.—i. 20–21. Nichols had at least the means of knowing personally what he thus relates, for with Lord Rockingham he was in the habit of personal intercourse. He was the son of George the Second's physician, and sat in three parliaments in George the Third's reign. I may add that Richard Burke had already gone out to the West India islands before his brother's formal connection with Lord Rockingham—a fact which might, perhaps, be so construed as to explain some apparent inconsistencies in the date of his appointment. On the 17th July, 1764, Edmund announces to their friend Shackleton that "poor Dick" was to set off the next week for the Grenadas; and he proceeds to write of the uncertainty of his prospects, and of the impending voyage as an attempt to improve

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Marquis of Rockingham

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Burke a bear-garden railer and declaimer; charged his companions with the malignity of treason, and himself with things dangerous and desperate; told him the world cried out against such arrogance in a man of his condition, and warned him against turning his house into *a hole of adders*.[1] The ministry seconded these exertions of its zealous supporters, and went about to fasten "Junius" upon him. Their papers had been rife with that suspicion ever since the letters began. Even the Whigs became alarmed, and sent the brother of Tommy Townshend to obtain his formal disclaimer. Burke gave it, though not without reluctant and galled submission to the right implied in demanding it;[2] and was thenceforth, beyond all question, to be forever

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them, in a style which I cannot help thinking incompatible with the fact of any certain or settled appointment having as yet been obtained for him. "But it must be submitted to," Burke finely adds. "A peaceable, honorable, and affluent decline of life must be purchased by a laborious or hazardous youth; and every day I think, more and more, that it is well worth the purchase."—*Correspondence*, i. 53–54. At what would be pretty nearly the date of "poor Dick's" appointment to the Customs, if contemporaneous with his brother's acceptance under Lord Rockingham, Richard was again in London, and soon again, of course, he returned to Grenada. (1853.)

[1] See *Correspondence* of Burke, i. 297–305. Mr. Croker may be accepted as a good authority on this point, and even he does not hesitate to say: "Markham and Burke had been intimate political as well as private friends, but when the prospect of high church preferment opened upon Markham, he seems to have broken off from Mr. Burke as too violent a politician."—Croker's *Boswell*, 274.

[2] His first letter was not thought sufficiently distinct in its denial by Townshend. He then sent another. "Surely my situation is a little vexatious, and not a little singular. I am, it seems, called upon to disown the libels in which I am myself satirized as well as others. If I give no denial, things are fixed upon me which are not, on many accounts, very honorable to me. If I deny, it seems to be giving satisfaction to those to whom I owe none and intend none. In this perplexity all I can do is to satisfy you, and leave you to satisfy those whom you think worthy of being informed. I have, I dare say, to nine-tenths of my acquaintance denied my being the author of 'Junius,' or having any knowledge of the author, as often as the thing was mentioned, whether in jest or earnest, in style of disapprobation or of compliment. Perhaps I may have omitted to do so to you, in any formal manner, as not supposing you to have any suspicion of me. I now give you my word and honor that I am not the author of 'Junius,' and that

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held acquitted of the charge. "Sir," said Johnson, "I should have believed Burke to be 'Junius,' because I know no man but Burke who is capable of writing these letters; but Burke spontaneously denied it to me."[1]

Better, however, than even such spontaneous denial, and satisfactory where Townshend's disclaimer had failed to satisfy, should have been the evidence afforded by the letters themselves. This was the year when Garrick, smiling and happy amid the great who fondled and flattered him; sending meddling messages to the palace that "Junius" would write no more; writing himself to "Carissimo mio Edmundo" that what alone prevents their meeting is a gouty twinge in the knee, from "dining yesterday with an archbishop";[2]—found himself, in that supreme prosperity, suddenly and contemptuously struck in the face with a blow that appalled him. To believe that Burke's was the hand so lifted against his friend; that the "vagabond" was told to "keep to his pantomimes" by one who so lately had confessed the dearest obligations to him;[3] would be to fix upon Burke an incredible imputation of dishonor. I do not even believe that, if he had taken any part in the letters

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I know not the author of that paper, and I do authorize you to say so. This will, I suppose, be enough, without showing my letter."—Burke's *Correspondence*, i. 274–275.

[1] *Boswell*, vii. 2. Johnson added: "The case would have been different had I asked him if he was the author; a man so questioned, as to an anonymous publication, may think he has a right to deny it." See Lord John Russell's *note* to Moore's *Diary*, vi. 30.

[2] May 8, 1771.—Burke's *Correspondence*, i. 253.

[3] See *Garrick Correspondence*, i. 353–354. It is quite certain that as late as March, 1775, Johnson was still in the habit of professing his belief in Burke's authorship. Reporting a conversation at Thrale's in that month, when he dined twice with Johnson and Baretti, Dr. Thomas Campbell (*Visit to England in* 1775. Sydney: 1854) writes: "Johnson said that he looked upon Burke to be the author of 'Junius,' and that though he would not take him *contra mundum*, yet he would take him against any man. Baretti was of the same mind, though he mentioned a fact which made against the opinion, which was, that a paper having appeared against 'Junius' on this day, a 'Junius' came out in answer to that the very next, when everybody knew Burke was in Yorkshire. But all the 'Juniuses' were evidently not written by the same hand."

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(though far from asserting that some portion of the secret may not have fallen into his reluctant keeping), he would have continued to sit down at their common club-table, in all the frankness of familiar intercourse, with the well-abused Anthony Chamier. The stronger presumption is, that in his ordinary daily duties in the War Office, Chamier sat much nearer "Junius" than ever he sat in Gerrard Street.[1]

But, in clearing Burke from this remarkable authorship, which would have detracted from his character what it

[1] There is a curious account of Francis by one who knew him well, in Nichols's *Recollections and Reflections* (i. 280, 291, etc.). He takes several occasions to repeat the idea with which he came to be impressed as to the extraordinary abilities of Francis, to whom he was politically opposed, and he adds: "Strong resentment was a leading feature in his character. I have heard him avow this sentiment more openly and more explicitly than I ever heard any other man avow it in the whole course of my life." Of course Nichols never connected him with "Junius." I take the opportunity of appending a striking argument from a letter of Mr. Macaulay's (published in Lord Mahon's *History*, v. App. xxxii.), commenting on a recent attempt to disconnect Francis from "Junius." "It is odd that the reviewer should infer from the mistake about Draper's half-pay that 'Junius' could not have been in the War Office. I talked that matter over more than ten years ago, when I was Secretary at War, with two of the ablest and best informed gentlemen in the department; and we all three came to a conclusion the very opposite of that at which the reviewer has arrived. Francis was chief clerk in the English War Office. Everybody who drew half-pay through that office made the declaration which "Junius" mentions. But Draper's half-pay was on the Irish establishment; and of him the declaration was not required. Now, to me and to those whom I consulted, it seemed the most natural thing in the world that Francis, relying on his official knowledge, and not considering that there might be a difference between the practice at Dublin and the practice at Westminster, should put that unlucky question which gave Draper so great an advantage. I have repeatedly pointed out this circumstance to men who are excellent judges of evidence, and I never found one who did not agree with me." Let me add to what I formerly remarked (see vol. iii. 70–71) that I can give no stronger evidence of my faith in Francis's authorship of "Junius" having survived all the many ingenious surmises of recent critics, than that, knowing Francis could not have written both those letters and a pamphlet entitled *Letter to a Brigadier-General*, published ten years earlier, I yet continue to think he was "Junius." The style is remarkably similar, but conclusions founded on such comparisons are always unsafe. (1852.) See vol. iii. 74–76. (1870.)

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added to his fame (for it matters little that the hilt of your rapier should be diamond-studded and its blade of unequalled temper, if you dare not use it excepting in the dark), it is not so easy to clear him of having so shaped his course somewhat later as to show that he still winced from the charge. Now was the time, profiting by the opportunities of George Grenville's death and the general party confusion created by Wilkes and "Junius," to have freed both himself and the Rockinghams; now was the time to have so enlarged the battlefield for both as to bring in issue something greater than the predominance of Whig families with Whig principles; yet even now, while his was the solitary voice that invoked retribution for the most infamous crime of nations—the partition of Poland—he had no thought or wish to throw for a higher stake in politics and government than a premiership for Rockingham and a paymastership (without seat in the Cabinet) for himself.[1] "My dear lord," he said to the Duke of Richmond, "you dissipate your mind with too great a variety of minute pursuits." "My dear Burke," said the Duke to him, "you have more merit than any man in keeping us together." And with that he was content. He kept them together. They became in time of greater importance to him than those pure principles, than that practically just and disinterested policy, with which his counsels had helped first to connect them; and which, carried now to their further verge and just extent, might have freed both the party and the country from all the trammels that distressed them. He drew

[1] What Goldsmith would have said of such a consummation to all Burke's labors and services, had he lived to see it, may be inferred from the language of his epitaph. Boswell gives us amusing evidence, by an allusion in one of his letters to Burke, that at this time any possible party triumph of the Whigs and patriots could mean nothing, according to Goldsmith, if not a deification of Burke, their leading orator, their first of men. "Dear Sir," he writes (3d March, 1778), "upon my honor, I began a letter to you some time ago, and did not finish it, because I imagined you were then near your *apotheosis*—as poor Goldsmith said upon a former occasion, when he thought your party was coming into administration."—Burke's *Correspondence*, ii. 297.

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himself more and more within the Rockingham ranks;[1] toiled more and more to keep the popular power within a certain magic circle; and, while his genius was at work for the age that was to come, in eloquence as rich and various as its intuition seemed deep and universal, his temper was satisfied that the age in which he lived should be governed exclusively by the Richmonds and Rockinghams. "You people of great families and hereditary trusts and fortunes, the great oaks that shade a country and perpetuate your benefits from generation to generation, are not like such as I am, mere annual plants that perish with our season, and leave no sort of traces behind us." And so around that perishable fancy he placed all the supports of his noble imagination; till that which he thought eternal melted from his grasp, and left what he believed to be mere transitory graces to survive and endure alone.[2] He lived to see the greatest event which the history of the world had witnessed (for surely this, with all salutary protest against its crimes and sympathy for its sufferings, we must hold the first French Revolution to have been), and lived even so to misjudge it. What was temporary in its terror and sin he shrank from as eternal; what was eternal in its grandeur and heroism he spat upon as the folly of a day. There was not an intellect then existing in Europe to which this sudden advent and triumph of democracy should have appealed so strongly as to Burke; yet through the mist of blood that surrounded its uprising, he saw nothing but a demon-dance of exaggerated horror; and the noble, the beautiful, the ornamental, he

[1] "Lord Rockingham's Governor," Walpole calls him in 1770.—*Letter to Mann*, ii. 95.

[2] I cannot regard as a mere eloquently turned sentence what he so finely says to Robertson in thanking him for his history. Here, as often elsewhere, I seem to discern his melancholy sense of the disproportion of the objects sought to the means employed, in that political struggle of the time which absorbed his wonderful powers. "Adieu, sir! Continue to instruct the world; and, while we carry on a poor, unequal conflict with the passions and prejudices of our day, perhaps with no better weapons than other passions and prejudices of our own, convey wisdom to future generations."—Burke's *Correspondence*, ii. 165.

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thought blotted out of France, because at last, in the hollow semblances of these things, demons that for centuries had, indeed, been torturing Frenchmen were strangled and overthrown.[1]

The earlier and later days of Edmund Burke were nevertheless in closer sympathy than either friends or enemies have thought. He was too honest as well as great to be a renegade, though not to avoid *self*-deception, or effectually to resist those influences which all English society sanctioned, which hung around and depressed him in every step of his progress, which only at times he was able to thrust thoroughly aside, and which at last almost wholly overshadowed him. Let us measure by the uses to which the practical philosophy of his politics is still available the nobler political uses to which, while he lived, he might have applied such genius. Its limited service is surely the proof of its misdirection. If he had not made himself the sport of his fancy and mere plaything of his imagination, instead of sovereign ruler over both, he could never have ministered throughout life, as he did, to the aristocratic requirements of these Rockinghams and Richmonds. He consented to do this, and the end was but a part of the beginning. Already it was manifest, even thus early in his career, to one who could pierce through the over-refinings of his intellect to its unavailing and unpractical issues. Was it strange that Goldsmith should have

[1] His friend Philip Francis in vain remonstrated; but his letter on the proof-sheets of the *Remarks on the French Revolution*, made public in the late additions to Burke's *Correspondence* (iii. 128–132), remains a masterpiece for us. "The loss of a single life in a popular tumult excites individual tenderness and pity. *No tears are shed for nations.* When the provinces are scourged to the bone by a mercenary and merciless military power, and every drop of its blood and substance extorted from it by the edicts of a royal council, the case seems very tolerable to those who are not involved in it. When thousands after thousands are dragooned out of their country for the sake of their religion, or sent to row in the galleys for selling salt against law; when the liberty of every individual is at the mercy of every prostitute, pimp, or parasite that has access to the hand of power or to any of its basest substitutes; my mind, I own, is not at once prepared to be satisfied with gentle palliatives for such disorders."—*Correspondence*, iii. 168–169.

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been that one? Was it strange that, among all the men in familiar intercourse with him, or belonging to the society of which he was the leading ornament, he should first have heard the truth from that member of the circle whose opinions on such a theme, perhaps, all would have hailed with laughter?

Burke was only upon the threshold of his troubled though great career; he had yet to live twenty-seven years of successes in every means employed, and of failures in every object sought, when Goldsmith conceived and wrote his imaginary epitaph. But its truth was prophetic.[1] Through the exquisite levity of its tone appeared a weight and seriousness of thought which was found applicable to every later movement in Burke's subsequent life, and which now conforms, as by the judgment of his time, the unsparing verdicts of history. As yet, however, it was Goldsmith's alone. What hitherto had fallen from Johnson showed no such perception as this; and it may be doubtful if the rest knew much more of the likeness than that the statesman's long speeches *did* detain him sadly from his dinner, and that he too often arrived at table when his mutton was cold. It was not until after many years he obtained the name of the dinner-bell.

"Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining.
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit:
Too nice for a statesman; too proud for a wit;

[1] "We then spoke of *Retaliation*, and praised the character of Burke in particular as a masterpiece. Nothing that he had ever said or done but what was foretold in it; nor was he painted as the principal figure in the foreground with the partiality of a friend, or as the great man of the day, but with a background of history, showing both what he was and what he might have been."—Hazlitt's *Conversations of Northcote*, 169–170.

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> For a patriot, too cool; for a drudge, disobedient;
> And too fond of the *right*, to pursue the *expedient*.
> In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,
> To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor."

Tommy Townshend had confirmed in the last session the claim he formerly put forward to such mention here. Again he had attacked Johnson, with allusion to his pamphlet on the *Falkland Islands*, as a pensioner paid to abuse the opposition; and again Burke had remained silent, leaving his friend's defence this time to Wedderburne, a recent deserter from the Whigs.[1] And yet Burke might fairly enough, if less anxious at the moment for Townshend's go-between service, have spurned the charge against the great pamphleteer, that his pension had lately been increased to reward a hireling advocacy. Johnson laughed at it himself when Boswell named it to him, and said (justly enough) that Lord North had no such friendly disposition that way. But he added a curious illustration of the temper of the time. A certain "airy lady" (Peg Woffington's sister, formerly named as one of Goldsmith's personal critics, and who had married the honorable and reverend George Cholmondeley), had given him (Johnson) proof that even the private visitings of members of Parliament were now watched; and when he went himself to the Prime Minister on the business of that pamphlet, though he went after dark and with all possible secrecy, he was quietly told in a day or two, "Well! you have been with Lord North."[2]

Some such suspicion against even poor Goldsmith, unpensioned as he was, broke out on the appearance of his *English History* in August. Yet a more innocent production could hardly have been imagined. It was simply a compilation, in his easy, flowing style, from four historians whom he impartially characterized in his preface; and with as little of the feeling of being influenced by any, his book

[1] Sir James Mackintosh alleges another cause of offence in the fact of his having persisted in clearing the gallery of the house, against Burke's and Fox's remonstrance, when Garrick was present.—*Boswell*, v. 214.

[2] *Boswell*, iv. 271–272.

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throughout had been written. "They have each," he says, speaking of Rapin, Carte, Smollett, and Hume, "their peculiar admirers, in proportion as the reader is studious of political antiquities, fond of minute anecdote, a warm partizan, or a deliberate reasoner."[1] Nevertheless, passages of

[1] He adds that he had particularly taken Hume for his guide, as far as Hume went; and that wherever he had abridged any passages from him, he had done it with reluctance, as he scarcely cut out a single line that did not contain a beauty. In the same preface he expresses with such charming grace and ease the principle that guided him in these abridged histories, and which renders them still so delightful, in spite of errors corrected and information extended since their first publication, that the reader will thank me for transferring some sentences to this place. After mentioning the favorable reception of his *Roman History*, and that the booksellers had told him how much they wanted an *English History* of the same kind, where the narrative, though very concise, should be not totally without interest, and the facts, though crowded, be yet distinctly seen, he proceeds: "The business of abridging the works of others has hitherto fallen to the lot of very dull men; and the art of blotting, which an eminent critic calls the most difficult of all others, has been usually practised by those who found themselves unable to write. Hence our abridgments are generally more tedious than the works from which they pretend to relieve us; and they have effectually embarrassed that road which they labored to shorten. As the present compiler starts with such humble competitors, it will scarcely be thought vanity in him if he boasts himself their superior. Of the many abridgments of our own history, hitherto published, none seems possessed of any share of merit or reputation; some have been written in dialogue, or merely in the stiffness of an index, and some to answer the purposes of a party. A very small share of taste, therefore, was sufficient to keep the compiler from the defects of the one, and a very small share of philosophy from the misrepresentations of the other. It is not easy, however, to satisfy the different expectations of mankind in a work of this kind, calculated for every apprehension, and on which all are consequently capable of forming some judgment. Some may say that it is too long to pass under the denomination of an abridgment; and others that it is too dry to be admitted as a history; it may be objected that reflection is almost entirely banished to make room for facts, and yet that many facts are wholly omitted which might be necessary to be known. It must be confessed that all those objections are partly true; for it is impossible in the same work at once to attain contrary advantages. The compiler who is stinted in room must often sacrifice interest to brevity; and, on the other hand, while he endeavors to amuse, must frequently transgress the limits to which his plan should confine him. Thus, all such as desire only amusement may be disgusted with his brevity; and such as seek for information may object to his displacing facts for empty

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very harmless narrative were displayed in the party papers as of very questionable tendency; he was asked if he meant to be the tool of a minister, as well as the drudge of a bookseller; he was reminded that the favor of a generous public (so generous always at other people's cost) was better than the best of pensions; and he finally was warned against betraying his country "for base and scandalous pay." The poor publisher became alarmed, and a formal defence of the book appeared in the *Public Advertiser*. Tom was himself

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description. To attain the greatest number of advantages with the fewest inconveniences is all that can be attained in an abridgment, the name of which implies imperfection. It will be sufficient, therefore, to satisfy the writer's wishes if the present work be found a plain, unaffected narrative of facts, with just ornament enough to keep attention awake, and with reflection barely sufficient to set the reader upon thinking. Very moderate abilities were equal to such an undertaking." The art of compilation and abridgment, as thus described and practised by Goldsmith, may be called an extinct art now, though never was there a time when so great a need existed for it. Our scholars, whether native or German, give us too much information, and too little knowledge, about everything. Everything is heaped upon us, whether of argument or research, in detail; and till a Goldsmith arises for our Grotes and Niebuhrs, we shall never profit by their labor and their learning as we might do. As this note is passing through the press, I receive accidental proof of the esteem in which men of cultivated taste still hold these little histories and abridgments by Goldsmith, and of the suspicion with which they regard all attempts to adapt them to schools by cramming them with modern discoveries. "Where else," writes my friend, the Rev. Mr. Harness, to me, "will any lad from twelve to fifteen find such a glowing current of attractive information as in Goldsmith's account of Greece and Rome? If those fellows, the Germans, have proved them to be all wrong, let there be a note to that effect, and let them be read, like romances, for the encouragement of generous and patriotic feelings—as we retain the Apocryphal Books for 'instruction of morals,' and not for 'proof of doctrine.' Those *Histories* are charming books. I have just finished the *Grecian History;* it must be nearly fifty years since I read it last; and I found it quite delightful. In later editions (as I see from the copy I have been reading) there has been a good deal of tampering with the text; but all of them, *Greece*, *Rome*, and *England*, ought to be printed from the last editions published during the author's lifetime" (the *Grecian History* was a posthumous publication, but he had left it nearly ready for the press) "*word for word*. I should say the same of the *Animated Nature;* though whether a cow has two horns or three, or whether an elephant is oviparous or viviparous, is not to me a matter of the slightest moment." 1852.

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a critic, and had taken the field full-armed for his friend (and his property). "Have you seen," he says in a letter to Granger,[1] "an impartial account of Goldsmith's *History of England?* If you want to know who was the writer of it, you will find him in Russell Street: *but Mum!*"[2]

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[1] Granger, an industrious but not very brilliant person (whom Boswell tried hard to exhibit to Johnson as untainted with Whiggery, notwithstanding the patronage of Horace Walpole, vi. 217), has *niched* Goldsmith so oddly into his *Biographical History of England* that I may, perhaps, be forgiven for quoting, from one of the later editions of that successful book, the allusion here. It occurs in a note to an article on Francis Goldsmith, of Gray's Inn, who died in 1655, after translating one of the minor works of Grotius. "We had lately a poet of the same name with the person just mentioned, perhaps of the same family, but by no means of the same character. His writings, in general, are much esteemed; but his poetry is greatly admired. Few tragedies have been read with stronger emotions of pity than the distressful scenes of the *Vicar of Wakefield;* yet we cannot but regret that the author of the *Traveller* (*decies repetita placebit*) should have undervalued his genius so far as to write a romance."—*Biographical History*, iv. 40. What worthy Mr. Granger must have thought of those dull dogs, Fielding and Smollett, who wrote hardly anything else, the reader may be left to imagine. Tom Davies published Granger's book, and made money by it; nor is it possible to read the *Letters* from which I have quoted in the text without constantly recurring laughter at the amusing airs of importance displayed by Tom to his modest, inexperienced, deferential, laborious, biographical parson. In one of the more strict letters of business, I may add, Goldsmith's name is introduced; and it may serve to show the estimation in which he now stood (November 18, 1769), that his good word in society was thought worth securing by the bribe of a presentation copy. "I have," writes Davies, "taken all the pains I can to make your book as public as possible. The advertisements have cost me a great deal of money, and I have made presents of several copies printed on one side, in order to promote the sale of your book. I have given presents, as above, to the following gentlemen: Dr. Askew; Dr. Ducarel, of the Commons; the Rev. Mr. Bernard, a worthy clergyman in Cambridgeshire; Mr. Farmer, of Cambridge, author of the *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare;* Dr. Goldsmith; the Rev. Mr. Bowle," etc.—Granger's *Letters*, 25–29.

[2] November 5, 1771. Granger's *Letters*, 53–54.

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CHAPTER XII

COUNTRY RELAXATIONS

1771

MEANWHILE, indifferent enough to the blustering reception vouchsafed to his very innocent *History*, Goldsmith had returned to his country lodging, and been steadily working at his new labor, had now nearly finished his comedy, and was too quiet and busy in his retirement[1] to be much disturbed by those violent party noises elsewhere. The farm-house still stands on a gentle eminence in what is called Hyde Lane, leading to Kenton, about three hundred yards from the village of Hyde, and looking over a pretty country in the direction of Hendon; and when a biographer of the poet went in search of it some years since he found still living in the neighborhood the son of the farmer (a Mr. Selby) with whom the poet lodged, and in whose family the property of the house and farm remained.[2] He found traditions of Gold-

[1] See vol. iv. 22.

[2] I subjoin the recollections of Mr. Selby, as given in *Prior*, ii. 332–334. "Being then about sixteen years old, he remembers the poet perfectly, and with some degree of pride pointed to the room where 'She Stoops to Conquer' was written, a convenient and airy apartment up one pair of stairs to the right of the landing as we ascended. . . . It appears that though boarding with the family, the poet had the usual repasts commonly sent to his own apartment, where his time was chiefly spent in writing. Occasionally he wandered into the kitchen, took his stand with his back towards the fire apparently absorbed in thought, till, something seeming to occur to mind, he would hurry off, to commit it, as they supposed, to paper. Sometimes he strolled about the fields, or was seen loitering and musing under the hedges, or perusing a book. More frequently he visited town, and remained absent many weeks at a time, or paid visits to private friends in other parts of the country. In the house he usually wore his shirt collar open in the manner represented in the portrait by Sir Joshua. Occasion-

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smith surviving, too: how he used now and then to wander into the kitchen from his own room, in fits of study or abstraction, and the parlor had to be given up to him when he had visitors to tea; how Reynolds and Johnson and Sir William Chambers had been entertained there, and he had once taken the young folks of the farm in a coach to see some strolling players at Hendon; how he had come home one night without his shoes, having left them stuck fast in a slough; and how he had an evil habit of reading in bed, and of putting out his candle by flinging his slipper at it.[1] It is certain he was fond of this humble place. He told Johnson and Boswell that he believed the farmer's family thought him an odd character, and that he was to them what "The Spectator" appeared to his landlady and her children. He was The Gentleman. And so content for the present was he to continue here that he had given up a summer visit into Lincolnshire, proposed in company with Reynolds, to see their friend Langton in his new character of Benedict. The latter had married, the previous year, one of those *three* Countess Dowagers of Rothes who had all of

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ally he read much at night when in bed; at other times when not disposed to read, and yet unable to sleep, which was not an unusual occurrence, the candle was kept burning, his mode of extinguishing which when out of immediate reach was characteristic of his fits of indolence or carelessness: he flung his slipper at it, which in the morning was in consequence usually found near the overturned candlestick, daubed with grease. . . . Among others who frequently spent an evening with him was Hugh Boyd, one of the supposed writers of the *Letters of Junius*, who resided for some time at the neighboring village of Kenton, above two miles distant. The road thither being excessively bad, Goldsmith, having once paid him a visit on foot, returned at night without his shoes, which had stuck fast in a slough; and, anathematizing the parish authorities for their negligence, declared he could not again undertake such a journey."

[1] The reader will remember what Mrs. Thrale says of Johnson, and of his alarming chemical explosions also. "It was a perpetual miracle that he did not set himself on fire reading a-bed, as was his constant custom, when exceedingly unable even to keep clear of mischief with our best help; and accordingly the foretops of all his wigs were burned by the candle down to the very net-work. . . . Future experiments in chemistry, however, were too dangerous, and Mr. Thrale insisted that we should do no more towards finding the philosopher's stone."—Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, 237-238.

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them the fortune to get second husbands at about the same time; and to "Bennet Langton, Esq., at Langton, near Spilsby, in Lincolnshire," it seems to have been Goldsmith's first business to write on his return to his chambers in the Temple. The pleasant letter has happily been preserved,[1] and is dated from Brick Court, on the 7th of September:

"My dear Sir,—Since I had the pleasure of seeing you last, I have been almost wholly in the country at a farmer's house, quite alone, trying to write a comedy. It is now finished, but when or how it will be acted, or whether it will be acted at all, are questions I cannot resolve. I am, therefore, so much employed upon that that I am under the necessity of putting off my intended visit to Lincolnshire for this season. Reynolds is just returned from Paris, and finds himself now in the case of a truant that must make up for his idle time by diligence. We have, therefore, agreed to postpone our journey till next summer, when we hope to have the honor of waiting upon Lady Rothes and you, and staying double the time of our late intended visit. We often meet, and never without remembering you. I see Mr. Beauclerc very often, both in town and country. He is now going directly forward to become a second Boyle: deep in chymistry and physics. Johnson has been down upon a visit to a country parson, Dr. Taylor; and is returned to his old haunts at Mrs. Thrale's. Burke is a farmer, *en attendant* a better place; but visiting about too. Every soul is a visiting about and merry but myself. And that is hard too, as I have been trying these three months to do something to make people laugh. There have I been strolling about the hedges, studying jests with a most tragical countenance. The Natural History is about half finished, and I will shortly finish the rest. God knows I am tired of this kind of finishing, which is but bungling work; and that not so much my fault as the fault of my scurvy circumstances. They begin to talk in town of the Opposition's gaining ground; the cry of liberty is still as loud as ever. I have published, or Davies has published for me, an *Abridgment of the History of England*,[2] for which I have been a good deal abused in the newspapers for betraying the liberties of the people. God knows I had no thought for or against liberty in my head; my whole aim being to make up a book of a decent size, that, as 'Squire Richard says, would do no harm to nobody. However, they set me down as an arrant Tory, and consequently an honest man. When you come to look at any part of it, you'll say that I am a sour Whig. God bless you, and with my most respectful compliments to her ladyship, I remain, dear Sir, your most affectionate, humble servant, Oliver Goldsmith."

[1] In the *Percy Memoir*, 92–94.

[2] He means the *History* as published in four volumes, which, however, he had also undertaken to "abridge" on payment of fifty guineas. See *Percy Memoir*, 79.

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Though the Langton visit had been thus deferred, however, another new married couple claimed him soon after this letter; and he could not, amid all his scurvy circumstances, resist the temptation. Little Comedy had become Mrs. Bunbury, and he was asked to visit them at Barton. But his means were insufficient; and, for a time to anticipate them, he laid himself under fresh obligations to Francis Newbery. Former money transactions between them, involving unfulfilled engagements for a new story, remained yet uncancelled; and Garrick still held an outstanding note of Newbery's, unpaid because of disputed claims on behalf of the elder Newbery's estate; but a better understanding between the publisher and his creditor, on the faith of certain completed chapters of the long-promised tale, had now arisen, and Garrick was in no humor to disturb it by reviving any claim of his. Recent civilities and kindnesses had been heartily interchanged between the poet and the actor, and showed how little on either side was at any time needed to have made these celebrated men fast friends. In the last three years they had met more frequently than at any previous time, at Mr. Beauclerc's, Lord Clare's, and Sir Joshua's; and where there is anything to suggest mutual esteem, the more men know of each other the more they will wish to know. Thus had courtesies and good-nature freely passed between them; and hints of promise and acceptance for a new comedy would appear to have been interchanged, for we find Hoadly warning Garrick soon after against "giving in" to Dr. Goldsmith's *ridiculosity*.[1] What was lately written in the country (little better than a rough draft at present, it is probable) is for Covent Garden; but he thinks he has so far succeeded as to feel yet greater confidence in the same direction, and something of an understanding for a future dramatic venture at Drury Lane seems certainly to have been agreed to. A new and strong link between them was supplied by the family whom Goldsmith is about to visit; for Garrick was Bun-

[1] *Garrick Correspondence*, i. 583.

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bury's most familiar friend, and a leader in all the sports at Barton.

What Goldsmith's ways and habits used to be there a survivor of that happy circle lived to be still talking about not many years ago. "Come now, let us play the fool a little," was his ordinary invitation to mirth; and he took part in every social game. Tricks were played upon his dress, upon his smart black silk coat and expensive pair of ruffles, above all upon his wig, which the valets as well as the guests at Barton seem to have thought a quizzical property; yet all this he suffered with imperturbable good-humor. He sang comic songs with great taste and fun; he was inventive in garden buildings and operations, over which he blundered amazingly;[1] and if there was a piece of water in any part of the grounds, he commonly managed to tumble into it.[2] Such were the recollections of those days, with

[1] "Cradock, I am determined to come down into the country, and make some stay with you, and I will build you an ice-house." "Indeed my dear Doctor, you will not; you have got the strangest notion in the world of making amends to your friends wherever you go; I hope, if you favor me with a visit, you will consider that your own company is the best recompense." "Well," says Goldsmith, "that is civilly enough expressed, but I should like to build you an ice-house; I have built two already: they are perfect, and this should be a pattern to all your county."—Cradock's *Memoirs*, i. 281.

[2] These are the reminiscences of Mrs. Gwyn, the Jessamy Bride, as related twenty years ago. "Some difference of opinion," she says, "having arisen with Lord Harrington respecting the depth of a pond, the poet remarked that it was not so deep but that, if anything valuable was to be found at the bottom, he would not hesitate to pick it up. His lordship, after some banter, threw in a guinea; Goldsmith, not to be outdone in this kind of bravado, in attempting to fulfil his promise without getting wet, accidentally fell in, to the amusement of all present, but persevered, brought out the money, and kept it, remarking that he had abundant objects on whom to bestow any further proofs of his lordship's whim or bounty." She said also that at cards, which was commonly a round game, and the stake small, he was always the most noisy; affected great eagerness to win; and teased his opponents of the gentler sex with continual jest and banter on their want of spirit in not risking the hazards of the game. But one of his most favorite enjoyments was to romp with children, when he threw off all reserve, and seemed one of the most joyous of the group. His simplicity of manners, she continued, made him occasionally

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the not unimportant addition that everybody in that circle respected, admired, and loved him. His fondness for flowers was a passion, which he was left to indulge without restraint—here, at Lord Clare's, at Bennet Langton's, and at Beauclerc's. Thus, when Beau tells Lord Charlemont, a couple of years hence, that if he won't come to London, the club shall be sent to Ireland to drive him out of that country in self-defence, the terrors of his threat are, that Johnson shall spoil his books, Goldsmith pull his flowers, and (for a quite intolerable climax) Boswell *talk to him!*[1] But most at the card-table does Goldsmith seem to have spread contagious mirth, affecting nothing of the rigor of the game (whether it was loo or any other), playing in wild

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the object of tricks of the jocular kind to other visitors of the house. Being at all times gay in dress, he generally made his appearance at the breakfast table in a smart black silk coat with an expensive pair of ruffles; this coat, however, some one contrived to soil, and it was sent to be cleansed; but, either by accident, or more probably design, the day after it came home the sleeves appeared daubed with paint, and this was hardly discovered when the ruffles also, to his great mortification, were produced irretrievably disfigured. "He always wore a wig, a peculiarity which those who judge of his appearance only from the fine poetical head of Reynolds would not suspect; and on one occasion some person contrived seriously to injure this important adjunct to dress. It was the only one he had in the country, and the misfortune seemed irreparable until the services of Mr. Bunbury's valet were called in, who, however, performed his functions so indifferently that poor Goldsmith's appearance became the signal for a general smile. . . . His benevolence was unquestionable, and his countenance bore every trace of it. He was a very plain man, but had he been much more so, it was impossible not to love and respect his goodness of heart, which broke out upon every occasion. Nobody that knew him intimately could avoid admiring and loving his good qualities. They accused him of envy, but it certainly was not envy in the usual sense of that word. . . . One of the means by which he amused us was his songs, chiefly of the comic kind, which were sung with some taste and humor; several, I believe, were of his own composition, and I regret that I neither have copies, which might have been readily procured from him at the time, nor do I remember their names. . . . I am sure," adds the Jessamy Bride, reiterating her former impression as to certain imputations against him (see vol. iii. 222–223), "that on many occasions, from the peculiar manner of his humor and assumed frown of countenance, what was often uttered in jest was mistaken by those who did not know him for earnest." See *Prior*, ii. 379.[1] Hardy's *Life of Lord Charlemont*, 178.

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defiance of the chances, laughing at all advice, staking preposterously, and losing always as much as the moderate pool could absorb. With fascinating pleasantry he has himself described all this, in answer to one of Mrs. Bunbury's invitations to Barton, wherein she had playfully counselled him to come to their Christmas party in his smart spring-velvet coat, to bring a wig that he might dance with the haymakers in, and, above all, to follow her and her sister's advice in playing loo. His reply, perhaps the most amusing and characteristic of all his letters, was published not many years ago by Sir Henry Bunbury. Between the mock gravity of its beginning and the farcical broad mirth of its close, flash forth the finest humor, the nicest compliments, and the most sprightly touches of character.

"MADAM,—I read your letter with all that allowance which critical candor could require, but after all find so much to object to, and so much to raise my indignation, that I cannot help giving it a serious answer.

"I am not so ignorant, Madam, as not to see there are many sarcasms contained in it, and solecisms also. (Solecism is a word that comes from the town of Soleis, in Attica, among the Greeks, built by Solon, and applied as we use the word Kidderminster for curtains from a town also of that name—but this is learning you have no taste for!)—I say, Madam, there are many sarcasms in it, and solecisms also. But not to seem an ill-natured critic, I'll take leave to quote your own words, and give you my remarks upon them as they occur. You begin as follows:

> "'I hope, my good Doctor, you soon will be here,
> And your spring-velvet coat very smart will appear,
> To open our ball the first day of the year.'

"Pray, Madam, where did you ever find the epithet 'good' applied to the title of Doctor? Had you called me 'learned Doctor,' or 'grave Doctor,' or 'noble Doctor,' it might be allowable, because they belong to the profession. But, not to cavil at trifles, you talk of my 'spring-velvet coat,' and advise me to wear it the first day in the year, that is, in the middle of winter!—a spring-velvet coat in the middle of winter!!! That would be a solecism indeed! and yet to increase the inconsistence, in another part of your letter you call me a beau. Now, on one side or other, you must be wrong. If I am a beau, I can never think of wearing a spring-velvet in winter: and if I am not a beau, why then, that explains itself. But let me go on to your two next strange lines:

> "'And bring with you a wig, that is modish and gay,
> To dance with the girls that are makers of hay.'

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"The absurdity of making hay at Christmas you yourself seem sensible of: you say your sister will laugh; and so, indeed, she well may! The Latins have an expression for a contemptuous kind of laughter, 'naso contemnere adunco'—that is, to laugh with a crooked nose. She may laugh at you in the manner of the antients if she thinks fit. But now I come to the most extraordinary of all extraordinary propositions, which is, to take your and your sister's advice in playing at loo. The presumption of the offer raises my indignation beyond the bounds of prose; it inspires me at once with verse and resentment. I take advice! and from whom? You shall hear.

"First let me suppose, what may shortly be true,
The company set, and the word to be, Loo:
All smirking, and pleasant, and big with adventure,
And ogling the stake which is fix'd in the centre.
Round and round go the cards, while I inwardly damn
At never once finding a visit from Pam.
I lay down my stake, apparently cool,
While the harpies about me all pocket the pool.
I fret in my gizzard, yet, cautious and sly,
I wish all my friends may be bolder than I:
Yet still they sit snug, not a creature will aim
By losing their money to venture at fame.
'Tis in vain that at niggardly caution I scold,
'Tis in vain that I flatter the brave and the bold:
All play their own way, and they think me an ass,—
'What does Mrs. Bunbury?'—'I, Sir? I pass'—
'Pray what does Miss Horneck? Take courage, come do.'—
'Who, I? let me see, Sir, why I must pass too.'
Mr. Bunbury frets, and I fret like the devil,
To see them so cowardly, lucky, and civil.
Yet still I sit snug, and continue to sigh on,
'Till, made by my losses as bold as a lion,
I venture at all,—while my avarice regards
The whole pool as my own—'Come, give me five cards.'
'Well done!' cry the ladies. 'Ah, Doctor, that's good!
The pool's very rich,—ah! the Doctor is loo'd!'
Thus foil'd in my courage, on all sides perplext,
I ask for advice from the lady that's next:
'Pray, Ma'am, be so good as to give your advice;
Don't you think the best way is to venture for 't twice?'
'I advise,' cries the lady, 'to try it, I own.—
Ah! the Doctor is loo'd! Come, Doctor, put down.'
Thus, playing and playing, I still grow more eager,
And so bold, and so bold, I'm at last a bold beggar.
Now, ladies, I ask, if law matters you're skilled in,
Whether crimes such as yours should not come before Fielding;
For giving advice that is not worth a straw,
May well be call'd picking of pockets in law;

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And picking of pockets, with which I now charge ye,
Is, by quinto Elizabeth, Death without Clergy.
What justice, when both to the Old Bailey brought!
By the gods, I'll enjoy it, tho' 'tis but in thought!
Both are plac'd at the bar, with all proper decorum,
With bunches of fennell, and nosegays before 'em;
Both cover their faces with mobs and all that,
But the judge bids them, angrily, take off their hat.
When uncover'd, a buz of inquiry runs round—
'Pray what are their crimes?'—'They've been pilfering found.'
'But, pray, who have they pilfer'd?'—'A Doctor, I hear.'
'What, yon solemn-faced, odd-looking man that stands near!'
'The same.'—'What a pity! how does it surprise one;
Two handsomer culprits I never set eyes on!'
Then their friends all come round me with cringing and leering,
To melt me to pity, and soften my swearing.
First Sir Charles advances with phrases well strung,
'Consider, dear Doctor, the girls are but young.'
'The younger the worse,' I return him again,
'It shews that their habits are all dyed in grain.'
'But then they're so handsome, one's bosom it grieves.'
'What signifies *handsome* when people are thieves?'
'But where is your justice? their cases are hard.'
'What signifies *justice?* I want the *reward.*

"'There's the parish of Edmonton offers forty pounds; there's the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, offers forty pounds; there's the parish of Tyburn, from the Hog-in-the-pound to St. Giles's watch-house, offers forty pounds—I shall have all that if I convict them!'—

"'But consider their case,—it may yet be your own!
And see how they kneel! Is your heart made of stone?'
This moves:—so at last I agree to relent,
For ten pounds in hand, and ten pounds to be spent.

"I challenge you all to answer this: I tell you, you cannot. It cuts deep;—but now for the rest of the letter: and next—but I want room—so I believe I shall battle the rest out at Barton some day next week.

"I don't value you all!

"O. G."[1]

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[1] Sir Henry Bunbury's *Correspondence of Sir T. Hanmer*, 379–383. We shall have a vivider impression of these sports at Barton, in which Goldsmith and Garrick were the leaders, by keeping in mind the contrast between the two: the fulness of resource in the one and its complete absence in the other; Goldsmith's blundering unreadiness the always ludicrous set-off to Garrick's exquisite self-possession; and, apart from the genius that rendered both so attractive, not a point of resemblance except that

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both were under middle size. Nay, even this likeness was but difference in another form. We all know the personal disadvantage it was to the poet, but no one could recognize it for a defect in the actor; and the reader of my book familiar with its many descriptions of Goldsmith's person will find easy explanation of this in what I now subjoin of Garrick's. A German in England in 1775 saw him in all his leading parts, and what I shall quote is from the traveller's published letters, written at the time to a German friend, in which there are descriptions of him more entirely satisfactory than any others that exist. "There is in his physiognomy," says the keen-eyed Lichtenberg, "his figure, and his gait a peculiar distinction and charm which I have just now and then noticed in a few Frenchmen, but have never observed in any other Englishman. . . . For instance, when he turns to salute any one, it is not only his head and shoulders, or arms and legs, that come into play, but all these, all together, and every other part of the man, that simultaneously and harmoniously contribute, each its special grace, to the most refined expression of a supreme courtesy, such as could not have been surpassed by the greatest grand seigneur of the Court of Louis XIV. There is no man in England who can make Garrick's bow. When he enters upon the stage, simply as Garrick, in any part which does not demand from his countenance some set expression of cruelty, fear, hope, etc., there is in his regard a gracious somewhat that is irresistibly attractive. His stature is below the middle height; his frame is small, but marvellously compact; and the whole man is harmoniously held together. His limbs are exquisitely proportioned, and the keenest eye cannot detect a single defect, either in their structure or their movements. In these latter you always recognize that rich reserve of physical strength which pleases more by repression than display. Nothing in him is slipshod, slovenly, or slouching. No actor ever needed less elbow-room for effective gesture. And, where all other players overshoot the line of beauty by an inch or two, in giving free play to their arms and legs, Garrick hits it off to a hair, never missing and never exceeding it. Among other actors he moves like a man among *marionnettes*. His way of walking across the stage, of shrugging his shoulders, of crossing his arms, of cocking his hat, or putting it on and taking it off—in short, whatever he does —is so easily and *securely* done that the man appears to be *all right hand*." —From a paper by Mr. Lytton in the *Fortnightly Review* for February, 1871. Mr. Tom Taylor had already translated some passages from Lichtenberg, which are quoted in Mr. Fitzgerald's *Garrick*, ii. 67, 93, and 101.

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CHAPTER XIII

FAME ACQUIRED AND TASK-WORK RESUMED

1772

To BATTLE it out on any kind of challenge at Barton was to Goldsmith always a pleasure; but it was a hard and difficult game to battle it out in London, and the stakes were growing somewhat desperate. Francis Newbery seems in some shape to have revived the question of their old accounts on his return from the last visit at Mr. Bunbury's; and he appears in that publisher's books as having *paid* twenty pounds, a new and arduous character. But he wears a cheerful face still; has his grave, kind word for the poor struggling adventurer, his gay, sprightly prologue for the ambitious amateur author, and still, as of old, indiscriminate help for any one who presents himself with a plausible petition, all the surer of acceptance if graced with a brogue. A poor Irish youth afterwards known as a physician, Dr. M'Veagh M'Donnell, told in after life how he had flung himself in despair on a seat in the Temple Gardens, eying the water wistfully, when a kind, genial-faced countryman, whom he was soon to know as the famous Goldsmith, came up to him, talked him into good spirits, brought him into his chambers, told him that in London nothing could be got for nothing, but much might be got for work, and set him afloat in the world by giving him chapters of Buffon to translate. This poor client used to grieve when, in the course of this daily labor, he saw his patron subject to frequent fits of depression; when he saw "printers and booksellers" hunting him down; and tells us that he cried bitterly, and a blank came over his heart, when

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he afterwards heard of his death.[1] Unluckily the patron was not always so fortunate in the objects of his bounty.

The anecdote now to be related was told soon after Goldsmith's death by one of his friends, who, while remarking that a great point of pride with him was to be liberal to his poor countrymen who applied to him in distress, interposes that the expression "pride" was not an improper one to use, because he did it with some degree of ostentation. The instance is then given of a singularly artful youth who had preyed upon his celebrated countryman for some time in this way, representing his unappreciated abilities, which it never occurred to Goldsmith to doubt, and his sore necessities, which he was always willing to relieve. At last, however, this had been repeated so often

[1] Dr. M'Donnell says: "I was then about eighteen; I possessed neither friends nor money, nor the means of getting to Ireland, of which or of England I knew scarcely anything, from having so long resided in France. In this situation I had strolled about for two or three days, considering what to do, but unable to come to any determination, when Providence directed me to the Temple Gardens. I threw myself on a seat, and, willing to forget my miseries for a moment, drew out a book; that book was a volume of Boileau. I had not been there long when a gentleman strolling about passed near me, and, observing perhaps something Irish or foreign in my garb or countenance, addressed me: 'Sir, you seem studious; I hope you find this a favorable place to pursue it.' . . . A good deal of conversation ensued; I told him part of my history, and he, in return, gave his address in the Temple, desiring me to call soon, from which, to my infinite surprise and gratification, I found that the person who thus seemed to take an interest in my fate was my countryman, and a distinguished ornament of letters. I did not fail to keep the appointment, and was received in the kindest manner. He told me, smilingly, that he was not rich; that he could do little for me in direct pecuniary aid, but would endeavor to put me in the way of doing something for myself, observing that he could at least furnish me with advice not wholly useless to a young man placed in the heart of a great metropolis. 'In London,' he continued, 'nothing is to be got for nothing; you must work, and no man who chooses to be industrious need be under obligations to another, for here labor of every kind commands its reward. If you think proper to assist me occasionally as amanuensis, I shall be obliged and you will be placed under no obligation, until something more permanent can be secured for you.' This employment, which I pursued for some time, was to translate passages from *Buffon*, which was abridged or altered according to circumstances for his Natural History." See *Prior*, ii. 344–346.

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that it occurred to Goldsmith to give his young friend the chance (he so ardently professed to desire) of making some return for what he received, by the exercise of those literary talents for which he had hitherto failed to get any direct outlet of his own. At the particular time a bookseller had asked Goldsmith to draw up, for some occasional purpose, "and at a price he despised but had not rejected," a description of China; and on this description of China he set his pensioner to work. The original teller of the anecdote will relate, in simple but expressive language, the sequel and its catastrophe. "Such was the idle carelessness of his temper that he never gave himself the trouble to read the manuscript, but sent to the press an account which made the Emperor of China a Mohammedan, and which supposed India to be between China and Japan. Two sheets were cancelled at Goldsmith's expense, who kicked his newly created author down stairs."[1]

Another similar case had a graver issue. An Irish youth named Griffin, one of the many Roman Catholic lads of that day driven over to France for the education then denied them in their own land, and thus exposed to temptations at too early an age for effective resistance, had come back to London with the wants and resources of a desperate adventurer. He assailed at once both Garrick and Goldsmith, shrewdly sending the actor a poetical address of the most extravagant praise, while he wrote letters to the poet pointing out the most affecting distress, and implored his intercession with Garrick to obtain him relief. "The writer of this," says the author of the first memoir,[2] "who hath perused both the verses and the letters, saw no attempt to flatter Goldsmith, or to interest him otherwise than through his compassion." No stronger motive could at any time be given. In this case it not only procured the applicant what he sought, but such recommendation also as obtained him the place of teacher in a school, where unhappily he had

[1] *European Magazine*, v. 15. (Cooke's anecdotes, of which this is not one, did not appear till several years later.) [2] *Percy Memoir*, 100.

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not remained long before he robbed the house and made his escape.

Yet the clients were not always of this class. A livelier petitioner, whose claim was for the less substantial and more poetical help of a prologue, and who is now duly to be presented, was a young man of fortune named Cradock, living in Leicestershire, who, bringing up with him his wife and a translation of one of Voltaire's tragedies, and introductions to the celebrated people, had come lately to London, very eager about plays and players; being a clever amateur actor as well as writer, liking to be called little Cradock, and really fancying himself, one would say, quite a private little Garrick. Goldsmith met him at the actor Yates's house; their common knowledge of Lord Clare soon put them on familiar terms; and a prologue for "Zobeide" was readily promised. "*Mr.* Goldsmith," says the note with which he soon after forwarded it (Cradock was staying at Gosfield at the time), "presents his best respects to Mr. Cradock; has sent him the prologue, such as it is. He cannot take time to make it better. He begs he will give Mr. Yates the proper instructions; and so, even so, he commits him to fortune and the publick."[1] He had himself dropped the title of *Doctor* at this time, says one of his friends, but the world would not let him lose it. The prologue, very wittily built on the voyage to Otaheite which was making Lieutenant Cook somewhat famous just now, was spoken, not by Yates, but by Quick, in the character of a sailor.[2]

The influence of Lord Clare is also to be detected in his next poetical product. This was a "Lament" for the death of the Princess-dowager of Wales, Robert Nugent's old political mistress and patron, who died in February, 1772; before the close of which month Goldsmith's poem, with a title

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[1] Cradock's *Memoirs*, i. 224. "I must say," he writes, emphasizing the statement with amusingly big capital letters, "Garrick spoke with great satisfaction of my acting."

[2] "There is a new tragedy at Covent Garden called 'Zobeide,' which I am told is very indifferent, *though written by a Country Gentleman.*"—*Letters of Walpole to Lady Ossory*, i. 29.

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copied from Dryden, the "Threnodia Augustalis," announced in the papers to be "written for the purpose, by a gentleman of acknowledged literary merit," was recited and sung with appropriate music at Mrs. Cornely's fashionable rooms in Soho Square. Cradock, whose theatrical accomplishments included a taste for music, seems to have helped him in the adaptation of the parts; and has published a note from "Mr." Goldsmith in which, with best respects to Mr. Cradock, he says: "When he asked him to-day he quite forgot an engagement of above a week's standing, which has been made purposely for him; he feels himself quite uneasy at not being permitted to have his instructions upon those parts where he must necessarily be defective. He will have a rehearsal on Monday," he adds (the note is dated on Sunday morning), "when, if Mr. Cradock would come, and afterwards take a bit of mutton chop, it would add to his other obligations."[1] The thing was hardly worth even so much trouble, for it was purely an occasional piece. Though not without a passage of merit here and there, it was written, as we learn from the advertisement prefixed to it, in a couple of days; Goldsmith himself honestly calls it "a compilation," which it really was, rather that "a poem"; and it did not appear with his name attached to it until forty years after his death. Cradock then gave it to his friend Nichols, who handed it to Chalmers.[2] His connection with its authorship escaped

[1] *Memoirs*, i. 225.

[2] See Nichols's *Illustrations*, vii. 25. It contained whole lines and stanzas taken bodily out of Collins's *Odes*. And as I have occasion to notice this fact, let me add that Goldsmith is now and then found borrowing in other places without very specific acknowledgment. A few examples have already been given, but perhaps the most curious is a thought which he took *verbatim* from the last sentence in Sir William Temple's *Discourse of Poetry* (*Works*, folio edition, 1720, i. 249), and of which he was so fond, and so little careful to hide his acquisition in a corner, that he has repeated it thrice in his various writings. I remembered it as Temple's from having heard it in my youth read out by Charles Lamb, who was also very fond of it. "When all is done, Human Life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward Child, that must be play'd with and humor'd a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the Care is over." Goldsmith puts this into the mouth of Mr. Croaker, as his own (act i. scene i.); in the con-

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even Boswell, who, yet busier and more inquisitive than of old, came up from his Scotch practice for his annual London visit not a month after it was performed, more than ever amazed at the amount of Goldsmith's celebrity. "Sir," he said to Johnson somewhat later, "Goldsmith has acquired more fame than all the officers last war who were not generals!" "Why, sir," answered Johnson, "you will find ten thousand fit to do what they did, before you find one who does what Goldsmith has done. You must consider that a thing is valued according to its rarity. A pebble that paves the street is in itself more useful than the diamond upon a lady's finger."[1] But this did not satisfy Boswell, who had now, in truth, a strong, secret, and to himself perhaps only half-confessed reason for his very ludicrous jealousy and impatience. He fancied Goldsmith likely to be Johnson's biographer, and that was an office he already coveted and had selected for himself.

For now began that series of questions,[2] *What did you do, sir? What did you say, sir?* which afterwards forced from their victim the energetic protest: "Sir, I will not be put to the *question*. Don't you consider, sir, that these are not the manners of a gentleman? I will not be baited with *what* and *why;* what is this? what is that? why is a cow's tail long? why is a fox's tail bushy?"[3] In all which, not-

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cluding chapter of his *Enquiry into Polite Learning*, he repeats it, with the saving clause that "Life, etc., *has been compared to* a froward child," etc.; and, writing in the assumed character of "A Nobleman to his Son" in his Letters on English History, he thus compromises between his absolute appropriation in the first instance and his more modified abstraction in the second: "And perhaps, my child, after all, what your noble ancestor has observed is most true:—When all is done, human life," etc.

[1] *Boswell*, iv. 145. "I wish," adds Boswell, "our friend Goldsmith had heard this."

[2] For one of a thousand examples of the ridiculous minuteness of Boswell's boredom, see Johnson put to the torture on the subject of squeezed oranges, v. 269.

[3] *Life*, vii. 105–106. Boswell amusingly continues of himself: "The gentleman, who was a good deal out of countenance, said, 'Why, sir, you are so good that I venture to trouble you.' JOHNSON: 'Sir, my being so good is no reason why you should be so ill.'" On another occasion there

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withstanding, Bozzy persisted; forgetting so much *more* of the manners of a gentleman as even to lay down his knife and fork, take out his tablets, and report speeches in the middle of a dinner-table; submitting to daily rebuffs, reproofs, and indignities; satisfied to be played over and drenched by the fountain of (what he never dreams of describing by a ruder name than) "wit"; content not only to be called, by the object of his veneration, a dunce, a parasite, a coxcomb, an eavesdropper, and a fool, but even faithfully to report what he calls the "keen sarcastic wit," the "variety of degrading images," the "rudeness," and the "ferocity," of which he was made the special object;[1] bent all the more firmly upon the one design which seized and occupied the whole of such faculties as he possessed, and living in such manner to achieve it as to have made himself immortal as his hero. "You have but two topics, sir," exclaimed Johnson; "yourself and me. I am sick of both."

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was what poor Boswell calls a "horrible shock." They were talking about the necessity of getting Langton out of the extravagance of his London house, and Boswell ventured to suggest that he might be driven away by his friends quarrelling with him: "Nay, sir," put in Johnson, "we'll send *you* to him. If your company does not drive a man out of his house, nothing will." A third instance occurred on Bozzy's complaining of a headache from the wine they had taken at a late sitting in the "Mitre": "'Nay, sir, it was not the *wine* that made your head ache, but the *sense* that I put into it.' BOSWELL: 'What, sir! will sense make the head ache?' JOHNSON: 'Yes, sir' (with a smile), 'when it is not used to it.'"—vii. 255. Very whimsical too, and very creditable to Boswell moreover, is a remark afterwards interchanged between him and Johnson. "BOSWELL: 'I said to-day to Sir Joshua, when he observed that you tossed me sometimes, "I don't care how often or how high he tosses me when only friends are present, for then I fall upon soft ground; but I do not like falling on stones, which is the case when enemies are present." I think this a pretty good image, sir.' JOHNSON (mollified and repentant): 'Sir, it is one of the happiest I have ever heard.'"—vii. 196. So, on the occasion of the horrible shock above recorded, and for which there had been no visible cause, "I afterwards," says Boswell, "asked him why he had said so harsh a thing. JOHNSON: 'Because, sir, you made me angry about the Americans.' BOSWELL: 'But why did you not take your revenge directly?' JOHNSON (smiling): 'Because, sir, I had nothing ready. A man cannot strike till he has his weapons.' This was a candid and pleasant confession."—vii. 166.

[1] *Life*, iv. 229–230.

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Happily for us, nothing could sicken Boswell of either; and by one of the most moderately wise men that ever lived the masterpiece of English biography was written.

It is so, because, after every allowance made for the writer's failings, it is a book thoroughly honest and true to the minutest letter. "I besought his tenderness," says Mrs. Hannah More, a few months after his hero's death,[1] "for our virtuous and most revered departed friend, and begged he would mitigate some of his asperities. He said, roughly, he would not cut off his claws, nor make a tiger a cat, to please anybody." Perhaps there is nothing sadder to think of in our history than the many tigers that figure as cats, and the many cats who trample about as tigers. What would we now give to have had a Boswell for every Johnson! to have had in attendance on all our immortals as much self-complacent folly with as much shrewd, clear insight; the same lively power to do justice to their sayings, the same reverence to devote such talents to that humble service, and the same conceit full-proof against every degradation it involved. We have but to turn to the biography of any other man of letters to comprehend our debt of gratitude to Boswell; we have but to remember how fruitless is the quest when we would seek to stand face to face with any other as famous Englishman. "So, sir," said Johnson to Cibber, "I find you knew Mr. Dryden?" "Knew him!" said Cibber. "O Lord! I was as well acquainted with him as if he had been my own brother." "Then," rejoined the other, "you can tell me some anecdotes of him?" "Oh yes," exclaimed Colley, "a thousand! Why, we used to meet him continually at a club at Button's. I remember as well as if it were but yesterday that when he came into the room in wintertime he used to go and sit close by the fire in one corner; and that in summer-time he would always go and sit in the window."[2] Such was the information Johnson got from

[1] In 1785. *Memoirs and Correspondence of Hannah More*, i. 403; and see *ib.* i. 211–212, and Madame d'Arblay's *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, ii. 190–197.

[2] Warner's *Letters*. (*Johnsoniana*, x. 120.) For Boswell's version of the story, which is not so good, see vi. 193. It was in connection with this

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Cibber as to the manners and habits of Dryden. Such, or little better, but for Boswell, might have been our knowledge of Johnson.

Early in April he dined in company with Johnson and Goldsmith at General Oglethorpe's, and "fired up" the brave old General by making a question of the moral propriety of duelling.[1] "I ask you first, sir," said Goldsmith, "what would you do if you were affronted?" "I answered,"

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subject Johnson maintained (iv. 261–262) that "he did not think that the life of any literary man in England had been well written. Besides the common incidents of life, it should tell us his studies, his mode of living, the means by which he attained to excellence, and his opinion of his own works. He told us he had sent Derrick to Dryden's relations to gather materials for his life; and he believed Derrick had got all that he himself should have got; but it was nothing." On another occasion, some one having remarked that it seemed hardly possible to render the life of a mere literary man very entertaining, "But," retorted Johnson, with perfect truth, "it certainly may. This is a remark which has been made, and repeated, without justice. Why should the life of a literary man be less entertaining than the life of any other man? Are there not as interesting varieties in such a life? As *a literary life* it may be very entertaining."—viii. 76. Johnson's love for biography is well known, and he held it to be the best form of history, as giving us always what comes near to ourselves, and what we can turn to use. "What is nearest touches us most." I doubt, however, if another remark of his is so well known, which seems to me highly characteristic of him. "I love anecdotes. I fancy mankind may come, in time, to write all aphoristically, except in narrative; grow weary of preparation, and connection, and illustration, and all those arts by which a big book is made."—*Boswell*, iv. 31.

[1] The question about duelling appears to have arisen out of a capital anecdote which the General had been relating to his guests, and which Boswell has preserved for us. When only fifteen he was serving under Prince Eugene, and being at table with one of the princes of Wurtemberg, the prince took up a glass of wine, and by a fillip made some of it fly in Oglethorpe's face. Here was a nice dilemma. To have challenged him instantly might have fixed a quarrelsome character on the young soldier, whereas to have taken no notice might have been construed into cowardice. "Oglethorpe, therefore," continues Boswell, "keeping his eye upon the prince, and smiling all the time, as if he took what his Highness had done in jest, said, 'Mon Prince'—(I forget the French words he used; the purport, however, was)—'that's a good joke; but we do it much better in England'; and threw a whole glass of wine in the prince's face. An old general who sat by said, 'Il a bien fait, mon prince, vous l'avez commencé': and thus all ended in good humor."—iii. 218.

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says Boswell, "I should think it necessary to fight." "Why, then," was the reply, "that solves the question." "No, sir," interposed Johnson, "it does *not* solve the question"; which he thereupon proceeded himself to solve, by regretting the superfluity of refinement which existed in society on the subject of affronts, and admitting that duelling must be tolerated so long as such notions should prevail. After this (the General having meanwhile poured a little wine on the table, and, at Johnson's request, described with a wet finger the siege of Belgrade), a question was started of how far people who disagree in a capital point can live in friendship together. Johnson said they might. Goldsmith said they could not, as they had not the *idem velle atque idem nolle*, the same likings and the same aversions. "Why, sir," returned Johnson, "you must shun the subject as to which you disagree. For instance, I can live very well with Burke: I love his knowledge, his genius, his diffusion and affluence of conversation; but I would not talk to him of the Rockingham party." "But, sir," retorted Goldsmith, "when people live together who have something as to which they disagree, and which they want to shun, they will be in the situation mentioned in the story of Bluebeard: *You may look into all the chambers but one.* But we should have the greatest inclination to look into that chamber, to talk of that subject." Johnson hereupon, with a loud voice, shouted out: "Sir, I am not saying that *you* could live in friendship with a man from whom you differ as to some point; I am only saying that *I* could do it. You put me in mind of Sappho in *Ovid*."[1]

[1] iii. 218–219. This was probably the first and last time that Goldsmith and Sappho ever found themselves in each other's company! But when Boswell and Johnson next met the uneasy recollection of their friend's clever hit in this argument had not passed away. "Of our friend Goldsmith he said, 'Sir, he is so much afraid of being unnoticed that he often talks merely lest you should forget that he is in the company.' BOSWELL: 'Yes, he stands forward.' JOHNSON: 'True, sir, but if a man is to stand forward, he should wish to do it, not in an awkward posture, not in rags, not so as that he shall only be exposed to ridicule.' BOSWELL: 'For my part, I like very well to hear honest Goldsmith talk away carelessly.'

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Goldsmith had said too clever a thing, and got punished for it. So it was with Percy very often;[1] so with Joseph Warton; so with Dean Barnard;[2] so with Langton; so even with Beauclerc and Reynolds. What Miss Anna Seward called "the wit and aweless impoliteness of the stupendous creature" bore down every one before it. His forcible spirit and impetuosity of manner, says Boswell, "may be said to spare neither sex nor age. I have seen even Mrs. Thrale stunned."[3] Yet, if we may believe Miss Reynolds, she never said more, when she recovered, than *Oh dear good man!*[4] And Dean Barnard, invoking the aid of his friends

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JOHNSON: 'Why, yes, sir; but he should not like to hear himself.'"—*Boswell*, iii. 222.

[1] I have before remarked his odd impatience when Percy is praised, and I may here give an instance of a year's later date than the present, since Goldsmith's name is introduced in it. Boswell and he are talking in the Hebrides. "Dr. Birch being mentioned, he said he had more anecdotes than any man. I said Percy had a great many; that he flowed with them like one of the brooks here. JOHNSON: 'If Percy was like one of the brooks here, Birch was like the river Thames. Birch excelled Percy in that as much as Percy excels Goldsmith.'"—iv. 281.

[2] It may be well, perhaps, to warn the reader that the Dr. Barnard, Dean of Derry and ultimately Bishop of Killaloe, so often referred to in these pages, is not the Dr. Barnard, Provost of Eton, and also a friend of Johnson's, with whom he is frequently confounded by writers imperfectly acquainted with the time. It was of the Provost he made the characteristic remark preserved by Mrs. Piozzi that "he was the only man, too (says Mr. Johnson, quite seriously), that did justice to my good breeding, and you may observe that I am well bred to a degree of needless scrupulosity" (*Anecdotes*, 36); a remark which he could hardly have made of the Dean, to whom, on the latter doubting if a man could improve after forty-five, he recommended the advisability of making the trial, for, he added, also seriously, "though you are forty-eight, I am afraid there is great room for it."—*Boswell*, viii. 93; and *Croker*, 883. But the best account of the incident is in a letter of Richard's to William Burke (January 6, 1773), to whom he forwards a complete copy of the verses, "sent early next morning to Reynolds," suggested by Johnson's sally, and quoted in my text. See *Burke Correspondence*, i. 403–407.

[3] v. 13–14.

[4] "One day, at her own table, he spoke so very roughly to her that every one present was surprised that she could bear it so placidly; and on the ladies withdrawing, I expressed great astonishment that Dr. Johnson should speak so harshly to her, but to this she said no more than 'Oh dear good man!'"—*Boswell*, vi. 169. Mr. Croker has not repeated this anecdote in his last edition.

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against the aweless impoliteness, and submitting himself to be taught by their better accomplishments, has told us in lively verse with what good-humor it was borne by Reynolds.

"I lately thought no man alive
Could e'er improve past forty-five,
And ventured to assert it;
The observation was not new,
But seem'd to me so just and true,
That none could controvert it.

"'No, sir,' says Johnson, ''tis not so;
That's your mistake, and I can show
An instance, if you doubt it;—
You, sir, who are near forty-eight,
May much improve, 'tis not too late;
I wish you'd set about it.'

. . . . . .

"Then come, my friends, and try your skill;
You can improve me if you will
(My books are at a distance);
With you I'll live and learn; and then,
Instead of books I shall read men;
So lend me your assistance.

"Dear knight of Plympton, teach me how
To suffer with unclouded brow
And smile serene as thine,
The jest uncouth and truth severe;
Like thee to turn my deafest ear,
And calmly drink my wine.

. . . . . .

"If I have thoughts and can't express 'em,
Gibbon shall teach me how to dress 'em
In terms select and terse;
Jones teach me modesty and Greek,
Smith how to think, Burke how to speak;
And Beauclerc to converse.

"Let Johnson teach me how to place
In fairest light each borrowed grace,
From him I'll learn to write;
Copy his clear and easy style,
And from the roughness of his file
Grow as himself—polite!"

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Soon after the dinner at Oglethorpe's,[1] Goldsmith returned to his Edgware lodging, and was some time busied with the *Animated Nature*. It was a task he worked at best in the country, with Nature wide-spread around him; for though a severe criticism may point it out as the defect of the book, that, taken as a whole, it has too many of the characteristics of a mere compilation, into which he appears disposed, as we have seen, to admit as freely the credulous romance of the early naturalists and travellers as the scientific soberness of the great Frenchman his contemporary whose labors were still unfinished while he wrote—there are yet, as I have lately said, with many evidences of very careful study of the best of the scanty authorities then extant, also many original passages of exquisite *country* observation in it; and not a few in which the grace of diction, the choice of perfect and finely finished imagery, the charm with which a poet's fancy is seen playing round the graver truths of science, and an elegant clearness and beauty in the tone of reflection, may compare with his best original compositions in poetry or prose. He did not live to see its reception from his contemporaries; but when Tom Davies, who was in the way of hearing all kinds of opinions about it from the best authorities, characterizes it as one of the pleasantest and most instructive books in the language, not only useful to young minds, but entertaining to those who understand the subject, which the writer certainly did not, there is little doubt that he reflects pretty

[1] Which yet, perhaps, I ought not to quit without mentioning the characteristic fact that, the subject of ghosts happening to arise among other topics started at the table, and Johnson mentioning the ghost which he believed old Cave, the bookseller, to have seen—(very famous for the great and satisfactory particularity of description elicited by Boswell's anxiety to know all about it. "And pray, sir, what did he say was the appearance?" "Why, sir, something of a shadowy being.")—"Goldsmith told us, he was assured by his brother, the Rev. Mr. Goldsmith, that he also had seen one."—iii. 220. Boswell's belief in ghosts receives amusing illustration in one of Johnson's letters from the Hebrides. "The chapel is thirty-eight feet long and eighteen broad. Boswell, who is very pious, went into it at night to perform his devotions, but came back in haste for fear of spectres."—*Piozzi Letters*, i. 178.

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nearly what Johnson thought and said. He appears to be repeating Johnson, too, when he adds that "everything of Goldsmith seems to bear the magical touch of an enchanter: no man took less pains and yet produced so powerful an effect; the great beauty of his composition consists in a clear, copious, and expressive style." All this is true to a certain extent; but it is also not less certain that it is not by "not taking pains" such a style can be ever mastered. The pains has been taken at some time or other, the reader may be sure, and the skill to conceal it is the secret of that exquisite ease. The contrast between his MS. elaborations in prose and in poetry has been remarked in a previous page,[1] but though, of course, there would always be a distinction in this respect in every writer, we must not suppose that the amount of correction or interlineation can always be taken to express the presence or absence of care and labor. The safer inference will be that in proportion as a subject has dwelt in the mind, and been thoroughly arranged and well digested there, it will flow forth clearly at last.

> "True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
> As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."

He tells us in the preface to the *Animated Nature*, most characteristically, that his first intention was to have given a sort of popular translation and comment on Pliny, but that the appearance of M. Buffon's great work induced him to depart from that design; "being convinced by his manner that the best imitation of the ancients was to write from our own feelings, and to imitate nature." And for proof that he honestly did this, it might be enough to refer to the many personal characteristics and experiences I have been able to draw from the book, having lately, with singular and unexpected pleasure, read the whole of it with that view. There are bits of natural painting in every part of it as true as anything in the *Traveller* or *Deserted Village*.

[1] See vol. iii. 172–173.

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You perceive at once that he is as sincerely describing what he has actually seen and felt as when, in either of those charming poems, he lets you hear the sweet confusion of "village murmurs" in the country air, or shows you the beauty that a poet and lover of nature may see in even the flat, low coasts of Holland, "the yellow-blossom'd vale, the willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail." Many such passages have incidentally enriched these pages; and in others —such as the opening chapter on birds of the sparrow kind (iv. 235–237), or that walk by the sea-shore (iv. 375), in which his thoughts turn so unaffectedly to Him who is "the essence of sublimity," or where the change of the grub to the butterfly is accepted for "a strong proof that while this little animal is raised to its greatest height, we are as yet, in this world, only candidates for perfection" (iv. 66)—may be observed another delightful feature of it, in its unobtrusive manner of blending religious aspiration with natural description.

Nor is there any section of the book more entirely pleasing, in this personal view, than the whole treatment of the ornithological division of its subject. With manifest delight the theme inspires its writer as he begins to talk of the "beautiful and loquacious race of animals that embellish our forests, amuse our walks, and exclude solitude from our most shady retirements. From these man has nothing to fear; their pleasures, their desires, and even their animosities, may serve to enliven the general picture of nature, and give harmony to meditation. . . . No part of nature appears destitute of inhabitants. The woods, the waters, the depths of the earth, have their respective tenants; while the yielding air, and those tracts of seeming space where man never can ascend, are also passed through by multitudes of the most beautiful beings of the creation. . . . The return of spring is the beginning of pleasure. Those vital spirits which seemed locked up during the winter then begin to expand; vegetables and insects supply abundance of food; and the bird having more than a sufficiency for its own subsistence is impelled to transfuse life as well as to

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maintain it. Those warblings which had been hushed during the colder seasons now begin to animate the fields; every grove and bush resounds with the challenge of anger or the call of allurement. This delightful concert of the grove, which is so much admired by man, is no way studied for his amusement; it is usually the call of the male to the female—his efforts to soothe her during the times of incubation; or it is a challenge between two males for the affections of some common favorite. . . . We must not take our idea of the conjugal fidelity of birds from observing the poultry in our yards, whose freedom is abridged and whose manners are totally corrupted by slavery. We must look for it in our fields and our forests, where nature continues in unadulterated simplicity."[1] Who does not believe the reluctance with which Goldsmith describes himself quitting that most beautiful part of creation? "These splendid inhabitants of air possess all those qualities that can soothe the heart and cheer the fancy. The brightest colors, the roundest forms, the most active manners, and the sweetest music. In sending the imagination in pursuit of these, in following them to the chirping grove, the screaming precipice, or the glassy deep, the mind naturally lost the sense of its own situation, and, attentive to their little sports, almost forgot the TASK of describing them. Innocently to amuse the imagination in this dream of life is wisdom . . . every rank and state of mankind may find something to imitate in those delightful songsters, and we may not only employ the time, but mend our lives by the contemplation."[2] The reader will not fail to mark a certain subdued sadness in this passage, and to that word TASK will give the significance which Goldsmith, by printing it in capitals, intended it should have. Infinitely might such extracts, fresh as the summer fields and sunshine, be prolonged; and let me add that Goldsmith's intense love for all living creatures is but another form of his worship of nature. Nothing moves his

[1] *Animated Nature* iv. 1–17, and see 238–243–245; especially, on the latter page, some prettily translated lines from the *Spectator*.

[2] *Animated Nature*, iv. 426–427.

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indignation so strongly as any cruelty practised against them. His remarks in this section of his book, on artificial moulting (iv. 14), on the manner of training hawks (94), on the sadness of caged birds (261), simply express the spirit which rouses him always against every form of cruelty or pain. There is a touching passage (ii. 203–206) on that "humble useful creature," the ass, which might have been written by my uncle Toby himself. And who may resist the quaint, kindly humor with which he celebrates another domestic creature equally serviceable and equally despised? Winding up a laughable statement of the absurdities of the gander with the sly remark that "it is probable there is not a more respectable animal on earth—*to a goose*," he thus continues of the latter: "I feel my obligations to this animal every word I write; for however deficient a man's head may be, his pen is nimble enough upon every occasion; it is happy, indeed, for us that it requires no great effort to put it in motion" (iv. 408). Very touching, too, is the anecdote he relates of the she-fox and her cub (iii. 49), which "happened while I was writing this history," and to which he again refers in another passage. And it is the same humane feeling which elicits his disapproval of all efforts, however ingenious or laborious, to bring animals "under the trammels of human education. It may," he admits of the animal so taught, "be an admirable object for human curiosity, but is very little advanced by all its learning in the road to its own felicity" (iii. 289). Nor is his pity or sympathy less strongly moved for poor little human children subjected prematurely to an intellectual torture for which their faculties are equally unprepared. "I have seen many a little philosophical martyr whom I wished, but was unable, to relieve" (i. 396).

Were it but for the humanity and beauty of such passages alone, then, this *Animated Nature* must surely always be considered as a surprising specimen of task-work, and a most happy piece of imitation of nature; allowance being made for the circumstances in which its drudgery was undergone, and which the course his necessities now obliged

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him to take did not tend to relieve. "I have taxed my scanty circumstances in procuring books which are on the subject of all others the most expensive," was a touching confession he did not scruple to make in the preface he did not live to see prefixed to the work. Pressed and hunted in other ways already by such "scanty circumstances," he now induced Griffin to advance him what remained to be paid upon the copyright; acknowledged the receipt and executed the assignment in June; and had then received and paid away the whole eight hundred guineas, while upward of a third of his labor remained still unperformed.

Nor was this all. He had involved himself in an undertaking to Newbery to supply another tale like the *Vicar of Wakefield;* some years had elapsed since the unredeemed promise was made; and a portion of a tale submitted to the publisher had lately been returned with intimation of disapproval. It appears to have been a narrative version of the plot of the "Good-natured Man," and on that ground objected to. So much was long remembered by Miss Mary Horneck, to whom, and to her sister, Goldsmith afterwards read such chapters as he had written;[1] and it may be worth stating in connection with this fact, which Hazlitt heard from Mrs. Gwyn herself in Northcote's painting-room, that Southey notices in his *Omniana* a fraud he supposes to have been practised on Goldsmith's reputation in France, by the announcement, in a list of books at the end of a volume published in the year of his death, of a translation from the English entitled "*Histoire de François Wills, ou le Triomphe de la Bienfaisance, par l'auteur du Ministre de Wakefield.*" It is suggested that this may have been the incomplete chapters left by Goldsmith, thought unworthy of publication

[1] "I have been informed by the lady who requested a lock of his hair before interment that he once read to her several chapters of a novel in manuscript which he had in contemplation; but which he did not live to finish, now irrecoverably lost."—Northcote's *Life of Reynolds*, i. 327. "Goldsmith had begun another novel, of which he read the first chapter to the Miss Hornecks a little while before his death."—Northcote's *Conversations*, 169.

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here, concluded by some inferior hand, and sold to the French market; but the account I have received of the English original quite excludes the possibility of Goldsmith's having had anything whatever to do with it.[1]

Another labor that occupied Goldsmith in the Edgware cottage was the abridgment of his *Roman History;* and this was probably the time when he tried unsuccessfully to lighten his various toil by means of extraneous assistance. Exceptions may, of course, be stated to every rule, but it will be found, I think, that writers of the best style are generally the least able to find any relief in dictating to others. "When Dr. Goldsmith," says the kindly biographer of the good Jonas Hanway, "to relieve himself from the labor of writing, engaged an amanuensis, he found himself incapable of dictation; and after eying each other some time, unable to proceed, the Doctor put a guinea in his hand and sent him away; but it was not so with Mr. Hanway; he could compose faster than any person could write."[2] No doubt; nor was such information as Mr. Hanway had to contribute at all likely to be the worse for his fast composition, whereas Goldsmith, perhaps, eyed his wondering amanuensis all the more wistfully and silently because of a misgiving connected with the somewhat scant information to be then and there imparted. Still, of his historical task-work it is to be said quite as truly as of the delightful *Ani-*

[1] "I read that *History of Francis Wills, or the Triumph of Benevolence,*" writes Mr. Browning to me, "some twenty years ago: a miserable, two-volume, twaddling story of a sort of orphan—*i.e.* Wills, whom his maiden aunt—*i.e.* Benevolence Triumphant, brings up against the opposition of her kindred: he proving a scapegrace, and she gracious to . . . not the end; for, at the decline of her life, and a good way in the second volume, Benevolence marries some stingy Scotch Captain Macsomething, and instantly turns as stingy as he, or worse — dissecting the flints he only skinned—till the very last of all, of the life and volume together, when Benevolence does, indeed, triumph, in her return to the old way. So the poor author intended; whereas, you see, the devil and Captain Mac so managed that Malevolence triumphed with a vengeance, in giving the paternity of the book to Goldsmith!" 1852.

[2] Pugh's *Remarkable Occurrences in the Life of Jonas Hanway, Esq.* 223–224.

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mated Nature, that such defects of imperfect research as it exhibited were counterbalanced by simplicity of diction, a lucid beauty of narration, and unaffectedness of style; and that schoolboys have more profited by the one than lost by the other. Johnson said, as we have seen, that he would make a very fine natural-history book, though, if he could distinguish a cow from a horse, *that* he believed to be the extent of his scientific knowledge; and the same will have to be said of his other history books, even though his general historical knowledge should be measured by the anecdote of Gibbon's visit to him in the Temple some few months hence, when he looked up from the manuscript of his *Grecian History* which he happened to be writing, asked of his scholarly visitor the name of the Indian king who gave Alexander so much trouble, and, on Gibbon facetiously answering *Montezuma*, gravely wrote it down.

But his ignorance in this and other respects I have shown to be absurdly overstated. The purse he had so often to take out was not so often empty. What Johnson says may be true of the few last years of his life, that he was at no pains to fill his mind with knowledge; that, transplanting it from one place to another, it did not settle, and so he could not tell what was in his own books; but this should be limited by those years of his life, judged by the distractions which then beset him, and accompanied with the admission which Johnson did not omit, that the world had taught him knowledge where books had not; that whatever he wrote, he did better than any other man could do; that he well deserved his place in Westminster Abbey, and that every year he lived he would have deserved it better.[1] It is astonishing how many thoughts, familiar now as household words, originated with Goldsmith,[2] even to the famous say-

[1] *Boswell*, vii. 96.

[2] Who has not laughed at Sheridan's remark to his son, on the latter proposing to descend a coal-pit for the mere pleasure of saying he had done so, which Beau Tibbs anticipated in his remark to the man who would have justified the large price he demanded for a seat to see the coronation? "What you can bring away is the pleasure of having it to

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ing that it was not so much to express as to conceal our wants that language had been given us;[1] while, loose and ill-considered as much of his philosophy occasionally is, his *Essays* and *Citizen of the World* contain views of life and economy, political and social, which for subtlety and truth Burke never surpassed, nor the far-seeing wisdom of Adam Smith himself. To that fragmentary way of writing, the resource of his days of poverty, his present narrow necessities seemed again to have driven him back; for, besides the Edgware labors just named, the latest of the *Essays* in the collection which now bears that title were written in the present year. They appeared in a new magazine, started by his acquaintance, Captain (so called, but strictly Lieutenant) Thompson[2] and other members of the old Wednes-

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say that you saw the coronation." "Blast me!" cries Tibbs, "if that be all, there is no need of paying for that, since I am resolved to have that pleasure, whether I am there or no!"—Letter cv.

[1] Already referred to (i. 210). The maxim is Jack Spindle's: "that he who best knows how to keep his necessities private is the most likely person to have them redressed; and that the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them." But the original of this thought, which Talleyrand turned to such profligate use in his maxim that speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts, has been traced to a fine passage in the Sermons of South. "It is looked upon," says that noble preacher, "as a great piece of weakness and unfitness for business (forsooth) for a man to be so clear and open as really to think not only what he says but what he swears; and when he makes any promise to have the least intent of performing it. . . . What between French fashions and Italian dissimulations, the old generous English spirit which heretofore made this nation so great in the eyes of all the world round about it, seems utterly lost and extinct; and we are degenerated into a mean, sharking, fallacious, undermining way of converse; there being a snare and a trepanal most in every word we hear and every action we see. Men speak with designs of mischief, and therefore they speak in the dark. In short, this seems to be the true, inward judgment of all our politick sages, that speech was given to the ordinary sort of men whereby to communicate their mind; but to wise men whereby to conceal it." Which Young, speaking of precisely the same court influences, afterwards condensed into this couplet:

> "Where Nature's end of language is declined,
> And men talk only to conceal their mind."

[2] For an account of Thompson, who, through Garrick's interest with

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day Club, and comprised a highly humorous paper of imaginary Scotch marriages, for which he stole some sentences from the Landlady in the "Good-natured Man"; a whimsical narrative of a noted sleep-walker; a gracefully written notice of Shenstone's Leasowes, full of sympathy for the kind, thoughtful poet;[1] and a capital attack, as full of good-humor as of hard hitting, on the sentimental school of comedy.

Lord Sandwich and Sir Edward Hawke, obtained a command, and died a commodore off the coast of Africa, see *Garrick Correspondence*, i. 402, and Percival Stockdale's *Memoirs*, ii. 26–28. As I may probably not again refer to this latter book, I here mention an affecting remark of Johnson's recorded in it which may help to make us very tolerant of whatever occasional harshnesses have been attributed to him here or elsewhere. The subject of drinking being mentioned, and Mrs. Williams wondering what pleasure men could take in making beasts of themselves, Johnson replied that very strong inducements existed to such excess, "for he who makes a *beast* of himself gets rid of the pain of being a *man*."—ii. 109. On another occasion, however, in the year before Goldsmith's death, he gave a happier turn to the same subject. The passage is as curious and characteristic as anything Boswell has preserved for us. "Dr. Johnson observed that our drinking less than our ancestors was owing to the change from ale to wine. I remember, he added, when all the *decent* people in Lichfield got drunk every night, and were not the worse thought of. Ale was cheap, so you pressed strongly. When a man must bring a bottle of wine, he is not in such haste. . . . I remember when people in England changed a shirt only once a week; a Pandour, when he gets a shirt, greases it to make it last. Formerly, good tradesmen had no fire but in the kitchen; never in the parlor, except on Sunday. My father, who was a magistrate of Lichfield, lived thus. They never began to have a fire in the parlor, but on leaving off business, or some great revolution of their life."—*Boswell*, iv. 55–56.

[1] See vol. i. 168.

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CHAPTER XIV

PUPPETS AT DRURY LANE AND ELSEWHERE

1772

THE resolute attack on sentimental comedy which I have traced to Goldsmith's hand in the new magazine showed chiefly his own renewed anxieties in the direction of the stage. Another successful venture there was, indeed, become almost his only hope in the desperate distress to which he appeared to be verging; yet the old fears had been interposed by Colman, on the old hackneyed ground. The comedy of which the first draft had been completed the year before, and which in the interval had been re-cast and strengthened, was now in the hands of the Covent Garden manager, whose tedious suspended judgments made Goldsmith long for even Garrick's tender mercies. Indeed, he had no present reason to think that the Drury Lane manager would not have treated him with unusual consideration if his previous promise had not bound him to the other house; for the recent good understanding between them continued, and is observable in many little incidents of the time. The libellers who knew Garrick's weakness, for example, now assailed him through the side of Goldsmith; and not only was the latter accused of harboring low writers busied in abusing his new ally[1] (which Garrick had sense

[1] A correspondent who signs himself "D. W—s," writes on the 2d October, 1772, to warn Garrick that a very bitter letter against him, just published by Bladon, had been written by a young man who is making himself known as a first-rate genius. "I, who know your merits as well as your faults, would wish you would take method to undeceive this young man. His ears are always filled with accounts of your villany. His name is

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enough to laugh at), but Kenrick accused them both of conspiring against himself, and taunted the Drury Lane manager with his new literary favorites. "My literary favorites," Garrick cleverly retorted, "are men of the greatest honor and genius in this nation, and have all had the honor, with myself, of being particularly abused *by you*. Your pretence of my having, in conjunction with Dr. Goldsmith and others, abused you in the *Morning Chronicle*, I most solemnly protest is false; nay more, I never saw such abuse, or heard of it, till within this hour."[1] That still he has his laugh against Goldsmith seems also obvious enough, but it is all in good-humor. A little before this date Richard Burke was writing to him from Grenada, to which, after more than one "absence" in London, he was again returned, and after perpetrating a bad joke which he protests he thinks witty, "let Goldsmith," he adds, "when he comes from France, be the judge. I hope that he will not leave his poetry there: let him bring home as many French airs as he pleases; I would have his song continue to be plain English. His poetry is all I can now have a concern in; half the convex world intrudes between me and his old or new acquired accomplishments of any other kind."[2] And far better would Garrick have employed himself in giving Goldsmith practical proof, in connection with his new comedy, of the new inter-

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Williams; he is intimate at Captain Pye's. Goldsmith knows him, and I have seen him go into Johnson's, but perhaps it was for music. Rice, the instructor of English, was with him last night in the front box of Drury Lane, and they seemed very intimate."—*Garrick Correspondence*, i. 487. What makes the signature of this letter rather curious is the fact that John Kemble has written on his copy of the *Letter to Garrick* alluded to (now in the British Museum) the name of David Williams *as its writer*. For a memoir of Williams, see *Chalmers*, and the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1816. He was founder of the Literary Fund. (1852.) See also, for an episode in Garrick's life highly creditable to him, in which Williams plays an important part, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's *Life of Garrick*, ii. 349–357. (1870.)

[1] *Garrick Correspondence*, ii. 341. In the same letter Garrick tells Kenrick: "Sir, I would have honored you by giving the satisfaction of a gentleman, if you could (as Shakespeare says) have screwed your courage to the sticking place, to have taken it."

[2] *Garrick Correspondence*, i. 401–402.

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est in him which his *Correspondence* thus evinces, than in pursuing that labor of management which just now unluckily engaged him, and excluded every other.

One of the greatest mistakes of Garrick's life was committed at the end of this year. He had of late, needlessly suspecting a failure in his own continued powers of attraction, greatly overdone the ornamental part of his scenery[1] and general management; but this was a venial fault. I refer to a graver trespass on good taste, which threw into the shadow all former like transgressions. He had, in other years, made many foul assaults upon Shakespeare in the way of stage adaptation; without scruple he had turned plays into operas and comedies into farces; he had professed to correct the trash of Davenant, Cibber, and Tate with quite as

[1] I have before me such a pleasant unpublished letter from the great painter Gainsborough remonstrating with him on this point, and altogether so characteristic of the writer, that I think it worth subjoining, postscript and all. Indeed, in the postscript, containing allusion to the fine portrait of Garrick which Gainsborough had lately painted, some will probably find the principal reason why the rest of the letter was written. "SUNDAY MORNING (1772). MY DEAR SIR,—When the streets are paved with Brilliants, and the skies made of Rainbows, I suppose you'll be contented and satisfied with red, blue, and yellow. It appears to me that Fashion, let it consist of false or true taste, will have its run like a runaway horse; for when eyes and ears are thoroughly debauched by glare and noise, the returning to modest truth will seem very gloomy for a time; and I know you are cursedly puzzled how to make this retreat, without putting out your lights and losing the advantage of all our new discoveries of transparent painting, etc.—how to satisfy your tawdry friends while you steal back into the mild evening gleam and quiet middle term. I'll tell you, my sprightly Genius, how this is to be done. Maintain all your light, but spare the poor abused colors till the eye rests and recovers. Keep up your music by supplying the place of *Noise* by more sound, more harmony, and more tune, and split that cursed Fife and Drum. Whatever so great a Genius as Mr. Garrick may say or do to support our false taste, he must feel the truth of what I am now saying, that neither our Plays, Paintings, or Music are any longer real works of invention, but the abuse of Nature's lights and what has already been invented in former times. Adieu, my dear Friend. Any commands to Bath.—T. G. A word to the wise; if you let your Portrait hang up so high only to consult your Room, it never can look without a hardness of countenance, and the painting flat; it was calculated for breast-high, and will never have its effect or likeness otherwise."

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doleful trash of his own; he had profaned the affecting catastrophe of "Romeo and Juliet," made a pantomime of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and given what Bishop Warburton had the bad taste to call "an elegant form to that monstrous composition," the "Winter's Tale"; but he did not achieve his master-stroke till the close of the present year, when he produced "Hamlet with Alterations." This he very justly characterized as the most imprudent thing he had ever done in his life; but having sworn, as he says, not to leave the stage till he had "rescued that noble play from all the rubbish of the fifth act,"[1] he had cleared off the rubbish in a way that M. de Voltaire himself, who doubtless suggested it, might have envied. The Grave-diggers were gone, Osrick was gone, Yorick was gone; and Hamlet had come back from England such a very tiger that anybody hearing his *ohs* and *ahs*, his startling exclamations and furious resolves, would have taken him for Cibber's Richard. More deplorable than all, men of wit and knowledge were found to second this mountebank outrage; and even George Steevens (it is difficult to believe he was not laughing at Garrick, as he laughed at everybody) recommended that the omissions should be thrown into a farce, to be acted immediately after the tragedy.[2] But though the stage was degraded by this absurdity for eight years, its author never dared to print it, for "it was greatly disliked by the million," says Mr. Victor, the prompter, "who love Shakespeare with all his glorious absurdities, and will not suffer a bold intruder to cut him up." Not long before, Foote had pro-

[1] See his Memorandum to Sir W. Young, *Garrick Correspondence*, ii. 126.

[2] "This play of Shakespeare, in particular," he has the cool impertinence to write, "resembles a looking-glass exposed for sale, which reflects alternately the funeral and the puppet-show, the venerable beggar soliciting charity, and the blackguard rascal picking a pocket." And again: "I cannot answer for our good friends in the gallery. You had better throw what remains of the piece into a farce, to appear immediately afterwards. No foreigner who should happen to be present at the exhibition would ever believe it was formed out of the loppings and excrescences of the tragedy itself. You may entitle it "The Grave Diggers; with the pleasant Humors of Osrick, the Danish Macaroni."—*Garrick Correspondence*, i. 451–452.

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posed a parody on the Stratford "Ode" in which a fellow to represent the nation should do homage to Garrick, reverentially repeating "A nation's taste depends on you, perhaps a nation's virtue, too"; to which Garrick should graciously answer, "Cock-a-doodle-doo"! "Hamlet with Alterations" now justified that witty malice; Murphy's parody[1] fairly turned the laugh against its author; and he had better never have gone to France or heard the name of M. de Voltaire.

France had this year, in Burke, a visitor from a more real stage, yet who brought back such visions of the court he had seen at Versailles, and of the young dauphiness Marie Antoinette, as might better have become one of Garrick's enchanted palaces than that hideous mockery of the Trianon.[2] He saw little but an age of chivalry extant still, where something should have been visible to him of an age of starvation and retribution; and, through the glittering formal state that surrounded the pomp of Louis the Well-Beloved, not a shadow of the antic Hunger, mocking the state and grinning at the pomp, would seem to have revealed itself to Edmund Burke. "Beautiful," says Carlyle, in his immortal *History*, "beautiful if seen from afar, resplendent like a sun; seen near at hand, a mere sun's atmosphere, hiding darkness, confused ferment of ruin!" Sixteen years earlier Goldsmith *had* seen it near at hand; and now he and Burke were together on his friend's return, and together visited an exhibition in the Haymarket which had in it about as much reality as that Versailles show. This was the "Puppets" in Panton Street. Great was the celebrity of these small, well-pulled, ingenious performers, for nobody could detect the wires. Burke praised the dexterity of one puppet in particular, who tossed a pike with military precision; and "Psha!" remarked Goldsmith, with some

[1] See Foote, *Life*, 256–274.

[2] "Mr. Burke is returned from Paris, where he was so much the mode that, happening to dispute with the philosophers, it grew the fashion to be Christians. St. Patrick himself did not make more converts."—*Walpole's Letters to Lady Ossory*, i. 54. March 11, 1773.

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warmth, "I can do it better myself." Boswell would have us believe that he was seriously jealous of the so famous fantoccini[1] "He went home with Mr. Burke to supper, and broke his shin by attempting to exhibit to the company how much better he could jump over a stick than the puppets."[2] The anecdote is too pleasant to be gravely objected to; but might he not only mean that the puppets jumped even worse than he did? Such are the resemblances, moreover, between the actual world and the puppet-show that what was meant for a laugh at the one might have passed for an attack on the other.

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[1] Cradock, who says he was with Goldsmith at the puppet-show, implies that the whole thing was a joke; that everybody was speaking in exaggerated phrase of the puppets, and that Goldsmith simply took his part in the solemn fun.—*Memoirs*, i. 232. In a later volume (vi. 280) he adds, "Dr. Goldsmith spoke most highly of the performance in Panton Street, and talked about bringing out a comedy of his own there in ridicule." The reader will, of course, remark that this is no contradiction of Boswell's story. It is presumable that Cradock was not present on the night of Burke's visit, or he would have named him; and, of course, Goldsmith may have visited the puppets many times. Indeed, Murphy has given a not materially different version of the story, as related to him by Johnson. "It happened that he went with Sir Joshua Reynolds and Goldsmith to see the Fantoccini. . . . The entertainment being over, the three friends retired to a tavern. Johnson and Sir Joshua talked with pleasure of what they had seen; and says Johnson, in a tone of admiration, 'How the little fellow brandished his spontoon!' 'There is nothing in it,' replied Goldsmith, starting up, with impatience: 'Give me a spontoon; I can do it as well myself.'"—*Essay*, 54. Davies had mentioned the same story (ii. 151) before either Boswell or Murphy. "The Doctor was asked how he liked those automatons? He replied he was surprised at the applause bestowed on the little insignificant creatures, for he could have performed their exercises much better himself." One view of the incident remains, which it is fair to state. He might not unnaturally have been jealous of the money made by the puppets. They had become almost as much the rage as they had been sixty years before, when Swift and all the wits used to enjoy nothing so much as "concluding the night at the puppet-show"; and poor struggling De Foe, anticipating perhaps something of the feeling with which Goldsmith left Panton Street, remarks that the celebrated Mr. Powell, the manager of Punch Theatre, "by subscriptions and full houses hath gathered such wealth as is sufficient to buy all the poets in England."—*Les Soupirs de la Grande Bretagne* (1713).

[2] *Boswell*, ii. 191, *note*.

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And here it will be worth adding that from a person who, in the larger of the two theatres, and with notable reference to those puppets of Versailles just mentioned, was afterwards doomed to be busy in both pulling and snapping the strings, Goldsmith received this year a quite voluntary tribute to his fame. A correspondent "in the humble station of an officer of excise" sent him a pamphlet-memorial of the case of his brother officers; told him that the literary fame of Dr. Goldsmith (whom he addresses *Honored Sir*) had induced him to present it; said that he had some few questions to trouble Dr. Goldsmith with, and should esteem his company for an hour or two, to partake of a bottle of wine or anything else, as a singular favor; and added that the Doctor's unknown humble servant and admirer would take the liberty of waiting on him in a day or two. The writer was Thomas Paine,[1] whom this pamphlet on the excise introduced to Franklin, whom Franklin within twelve months sent to America, who transacted memorable business in the establishment of a republic there, and who became subsequently citizen of another as famous republic, and deputy in its National Convention for the department of Calais.

Goldsmith had suffered severe illness in the summer from a disease (strangury) induced by sedentary habit; on its return in the autumn he had obtained such relief from the fashionable fever-medicine of the day as to become almost as great a bigot as Horace Walpole to the miraculous powers of James's powders; and now, after visits to Mr. Cradock, Lord Clare, and Mr. Langton, he was settled for the winter in London. I trace him to Covent Garden theatre with George Steevens on an occasion so special (it was to see Macklin, now nearly eighty years of age, perform the part of *Iago*) that they had prevailed upon Johnson to accompany them.[2] We find him also again figuring at a masquerade in the town Ranelagh, "in an Old English

[1] The letter is given in the *Percy Memoir*, 96–98.

[2] *European Magazine*, xli. 17–18.

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dress," Reynolds being one of the masqueraders, with the Horneck girls and their brother. This was the winter, I should add, when Northcote became Reynolds's pupil, and he remembered none of the Leicester Square visitors of the time so vividly as Goldsmith. He had expressed great eagerness to see him; soon afterwards the poet came to dine; and "This is Dr. Goldsmith," said Sir Joshua; "pray why did you wish to see him?" Confused by the suddenness of the question, which was put with designed abruptness, the youth could only stammer out, "Because he is a *notable* man"; whereupon, the word in its ordinary sense appearing very oddly misapplied, both Goldsmith and Reynolds burst out laughing, and the latter protested that in future his friend should always be *the notable man*. Northcote explains that he meant to say he was a man of note, or eminence; and adds that he was very unaffected and good-natured, but seemed totally ignorant of the art of painting, and, indeed, often with great gayety confessed as much.[1] Nevertheless, he used at Burke's table to plunge into art discussions with Barry, when the latter returned from abroad in the year following this; and would punish Barry's dislike of Sir Joshua, manifested even thus early, by disputing openly the subtlest dogmas with that irritable genius, or perhaps by laughing secretly as he put in practice a strict adherence to the two rules which formed George Primrose's qualification for setting up as a *cognoscente:* "The one always to observe the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains; and the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino." (Lord Byron delighted in the truth and wit of these rules, and often repeated them to Mr. Rogers in Italy.) With Burke himself, Northcote says, he overheard Goldsmith sharply disputing one day in

[1] *Life of Reynolds*, i. 249. He said the same thing more naturally in a letter to his brother at the time. "He seems an unaffected and most good-natured man, but knows very little about pictures, as he often confesses with a laugh." And see Hazlitt's *Conversations*, 40–41. This is hardly consistent, the reader will remark, with Miss Hawkins's anecdote about the Vandyke, vol. iii. 158.

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Sir Joshua's painting-room about the character of the King; when, so grateful was he for some recent patronage of his comedy (it was a few months after the present date), and so outrageous and unsparing was Burke's anti-monarchical invective, that, unable any longer to endure it, he took up his hat and left the room.[1]

Another argument which Northcote overheard at Sir Joshua's dinner-table was between Johnson and Goldsmith, when the latter put "Venice Preserved" next to Shakespeare for its merit as an acting play, and was loudly contradicted by the other. "Pooh!" roared Johnson. "There are not forty decent lines in the whole of it. What stuff are these!" And then he quoted, as prose, Pierre's scornful reproach to the womanish Jaffier. "What feminine tales hast thou been listening to, of unair'd shirts, catarrhs, and toothache got by thin-soled shoes?" To which the unconvinced disputant sturdily replied: "True! To be sure! That *is* very like Shakespeare." Goldsmith had no great knowledge of the higher secrets of criticism, and was guilty of very monstrous and very silly heresies against the master-poet (as in his paper on metaphor in the *Essays*); but here his notion was right enough. He meant to say that Shakespeare had the art, possessed only by the greatest poets, of placing in natural connection the extremes of the familiar and imaginative;[2] which Garrick would have done

[1] "Goldsmith and Burke had often violent disputes about politics; the one being a stanch Tory and the other at that time a Whig and outrageous anti-courtier. One day he came into the room when Goldsmith was there, full of ire and abuse against the late King, and went on in such a torrent of the most unqualified invective that Goldsmith threatened to leave the room. The other, however, persisted; and Goldsmith went out, unable to bear it any longer. So much for Mr. Burke's pretended consistency and uniform loyalty!"—Hazlitt's *Conversations with Northcote*, 40.

[2] *Life of Reynolds*, i. 288. Northcote seems long to have remembered this. He asked Hazlitt towards the close of his life what he thought of the *Vicar of Wakefield;* Hazlitt replied, characteristically, "what everybody else did"; on which Northcote added that there was that mixture of the ludicrous and the pathetic running through it which particularly delighted him, because it gave a stronger resemblance to nature; and went on to say that he thought this justified Shakespeare in mingling up farce and

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well to remember before he began to botch "Hamlet." Another impression which remained with Northcote's old age, derived from these scenes of his youth, was that the "set" at Sir Joshua's were somewhat intolerant of such as did not belong to their party, jealous of enlarging it, and chary of admitting merit to any new-comer. Thus he remembered a new poem coming out that was sent to Reynolds, who had instructed his servant Ralph to bring it in after dinner, when presently Goldsmith laid hold of it, fell into a rage with it before he had read a dozen lines, and, exclaiming "What wretched stuff is here! what cursed nonsense *that* is!" kept all the while cutting at every line almost through the paper with his thumb-nail. "Nay, nay," said Sir Joshua, snatching the volume, "don't do so; you shall not spoil my book, neither."[1] In like manner, Northcote adds, he recollects their making a dead set at Cumberland. They never admitted him as one of themselves; they excluded him from the club; Reynolds never asked him to dinner; and from any room where he was Goldsmith would have flung out as if a dragon had been there![2] It was not until his life was just about to close that he became tolerant of the condescending attentions of the fretful Cumberland.

To these recollections of Northcote some by Mr. Cradock may be added. When it was proposed one day to go down to Lichfield, and, in honor of Johnson and Garrick, act the "Beaux' Stratagem" among themselves there, all

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tragedy together. Life itself was a tragi-comedy. Instead of being pure, everything was checkered. If you went to an execution, you would, perhaps, see an apple-woman in the greatest distress because her stall was overturned, at which you could not help smiling.—See *Conversations*, 169–170.

[1] *Life of Reynolds*, i. 250. In Hazlitt's *Conversations of Northcote* (274–275) this anecdote is almost literally repeated; as I find in several instances, on comparing the two books; and I suspect, for the most part, that it is fancy rather than memory which in the latter book puts in the embellishments and variations.

[2] *Conversations*, 275. This is a little overstated; but in substance, perhaps, correct enough. Cumberland is very courteous in his public mention of Reynolds in his *Memoirs*, but his private letters exhibit a different tone. See *post*, chap. XX.

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the famous people of the club taking part in it, "then," exclaimed Goldsmith, "I shall certainly play Scrub.[1] I should like of all things to try my hand at that character."[2] One would have liked no less to have seen him play it, and heard the roar that would have given a personal turn to the cunning serving-man's famous assertion, "I believe *they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly.*" But his brogue would have been a difficulty. Even Burke's brogue was no small disadvantage to him; and Goldsmith had hardly improved his since those "Dunciad" days when he would object to the exquisite bad rhyming of *key* with *be* ("let *key* be called *kee*, and then it will rhyme with *be*," said one of his criticisms for Griffiths, "but not otherwise"); indeed, says Cooke, he rather cultivated his brogue than got rid of it.[3] Malone's authority would have us doubt, too, whether his emphasis, even for Scrub, would always have been right, seeing that, being at dinner one day with him and Johnson, he gave an example to prove that poets ought to read and pronounce verse with more accuracy and spirit than other men, by beginning the ballad "At Upton on the Hill" with a most emphatic ON.[4] Farquhar's humor, never-

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[1] Cradock's *Memoirs*, i. 209.

[2] *Ib.* iv. 288.

[3] "He expressed himself upon common subjects with a plainness bordering upon rusticity, and often in words very ill chosen. He rather cultivated (than endeavored to get rid of) his brogue."—*European Magazine*, xxiv. 258. At the same time the proof of a spoken brogue from a supposed written one, such as I have glanced at in the text, is seldom to be relied on. Pope might be proved an Irishman indisputably in this way; and it might be shown, from numberless such rhymes in his *Satires*, that Young's Castalian spring had been largely filled from the Liffey. It is necessary to keep in mind, too, what Johnson says: "I remember . . . when I published the plan for my Dictionary, Lord Chesterfield told me that the word *great* should be pronounced so as to rhyme to *state*; and Sir William Yonge sent me word that it should be pronounced so as to rhyme to *seat*, and that none but an Irishman would pronounce it *grait*. Now here were two men of the highest rank, the one the best speaker in the House of Lords, the other the best speaker in the House of Commons, differing entirely."—*Boswell*, iii. 191.

[4] Malone's *Life of Dryden* prefixed to the prose writings, i. 518. "He was immediately called upon to support his argument by an example, a request with which he readily complied; and he repeated the first stanza

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theless, might have gained as much as it lost; and the private play could not have spared such an actor. Richard Burke reinforced the party soon after this with his wit and his whim;[1] Garrick having succeeded, where Edmund supposed that his own influence had failed, in getting from Lord North another year's leave of absence from Grenada;[2] and his return led to the establishment of a temporary dining-club at the St. James's coffee-house, the limited numbers of the Gerrard Street club excluding both him and Garrick from present membership there. Cumberland, who became afterwards an occasional guest, correctly attributes its origin to Burke, though he misstates everything else connected with it;[3] and here Cradock, mistaking it for *The* club, remembered to have heard much animated talk, in which Richard Burke made himself very prominent and seemed the most free and easy of the company. Its members, who had the privilege of introducing strangers to their meetings, used

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of the ballad beginning with the words 'At Upton on the Hill,' with such false emphasis, by marking the word *on* very strongly, that all the company agreed he had by no means established his position."

[1] "Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at;
Alas! that such frolic should now be so quiet.
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!
Now breaking a jest—and now breaking a limb;
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball;
Now teazing and vexing—yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again."—*Retaliation.*

[2] See the letter of Sir Grey Cooper, in *Garrick Correspondence*, i. 418.

[3] I quote the remark of Northcote (*Life of Reynolds*, i. 214) on Cumberland's inflated account of it. "Such a society might no doubt have been highly agreeable; but its description, thus strongly marked by Mr. Cumberland, seems rather drawn up in contradistinction to the Literary Club, of which he was not a member. This society at the British coffee-house must, however, with the exception of Johnson's conversation, have made him amends for any exclusion from the other; for here were Foote, Fitzherbert, Garrick, Macpherson; Drs. Carlisle, Robinson, and Beattie; Caleb Whitefoord; and though last not least, Sir Joshua Reynolds, who introduced Goldsmith as a member immediately previous to the representation of 'She Stoops to Conquer.'"

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to dine at each other's houses also, less frequently; and Goldsmith indulged himself now and then in very oddly assorted assemblages at his chambers after the dinner, which, in allusion to the fashionable ball-rooms of the day, he called his "little Cornelys."

More rarely, at meetings which became afterwards more famous, the titled people who jostled against writers and artists at Shelburne House, in Berkeley Square, might be seen wondering or smiling at the simple-looking Irishman who had written the *Deserted Village*. There were Mrs. Vesey's parties, too, more choice and select than Mrs. Montagu's, her friend and imitator; and at both we have traces of Goldsmith: "your wild genius," as Mrs. Vesey's statelier friend, Mrs. Carter, calls him.[1] These ladies had got the notion of their blue-stocking routs from the Du Duffands and L'Espinasses, at the last French peace; but alas! the Montesquieus, Voltaires, and Du Châtelets, the De Launays, Hainaults, De Choiseuls, and Condorcets, were not always forthcoming in Hill Street or Portman Square. In truth, they seem to have been dull enough, those much-talked-about *réunions;* though sometimes enlivened by Mrs. Vesey's forgetfulness of her own name, and sparkling at all times with Mrs. Montagu's diamonds and bows.[2] Mrs. Thrale's were better; and though the lively little lady made a favorite jest of Goldsmith's simple ways, he with Johnson passed happy days both in Southwark and Streatham.

Still, perhaps, his happiest time was when he had Johnson to himself; when there were no listeners to talk for; when, to his half-childish, frolicking absurdities, Johnson lowered all that was predominant or intolerant in his great fine

[1] *Letters*, iv. 110.

[2] See Wraxall's *Memoirs*, i. 144–168. I must quote that admirable distinction which Johnson made a few years later, when a coolness arose between himself and Mrs. Montagu, and he lost even the moderate satisfaction of these *réunions*. "Mrs. Montagu has dropped me," he said to Boswell. "Now, sir, there are people whom one should like very well to drop, but would not wish to be dropped by." He certainly was vain, adds his biographer, of the society of ladies, and could make himself very agreeable to them when he chose it.—viii. 46–47.

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nature; and together they came sporting from Gerrard Street to the Temple, or, when the club did not meet, had supper by themselves at an adjoining tavern in Soho. This was that once famous "Jack's," since "Walker's," in Dean Street, kept by a singer of Garrick's company (Jack Roberts), and patronized by Garrick and his friends; which, in all but the life that departed from it when *they* departed, to this day exists unchanged, quite unvexed by disturbance or improvement, haunted by the ghosts of guests that are gone, but not much visited by guests that live, a venerable relic of the *still life* of Goldsmith's age possessed by an owner who is as venerable as itself, and whose memory, faithful to the past, now lives altogether with the shades that inhabit there.[1] Of many pleasant "*tête-à-tête* suppers" this was the scene; and here Goldsmith would seem boldly to have perpetrated very ancient sallies of wit, to half-grumbling, half-laughing accompaniment from Johnson. "Sir," said the sage one night, as they supped off rumps and kidneys, "these rumps are pretty little things; but then a man must eat a great many of them before he fills his belly." "Ay, but how many of them," asked Goldsmith, innocently, "would reach to the moon?" "To the moon!" laughed Johnson; "ah, Goldy, I fear that exceeds your calculation." "Not at all, sir," says Goldsmith; "I think I could tell." "Pray then, sir," says the other, "let us hear." "Why"—and here Goldsmith instinctively, no doubt, got as far from Johnson as he could—"*one*, if it were long enough." "Well, sir, I have deserved it," growled the philosopher. "I should not have provoked so foolish an answer by so foolish a question."[2]

But Goldsmith's mirth is from a heart now ill at ease. Every day's uncertainty as to his comedy is become fraught

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[1] 1848. It exists (1852) no longer; and I fear that the venerable Walker, from whom I had received attentions before writing those lines in the text, and who was supposed to be fabulously rich, died not long ago in the parish workhouse. To the last, however, on his card inviting custom he had courteously informed his friends that it was here "Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, and other literary characters of eminence" found entertainment in old days.

[2] *European Magazine*, xxiv. 262.

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with serious consequence to him, and Colman still delays his answer. The recollection of former mortifications no doubt sadly recurred, and with it came back the old distrusts and bitter self-misgivings. Cooke informs us that Goldsmith accidentally, at this time, met with an old acquaintance in a chop-house (most probably himself, for he elsewhere complains that the Doctor's acquisition of more important friends had latterly made their intercourse infrequent),[1] and, mentioning that he had written a comedy about which the manager seemed to have great doubts, asked him to listen to the plot and give him his candid opinion of it. The Doctor, Cooke proceeds, then began to tell the particulars of his plot, in his strange, uncouth, deranged manner, from which his friend the critic could only make out that the principal part of the business turned upon one gentleman mistaking the house of another for an inn, at which the critic shook his head, and said "he was afraid the audience, under their then sentimental impressions, would think it too broad and farcical for comedy." Goldsmith looked very serious at this, paused for some time, and at last, taking the other by the hand, "piteously" exclaimed, "I am much obliged to you, my dear friend, for the candor of your opinion; but it is all I can do; for, alas! I find that my genius, if ever I had any, has of late totally deserted me."[2] Alas, poor Goldy! It was the feeling that prompted this, and no other, which also prompted his innocent, vain absurdities, and which made him even think, if the same friend's account is to be accepted gravely, that "speechifying" was all a knack, and that he knew of nothing to prevent himself making any day quite as good a speech as Edmund Burke.[3] "How well this post-boy drives," said

[1] I should add that this feeling of their altered relations betrays itself in the remark with which he introduces the anecdote in the text, to the effect that Goldsmith at this time was "by turns vain and humble, coarse and refined, judicious and credulous," and that the incident occurred "in one of his humiliating moments." [2] See Cooke's *Memoirs of Foote*, iii. 77–78.

[3] Admirably has it been said by Lord John Russell (in his preface to the sixth volume of Moore's *Diary*), that of all kinds of vanity "the worst is *that which makes little display*, but is continually at work in depreciating

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Johnson to Boswell, rubbing his hands with joy for the rapid motion; "now if Goldy were here he'd say he could drive better." And simply because he could not drive at all. Sadly distrusting what he could do, he thought to set the balance straight by bragging of what he could not do. At the bottom of it all was a blundering want of confidence, not an exaggerated sense of it. "Not content with his fame in great things," says another newspaper writer of him, "he must have equal credit in small. If you were to meet him and boast of your shoes being well blacked, the Doctor would look down at his own, and reply, 'I think mine are still better done.'" "He would never allow a superior in any art," says Garrick, "from writing poetry down to dancing a hornpipe." It is odd to contrast the eager spirit of detraction in which this charge is so often repeated of him with the real inoffensiveness of what is implied in it. Happy the man, said Montaigne, who can conceal his vanity; most harmless the man who confesses it in any such form as this, we must surely all of us perceive. What possible injury could result to any one from it? Here, as in other cases, extremes blend into their opposites, and the weakness loses whatever we ordinarily connect with it of the malignant or the offensive.

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others that our own superiority may become conspicuous." *Valeat quantum*, I subjoin Cooke's speechifying anecdote, simply premising that he must have derived it from hearsay, not being himself a member of the club referred to, and that it bears very evident marks of exaggeration: "He was one night at the club at St. James's Street when the company were praising a speech which Mr. Burke had made that day in the House of Commons. This was enough to set Goldsmith agoing, who said speechifying was all a knack, and that he would venture to make as good a speech in either Latin, Greek, or English. The company took him at his word; but, to spare him the difficulties of the dead language, would be content with a trial in English. The Doctor instantly mounted a chair, but could not get on above a sentence without the most evident embarrassment. 'Well,' says he, after a time, 'I find this won't do, therefore I'll write my speech.' 'No, Doctor,' said the company, 'we don't question your talents for writing, it was speaking you engaged for.' 'Well, well,' says the Doctor, 'I'm out of luck now, but you may depend on it, as I said before, that oratory is a mere knack, which any man of education may practise with success in a very little time."—*European Magazine*, xxiv. 261.

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CHAPTER XV

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"

1772–1773

NEVER was anything like a tone of doleful distrust so little called for as in the case of the comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer." Goldsmith had here again, as in the "Good-natured Man," taken his stand on the sincere broad ground of character and humor, where time has fixed him so firmly. The final critical verdict has passed, which saves any further criticism on this last legacy of laughter he was now to leave us. Many are the sterling comedies that hold possession of the stage, cleverly exacting much calm enjoyment, while they chasten all tendency to intemperate mirth; but the family of the Hardcastles, Young Marlow, and Tony Lumpkin are not akin to those. Let the manager be chary of introducing them who desires to keep the enjoyment of his audience within merely reasonable bounds. When Mr. Hardcastle, anxious to initiate Diggory and his too familiar fellow-servants into the small decorums of social life, warns them against talkativeness, and tells them that if he should happen to say a good thing or tell a good story at table they are not all of them to burst out laughing as if they formed part of the company, Diggory makes prompt answer: "Then, ecod, your worship must not tell the story of 'Ould Grouse in the Gun-Room'; I can't help laughing at that... he! he! he!... for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years . . . ha! ha! ha!" and his worship, joining in the laugh, admits the story *is* a good one (surely it must have been a real one, and can no F. S. A. ex-

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hume it, so as to tell us what it was?)[1] and consents to make it an exception. So must exception be made now and then in the case of comedies. With muscles only imperceptibly moved, we may sit out half Mrs. Inchbald's "Collection"; but at "She Stoops to Conquer" we expand into a roar. The "Three Jolly Pigeons" itself never had greater fun going forward in it; and, though genteel critics have objected to the comedy that it contains low characters, just as Mrs. Hardcastle objected to the ale-house, the whole spirit of the objection seems to fade before Tony's sensible remark, when his mother wants him to desert the "Pigeons" and disappoint the low fellows: "As for disappointing *them*, I should not so much mind; but I can't abide to disappoint *myself*."

But, in truth, that objection, strongly as it has been urged, is quite untenable, and the verdict of four generations of playgoers must be held to have definitively passed against the judgment of the fine-gentlemen critics. No one was so bitter about it as Horace Walpole, who protested that the heroine had no more modesty than Lady Bridget, that the author's wit was as much *manqué* as the lady's, that all the merit was in the comic situations; that, in short, the whole view of the piece was low humor, and no humor was in it.[2] The worth of a man's judg-

[1] "*Grouse*," Mr. Fitzgerald writes to me, "is a common name for sporting dogs in Ireland."

[2] *Letters to Lady Ossory*, i. 58, March 27, 1773. Something of this ill-humor, however, was probably due to the fact which Horace mentions in the same letter, that "the heat of the house and of this sultry March half killed" him. Still, I must add that when ample time had been interposed to induce a less spiteful tone of criticism, we find Walpole writing to his friend Mason (27th May, 1773): "Dr. Goldsmith has written a comedy—no, it is the lowest of all farces; it is not the subject I condemn, though very vulgar, but the execution. The drift tends to no moral, no edification of any kind—the situations, however, are well imagined, and make one laugh in spite of the grossness of the dialogue, the forced witticisms, and total improbability of the whole plan and conduct. But what disgusts me most is, that though the characters are very low, and aim at low humor, not one of them says a sentence that is natural, or marks any character at all. It is set up in opposition to sentimental comedy, and is as bad as the worst of them."—*Correspondence with Mason*, i. 78. I must remind the reader, however, that it was a leading characteristic of Walpole warmly

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ment of what is low, however, is perhaps not unfairly to be tested by comparison with his judgment of what is high, since the terms are but relative, after all; and it may be well to interpose that, thinking thus of the author of "She Stoops to Conquer," it was the belief of the same fastidious critic that the dramatic works of Mr. Jephson (who had happened to write a play founded on the *Castle of Otranto*) were destined to live for ages, and that his "Law of Lombardy" was superior to all Beaumont and Fletcher. How opposite is the truth to all this, as well in Mr. Goldsmith's as in Mr. Jephson's case, we can all of us now perceive and admit. As contrasted with merely low comedy, Young Marlow belongs to as genuine "high" comedy as anything in Farquhar or Vanbrugh. The idea of the part, with its whimsical bashfulness, its simple mistakes, its awkward dilemmas, is a favorite and familiar one with Goldsmith. To the same family, though marked by traits perfectly distinct, belong Mr. Honeywood, Moses Primrose, and the credulous Chinese Citizen who intrusts his watch to that beautiful young lady in the streets who with so much generosity takes upon herself the trouble of getting it mended for him. There is as little of the mere farcical in Young Marlow as in any of these. The high comic intention is never lost in the merely ludicrous situation. In the transition from stammering modesty with Miss Hardcastle to easy familiarity with the supposed barmaid, the character does not lose its identity; for the over-assumption of ease, and the ridiculous want of it, are perceived to have exactly the same origin. The nervous effort is the same in the excess of bashfulness as when it tries to rattle itself off by an

and perseveringly to resent every form of depreciation of his father's memory, and that repeatedly, from the outset of his literary life until now, Goldsmith had given occasion for this resentment. Only a year or two before the present date he had remarked of the great Sir Robert, in characterizing a satire by Swift in his introductory notices to his *Beauties of English Poetry*: "The severity of a poet, however, gave Walpole very little uneasiness. A man whose schemes, like this minister's, seldom extended beyond the exigency of the year, but little regarded the contempt of posterity."

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excess of impudence. It is not simply one disguise flung aside for another; the constitutional timidity is kept always ludicrously prominent, but by fine and delicate touches. In like manner, Mr. Hardcastle and his wife have the same degree of what may be called comic dignity. The jovial old 'squire, with his love for everything that's old, "old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine," not forgetting his own interminable old stories, is just the man to have his house mistaken for an inn; and the man to resent it too, with something festive and enjoying in the very robustness of his rage. There is altogether, let me add, an exuberant heartiness and breadth of genial humor in the comedy, which seems of right to overflow into Tony Lumpkin.[1] He *may* be farcical, as such lumpish, roaring, uncouth animal spirits have a right to be; but who would abate a bit of Cousin Tony, stupid and cunning as he is, impudent yet sheepish, with his loutish love of low company, and his young-'squire sense of his "fortin"? There is never any misgiving about Goldsmith's fun and enjoyment. It is not obtained at the expense of any better thing. He does not snatch a joke out of a misery, or an ugliness, or a mortification, or anything that, apart from the joke, would be likely to give pain, which, with all his airy wit and refinement, was too much the trick of Sheridan. Whether it be enjoyment or mischief going on in one of Goldsmith's comedies, the predominant impression is hearty, jovial, and sincere. Though Tony *does* tie the tail of Mr. Hardcastle's wig to the back of his chair, there is only the broader laugh when he wakes and pops his bald head full into old Mrs. Frizzle's face;[2] and nobody feels the worse when the same

[1] What a capital invention the name seems to be in its nice adjustment to the character, but, alas! (as poor Goldsmith himself was so fond of saying) there is nothing new under the sun. One of Mr. Bruce's Charles the First calendars reveals to us that a farming tenant of fen-land in Leicestershire in 1637 was Master "Anthonie Lumpkin."—*Dom. Cal.* January 1, 1637–1638.

[2] This incident was but the counterpart of a trick played on himself during his last visit at Gosfield by the daughter of Lord Clare, some of whose recollections of her old friend and playfellow I will here take the oppor-

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incorrigible Tony, after fearful joltings down Featherbed Lane, over Up-and-down Hill, and across Heavy-tree Heath, lodges his mother in the horse-pond. The laugh clears the atmosphere all round it.

But Colman saw nothing of this, wonderful to say. No laughter, or too much laughter, seemed to be all one to him. He was not to be moved. He had the manuscript of the

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tunity of quoting from a letter which her younger son, the late Lord Nugent, wrote to me in contemplation of my second edition a few months before his death. He was then on his way to Greece: "MARSEILLES, *November* 7, 1849. . . . She was, as you know, daughter of Robert Nugent, Viscount Clare, afterwards Earl Nugent, in whose house, at Gosfield, in Essex (now the house of Mr. Barnard, member for Greenwich), and in Great George Street, Westminster, Goldsmith used to pass much of his time, during her childhood. He was never out of *his* childhood; and, therefore, he was very much her companion, and she loved his memory dearly. Her impression of him, formed in those days, but often repeated to me in her advanced age, was that he was a strong republican in principle, and would have been (for she, God bless her! was a strong Tory) a very dangerous writer if he had lived to the times of the French Revolution. I remember one story now"—(*I* doubt if quite original)—"which she used to tell of a manifest victory that Goldsmith once had over her father, who chose, at one time, to speak in high terms of M., a very bad actor, whom Garrick advised to leave the stage. Lord Nugent was one evening very eloquent to Goldsmith in praise of M. 'But, my lord,' said Goldsmith, 'you must allow he treads the stage very ill—he waddles.' 'Waddles?' said Lord Nugent, 'yes, he waddles like a goose—why you know we call him Goose M.' 'Well, and then, you know, when he endeavors to express strong passion he bellows.' 'Bellows?' said Lord Nugent, 'to be sure he does—bellows like a bull. Why, we call him Bull M.' 'Well, and then,' continued Goldsmith, pursuing his triumph, 'his voice breaks, and he croaks,' 'Croaks?' said Lord Nugent, 'why the fellow croaks like a frog. We call him Frog M. But M. is a good actor.' 'Why, yes,' said Goldsmith, 'barring the goose, and the bull, and the frog, and a few other things I could mention, and not wishing to speak ill of my neighbors, I *will* allow M. is a good actor.' The other story she used to tell of Goldsmith, in which he had certainly the advantage of her, was of his revenge upon her for having, one evening at Gosfield, tied the tail of his wig, while he was asleep, to the back of his chair. When he woke, and his wig came off, he, knowing at once who was the practical joker of the family, threatened to revenge himself upon her. He was then writing 'She Stoops to Conquer'—and his revenge was to make Tony Lumpkin the hero in precisely the same trick. Except the old story of his having said to Lord Shelburne, 'I wonder why people call your lordship Malagrida, for Malagrida was a very honest man,' which she used always to crow over as being so like

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comedy in his hands for many months, and could not determine to say *yes* or *no*. Poor Goldsmith's early dream, that poets were to find protection in the Covent Garden manager, had been doomed to have dire awakening. He was impelled at last to lay all his circumstances before him, to describe of what vital moment to its writer the acting of this comedy had become, and to make appeal from the manager's judgment to the mercy of the friend. But to even this he received a general and still evasive answer, reiterating but not specifying objections, and hinting the necessity of counsel with other advisers. Thus the matter stood in the middle of January, 1773, when Goldsmith, with a galling sense that the best part of the season was passing, wrote with renewed earnestness to Colman:

"DEAR SIR,—*I entreat* you'l relieve me from that state of suspense in which I have been kept for a long time. Whatever objections you have made or shall make to my play I will endeavor to remove and not argue about them. To bring in any new judges either of its merits or faults I can never submit to. Upon a former occasion when my other play was before Mr. Garrick he offered to bring me before Mr. Whitehead's tribunal, but I refused the proposal with indignation: I hope I shall not experience as hard treatment from you as from him. I have, as you know, a large sum of money to make up shortly; by accepting my play I can readily satisfy my creditor that way; at any rate, I must look about to some certainty to be prepared. For God's sake, take the play and let us make the best of it, and let me have the same measure at least which you have given as bad plays as mine. I am your friend and servant, OLIVER GOLDSMITH."[1]

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him, I remember only what he wrote, by way of an amends to her for having immortalized her in Tony Lumpkin, as a riddle on her name:

> "'The clothes we love best, and the half of an agent,
> *Is* the name of a Lady, to whom I'm obadient.'

Now there is not much to help in a second edition of such a biography—but it is my little all." The doggerel riddle, I may add, is not the only example of that kind of literature attributed to Goldsmith. His cousin, Mrs. Lawder, believed him to have written the subjoined on the name of his friend Newbery:

> "What we say of a thing which is just come in fashion,
> And that which we do with the dead,
> Is the name of the honestest man in the nation:
> What more of a man can be said?"

[1] Colman's *Posthumous Letters* (4to, 1820), 180–181.

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In answer to this the manuscript was at last returned with many distasteful remarks written in upon the blank leaves, though with an accompanying assurance that the promise of the theatre should be kept, and the comedy acted notwithstanding; but, smarting from vexation at Colman's criticism, though now with a dreary misgiving of as ill success at Drury Lane, Goldsmith sent his manuscript a few days later, as he received it, to Garrick. He had hardly done so when he recalled it as hastily. With no fresh cause for distrust of Garrick, it would seem; but because Johnson had interfered, had pointed out the disadvantage to the play in any formal withdrawal from Covent Garden, and had himself gone to talk to Colman about it. This letter to Garrick (endorsed in the actor's handwriting, "Dr. Goldsmith about his play") was written on the 6th of February:

"DEAR SIR,—I ask you many pardons for the trouble I gave you of yesterday. Upon more mature deliberation, and the advice of a sensible friend, I begin to think it indelicate in me to throw upon you the odium of confirming Mr. Colman's sentence. I, therefore, request you will send my play by my servant back; for, having been assured of having it acted at the other house, though I confess yours in every respect more to my wish, yet it would be folly in me to forego an advantage which lies in my power of appealing from Mr. Colman's opinion to the judgment of the town. I entreat, if not too late you will keep this affair a secret for some time. I am, dear Sir, your very humble servant, OLIVER GOLDSMITH."[1]

Johnson described the spirit of his interview with Colman many years later, when, talking of the steep and thorny road through which his friend Goldsmith had had to make his way to fame, he reminded Reynolds that both his comedies had been once refused, "his first by Garrick, his second by Colman, *who was prevailed on at last by much solicitation, nay, a kind of force*, to bring it on";[2] to which Reynolds replied, with a striking illustration of the strange crotchets of judgment in such things, to the effect that

[1] *Garrick Correspondence*, i. 527. This letter clearly disproves what Walpole says of the comedy in his correspondence with Mason (i. 78). "Garrick *would not* act it, but bought himself off by a poor prologue."

[2] See vol. ii. 158.

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Burke could see no merit in the "Beggar's Opera." But in behalf of the new comedy, it is certain, the three distinguished friends were in hearty agreement; and it was from one of Johnson's letters to Boswell, on the 22d of February, that we learn it is at last about to be performed. "Dr. Goldsmith has a new comedy, which is expected in the spring. No name is yet given it. The chief diversion arises from a stratagem by which a lover is made to mistake his future father-in-law's house for an inn. This, you see, borders upon farce. The dialogue is quick and gay, and the incidents are so prepared as not to seem improbable."[1] But though Colman had consented, it was with reservation of his original opinion. "Dr. Goldsmith," wrote Johnson ten days later to an American divine (White, afterwards Bishop of Pennsylvania), "has a new comedy in rehearsal at Covent Garden, *to which the manager predicts ill success.* I hope he will be mistaken. I think it deserves a very kind reception."[2]

Its chances of a kind reception had received strong reinforcement not many days before. It had been some time noised about that Foote had a novelty in preparation at the Haymarket, founded on the Panton Street puppets, and the town was all on tiptoe to welcome it. "Will your figures be as large as life, Mr. Foote?" asked a titled dame. "Oh no, my lady," said Foote, "not much larger than Garrick." The night of the "Primitive Puppet Show," the 15th of February, arrived; the whole length of the Haymarket was crammed with carriages; such was the impatience of the less fashionable crowd in waiting that the doors were burst open from without; and, to an audience breathless with expected merriment, Foote in due time presented himself. He had to offer them on that occasion, he said, a comedy called the "Handsome Housemaid, or Piety in Pattens," which was to illustrate how a maiden of low degree, by the *mere effects* of morality and virtue, raised herself to riches and honors. But they would not, he added,

[1] *Boswell*, iii. 241.

[2] *Ib.* iii. 243-244.

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discover much wit or humor in it, because, agreeing with the most fashionable of his brother writers that any signs of joyful satisfaction were beneath the dignity of such an assembly as he saw before him (roars of laughter interrupted him here), he had given up the sensual for the sentimental style. As for the mode of representing such a style by means of puppets, he sheltered himself behind the examples of the early Greek and Roman theatres, "of which he gave a most luminous and faithful historical picture."[1] The "Puppet Show" proceeded, and sentimental comedy never recovered the shock of that night.[2] Garrick set himself at once to laugh at it, as loudly as though he never had supported it;[3] and to that end sent Goldsmith a very humorous prologue descriptive of its unhappy fate, a tribute to the better prospects of his *un*sentimental comedy.

Not yet in the theatre itself, however, were these felt or understood. Mortification still attended Goldsmith there. The actors and actresses had taken their tone from the manager. Gentleman Smith threw up Young Marlow;

[1] *Bee's* "Essay" prefixed to Foote's *Works*, i. cxxxvi.

[2] I ought, nevertheless, so far to modify the statement in the text as to add that it found itself able again to make a brief stand, two years later, against the truth and humor of Sheridan's "Rivals." I quote from the intelligent and amusing *Recollections* of Mr. Bernard his account of the first night's performance of that delightful comedy: "'The Rivals,' in my opinion, was a decided attempt to follow up the flow which Goldsmith had given in 'She Stoops to Conquer.' My recollection of the manner in which the former was received bears me out in the supposition. The audience were composed of two parties—those who supported the prevailing taste and those who were indifferent to it, and liked nature: on the first night of a new play it was very natural that the former should predominate, and what was the consequence? Why, that Faulkland and Julia (which Sheridan had obviously introduced to conciliate the sentimentalists, but which in the present day are considered heavy incumbrances) were the characters most favorably received, while Sir Anthony Absolute, Bob Acres, and Lydia, those faithful and diversified pictures of life, were barely tolerated; and Malaprop (as she deserved to be) was singled out for peculiar vengeance." 142.

[3] Walpole lets us into the secret of this. "Garrick, by the negotiation of a secretary of state, has made peace with Foote, and by the secret article of the treaty is to be left out of the puppet-show."—*Letters to Lady Ossory*, i. 52, February 11, 1778.

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Woodward refused Tony Lumpkin; Mrs. Abington[1] (and this was the greatest blow of all) declined Miss Hardcastle; and, in the teeth of his own misgivings, Colman could not contest with theirs. So alarming was the defection, to some of Goldsmith's friends, that they urged the postponement of the comedy. "No," he said, giving to his necessity the braver look of independence, "I'd rather my play were damned by bad players than merely saved by good acting." Tony was cast to Quick, the actor who had played the trifling part of the Postboy in his first comedy; and Shuter, still true to the cause of humor and character which he admirably supported in Mr. Hardcastle, suggested Lewes for Young Marlow. He was afterwards better known as *Lee* Lewes, to distinguish him from the exquisite light comedian, Lewis, whom Cumberland had just discovered at Dublin, and was writing about, in a capital critical style,[2] to

[1] She was a great favorite with the club, and poor Goldsmith's mortification was all the greater for having freely talked in Gerrard Street of the part he had written "on purpose for Mrs. Abington."—Northcote's *Reynolds*, i. 128. In the year after Goldsmith's death Reynolds took "forty places" in the boxes at her benefit, having promised to support her with "a body of wits." See *Boswell*, v. 162.

[2] How admirably in a couple of lines does Cumberland at once describe what the best critics who talked about Lewis when his fame was at its height appear to make the leading characteristic of his delightful comedy. "I am firmly of opinion the lad has faculties to make a figure in comedy; and not in Mr. King's or Dodd's walk only, but as the fine gentleman; as that higher kind of comedy which hardly now exists, which Smith has in the interior, and to which O'Brien might, perhaps, have attained if he had not meddled with real instead of artificial life. He has a strong tone, which breaks occasionally into the humorous with great success, and is capable of variation in the cadences; his eye is quick, and his modesty does not stand in the way."—*Garrick Correspondence*, i. 430. "The strong tone breaking occasionally into the humorous" admirably depicts a style of comedy now, alas! extinct. I take advantage of the mention of O'Brien for the last time to quote a letter of his (from Colman's *Posthumous Letters*, 173–176), not less admirable than Cumberland's for its shrewd sense in the matter of theatrical criticism. He is writing about his clever little drama of "Cross Purposes" to manager Colman, and is in great anxiety about the cast and the actors. "Mrs. Green," he says, "should be dressed vulgarly and ridiculously genteel; in my opinion the ladies on the stage don't sufficiently consider the truth of character in that

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Garrick, but who subsequently appeared at Covent Garden. Lewes was the harlequin of the theatre; but on Shuter protesting in his vehement odd way that "the boy could patter and use the gob-box as quick and smart as any of them," Goldsmith consented to the trial; and before the second rehearsal was over felt sure he would succeed.[1] Famous was the company at those rehearsals. Poor Shuter quite lost his presence of mind and quaint talkativeness at the appearance of so many ladies.[2] Johnson attended them; Reynolds, his sister, and the whole Horneck party; Cradock, Murphy, and Colman. But not a jot of the manager's ominous and evil prediction could all the hopeful mirth of the rest abate. He had set his face against success. He would not suffer a new scene to be painted for the play; he refused to furnish even a new dress, and was careful to spread his forebodings as widely as he could. Colman was certainly not a false or ill-natured man; but he appears very sincerely though quite unaccountably to have despaired of the comedy from the first, and to have thought it a kind of mercy to help it out of, rather than into, the world.

With a manager so disposed, at almost every step taken

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respect. The Housemaid you will give to anybody you think can be naïve and simple enough to say her little with the insignificant manner that belongs to it." That is very well said. I may add that O'Brien, since his return from America, appears to have conciliated his great relations a little. This is the conclusion of his letter to Colman: "I am sure I shall be in such a fidget I shall not be able to resist coming to see my fate. I can easily go from your house into some of the boxes without being noticed. Besides chusing to avoid the *dicier hic est* in case of a disappointment, I am afraid of giving offence to my best friend, Lady Ilchester, who is the best woman in the world, but very religious and prejudiced in many particulars."

[1] *European Magazine*, xxiv. 178. "Goldsmith," says Cooke, "at first agreed with some reluctance; but after one or two rehearsals so altered his opinion that he declared it was the second best performance in the piece, and this opinion was afterwards confirmed by the general sense of the audience."

[2] "When Shuter appeared before a crowded house he always felt himself perfectly easy; yet when he appeared before this small and select audience he betrayed the strongest marks of shyness, even to bashfulness."—Northcote's *Reynolds*, i. 287.

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within the theatre there was, of course, a stumble. Murphy volunteered an epilogue, but the lady who was not to speak it made objection to the lady who was; the author wrote an epilogue to bring in both, and the lady first objected to objected in her turn; a third epilogue was then written by poor Goldsmith, to which Colman himself thought proper to object as too bad to be spoken; Cradock meanwhile sent a fourth from the country, rejected for a similar reason (but politely printed with the comedy as having "arrived too late"); and Goldsmith finally tried his hand at a fifth, which, though permitted to be spoken, he thought a "mawkish thing." The history of these petty annoyances would be incredible but that Mr. Cradock has preserved a letter in which Goldsmith describes them; and the epilogues, collected with his poems, survive to attest its truth. The letter was written immediately after the performance, but will most properly be quoted here:

"MY DEAR SIR,—The play has met with a success much beyond your expectations or mine. I thank you sincerely for your Epilogue, which, however, could not be used, but with your permission shall be printed. The story, in short, is this: Murphy sent me rather the outline of an Epilogue than an Epilogue, which was to be sung by Miss Catley, and which she approved. Mrs. Bulkley, hearing this, insisted on throwing up her part"—(Miss Hardcastle)—"unless, according to the custom of the theatre, she were permitted to speak the Epilogue. In this embarrassment I thought of making a quarrelling Epilogue between Catley and her, debating *who* should speak the Epilogue; but then Mrs. Catley refused, after I had taken the trouble of drawing it out. I was then at a loss indeed; an Epilogue was to be made, and for none but Miss Bulkley. I made one, and Colman thought it too bad to be spoken;[1] I was

[1] This epilogue, "too bad to be spoken," is the epilogue printed in Mr. Murray's edition (1887) of the *Miscellaneous Works* as "intended for Mrs. Bulkley," though the editor (iv. 137) had been quite unable to ascertain "for what play it was intended"; just as Percy and Steevens had racked their brains to discover it, and with as little success. Plainly it was meant for the successor to the "Good-natured Man."

> "No high-life scenes, no sentiment;—the creature
> *Still* stoops among the low to copy nature."

The mere resemblance of some of the lines to those in the adopted and "very mawkish" epilogue—indeed it seems originally to have contained four lines which the latter repeated, and which no doubt for that

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obliged, therefore, to try a fourth time, and I made a very mawkish thing, as you'll shortly see. Such is the history of my Stage adventures, and which I have at last done with. I cannot help saying that I am very sick of the stage; and though I believe I shall get three tolerable benefits, yet I shall on the whole be a loser, even in a pecuniary light; my ease and comfort I certainly lost while it was in agitation. I am, my dear Cradock, your obliged and obedient servant, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"P. S.—Present my most humble respects to Mrs. Cradock."[1]

This anticipates a little, seeing that some touches to the loss of ease and comfort are yet to be added. There were but a few days left before the comedy was to be acted, and no name had been found for it. "We are all in labor," says Johnson, whose labor of kindness had been untiring throughout, "for a name to Goldy's play."[2] What now stands as the second title, the "Mistakes of a Night," was originally the only one; but it was thought undignified for a comedy. The "Old House a New Inn" was suggested in place of it, but dismissed as awkward. Reynolds then announced

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reason Percy erased before printing it (Nichols's *Illustrations*, vii. 31)—is in itself sufficient to prove the identity of purpose for which both were written. Percy, who received it from Goldsmith among the papers meant to illustrate his biography, but who had not the letter of Cradock to assist the moderate amount of care or consideration which he seems to have bestowed on any of them, entertained the same doubt as the editor of the *Miscellaneous Works* (not Mr. Prior, though his name is on the title-page, but the late Mr. Thomas Wright), and wrote to ask Steevens to solve it by personal inquiry of Mrs. Bulkley herself. But one-and-twenty years had at that time passed since "She Stoops to Conquer" was played, the once pretty and fascinating actress had been seven years dead, and Steevens, who professed a reluctance to go into the other world to make the necessary inquiries, contented himself with sending the Bishop a few hints for any one who might not have the same objection. "I would not advise him to present himself at Lucretia's rout or Penelope's tea-table, in the hope of meeting Mrs. Bulkley at either of these places. It is more probable he will find her in private conference with Jocaste, the mother and wife of Œdipus; for it is well known that our fair epilogue-speaker was kept by a player, and seduced his son to her bed. For this conduct she was repeatedly hissed, and compelled, during several seasons, to withdraw from the stage. . . . The captain of a trading vessel was afterwards fool enough to marry her, and in his possession she died. In short, but one out of all the actresses who figured in Goldsmith's comedies is now alive."—Nichols's *Illustrations*, vii. 32.

[1] Cradock's *Memoirs*, i. 226.

[2] See *ante*, 108.

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what he thought so capital a title that he threatened if it were not adopted he should go and help to damn the play; and he triumphantly named it the "Belle's Stratagem."[1] This name was still under discussion, and had well-nigh been snatched from Mrs. Cowley, when Goldsmith, in whose ear, perhaps, a line of Dryden's lingered, hit upon "She Stoops to Conquer."[2] "Stoops, indeed?" was Horace Walpole's comment. "So she does! that is, the Muse; she is draggled up to the knees, and has trudged, I believe, from Southwark Fair."[3] No wonder was it, surely, that those indisputably fine ladies of the theatre should object to hold up such homely and miry petticoats; nor was the poor author without graver troubles which he could not remedy, and he left the last rehearsal with a heavy heart. His probable failure had been made matter of such common gossip that it was even announced in the box-office to the servant who was engaging a box for the Duke of Gloucester; and a very angry remonstrance with Colman followed. Up to this time Goldsmith had not been able to muster courage to begin the printing of his play; but in a kind of desperation he now went to Newbery, and, in redemption of the debt between them which had lately cost him some anxiety, offered him the chances of the copyright. "And yet, to tell you the truth," he added, "there are great doubts of

[1] Northcote's *Life*, i. 285.

[2] The Rev. Mr. Mitford suggested to me that the title may have been originated by Dryden's—

"But kneels to conquer, and but stoops to rise."

[3] The Muse, that is, whose high priest at this time (in the same fastidious opinion) was another living poet so great, so sublime, that twenty tragic authors might be set up with his rejected lines alone. In other words (I named him ten pages back, but the name will already have been forgotten), his friend Mr. Jephson. To such extent, indeed, did his prejudices warp an otherwise keen and penetrating judgment, that, even in his carefully written *Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third*, where the first place in poetry is given to Goldsmith, and in history the first is assigned to Robertson, these opinions are rendered worthless by his coupling, in the same sentences, "Dr. Goldsmith *and* Mr. Anstey" and "Dr. Robertson *and* Mrs. Macauley." See the chapter on the Literature of the Early part of the Reign of George the Third, iii. 172 and 176.

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its success." Newbery thought it best to accept the offer, by which he afterwards very largely profited.

The eventful day arrived (Monday, the 15th of March), and Goldsmith's friends were summoned to a tavern dinner, arranged and to be presided over by Johnson. George Steevens was one; and, in calling on his way to the tavern to take up the old zealous philosopher, found him ready dressed, "but in colored clothes." There was a court-mourning at the time, for the King of Sardinia; and, being reminded of this by Steevens, and that he would find every one else in black, Johnson hastened, with reiterated thanks, to change his dress, profuse in his gratitude for being saved from an appearance so improper in the "front row of a front box," and protesting that he would not "for ten pounds have seemed so retrograde to any general observance."[1] At this dinner, besides Johnson and Steevens, Burke and his brother Richard were present, with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Caleb Whitefoord, and (he would himself have us believe) Cumberland and a party of Scotch friends. But for the presence of Cumberland and his friends, his own *Memoirs*, little better than an amusing collection of apocryphal things, is the only authority; and not only has he described a jumble of a party that could never have assembled (putting in poor Fitzherbert as a guest, though he had already destroyed himself), but, in giving everybody a ludicrous air of patronizing superiority to Goldsmith, and declaring their only desire to have been to obtain a triumph "not only over Colman's judgment but their own," he has so unblushingly misstated the known opinions of Johnson and the rest in connection with the play that his whole scene proclaims itself romance. It is a Sir Fretful good-humoredly describing the success of a brother dramatist.

[1] Steevens's communication to *Boswell*, viii. 327. I may take this opportunity of subjoining Mrs. Thrale's experience of Johnson in a theatre. "He was," she says (*Anecdotes*, 72), "for the most part an exceedingly bad play-house companion, as his person drew people's eyes upon the box, and the loudness of his voice made it difficult for me to hear anybody but himself."

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He says that he and his friends had little hope of success, but were perfectly determined to struggle hard for their author; that they assembled their strength at the Shakespeare tavern (it is much more likely to have been the St. James's coffee-house), where Johnson took the chair at the head of a long table, "and was the life and soul of the corps"; that though his own jokes and his raillery of Goldsmith were a better comedy, and much more attractive, than that which awaited them, they started in good time for their duty at the theatre, taking with them a band of determined North British *claqueurs;* that they distributed themselves at separate and allotted posts, with preconcerted signals for applause, elaborately communicating each with the other; that his own station was as flapper to a simple Scotch worthy with a most contagious roar of a laugh, but with no notion how to use it, who, from laughing upon signal where he found no joke, proceeded to find a joke and a roar on his own account in almost everything said; and that, though these *malapropos* bursts of friendly thunder gave umbrage now and then to the pit, the success of (not the comedy, but) "our manœuvres" was complete, and the curtain fell to a triumph.[1]

[1] Cumberland's *Memoirs*, i. 366–369. Apart from its truth or falsehood, what is said of the Scotchman with a genius for a roar is sufficiently good to be quoted. If he had survived to correct his friend's memory he would probably have told us that he did honestly roar all through the comedy, not because he was told to do it, but because he found himself unable to do anything else. "We had among us a very worthy and efficient member . . . gifted by nature with the most sonorous, and at the same time the most contagious, laugh that ever echoed from the human lungs. The neighing of the horse of the son of Hystaspes was a whisper to it; the whole thunder of the theatre could not drown it.... All eyes were upon Johnson, who sat in a front row of a side box; and when he laughed everybody thought themselves warranted to roar....But my friend followed signals with a rattle so irresistibly comic that, when he had repeated it several times, the attention of the spectators was so engrossed by his person and performances that the progress of the play seemed likely to become a secondary object, and I found it prudent to insinuate that he might halt his music without any prejudice to the author; but, alas! it was now too late to rein him in; he had laughed upon my signal where he found no joke, and now, unluckily, he fancied that he found a joke in almost every-

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Alas! while Cumberland, writing more than thirty years after the event, would have us thus believe that hardly anybody was laughing but himself and friends, the papers of the day report him to have been seen as manifestly miserable in one box as Hugh Kelly[1] and *Ossian* Macpherson showed themselves in another; not only when Woodward came on, in mourning, to speak Garrick's satirical prologue against the sentimentalists, but also while the laughter, as the comedy went on, seemed to peal the death-knell of their school, and particularly when one hearty shout went up for Tony's friend at the "Jolly Pigeons," the bear-leader who never danced his bear but to the very genteelest of tunes, "Water Parted" or the "Minuet in Ariadne." Northcote was present, and wrote to his brother that, "quite the reverse to everybody's expectation, it was received with the utmost applause." Mr. Day was present, and also gives the weight of his judicial authority against Cumberland. He says that he and some friends, knowing the adverse expectations entertained of the comedy, had assembled in great force in the pit to protect it; but they found no difficulty to encounter, for it was "received throughout with the greatest acclamations." Indeed, all the probabilities are against Cumberland's account (even Horace Walpole writes to Lady Ossory from Arlington Street the morning after, "There was a new play by Dr. Goldsmith last night, which succeeded prodigiously");[2] and only one sentence in it, con-

thing that was said, so that nothing in nature could be more *malapropos* than some of his bursts every now and then were."

[1] I may make room for one of the many epigrams which coupled him with Kelly:

"At Dr. Goldsmith's merry play,
All the spectators laugh, they say.
The assertion, sir, I must deny,
For Cumberland and Kelly *cry*."

[2] Vernon Smith's *Ossory Letters*, i. 57. March 16, 1773. Walpole does not appear to have been present himself till a few nights later, but he had no doubt heard of the night's performance from Beauclerc or some other friend as little likely to overrate the success. I may quote also, as a most unexceptionable witness to the mere reception of the comedy, the *Monthly Review* (xlviii. 309), which says, in its notice of the published play, that

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James Northcote

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firmed by every other authority, can be pronounced not questionable. "All eyes were upon Johnson," he says, "who sat in a front row in a side box; and when he laughed everybody thought himself warranted to roar."

Goldsmith had not come with his friends to the theatre. During the dinner, as Sir Joshua afterwards told Northcote, not only did he hardly speak a word, but was so choked that he could not swallow a mouthful;[1] and when the party left for the theatre he went an opposite way. A friend found him sauntering between seven and eight o'clock in the Mall of St. James's Park, struggling to be brave, it may be, with the reflection of what an illustrious line of Ben Jonsons, Websters, Fletchers, Dekkers, Drydens, Congreves, and Fieldings are comprised in the company of "stage-damned"; and it was only on this friend's earnest representation of how useful his presence might be, should sudden alteration be found necessary in any scene, that he was prevailed upon to go to the theatre. He entered the stage-door at the opening of the fifth act, and heard a solitary hiss at the improbability of Mrs. Hardcastle, in her own garden, supposing herself forty miles off on Crackscull Common (a trick, nevertheless, which Sheridan actually played off on Madame de Genlis). "What's that?" he cried out, alarmed not a little at the sound. "Psha! Doctor," said Colman, who was standing

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Shuter, Quick, and indeed all the performers, had topped their parts in the representation, and made the house, the upper regions especially, very merry. And as Griffiths had formerly explained the enthusiasm and the coldness with which "False Delicacy" and the "Good-natured Man" had been respectively greeted by an opinion that sentimental comedy should be seen and humorous comedy read, because the stage always tended to turn comic breadth into mere vulgarity, the sapient and consistent critic now coolly reverses his rule to account for poor Goldsmith's success. "Dr. Goldsmith's merit is in that sort of dialogue which lies on a level with the most common understandings; and in that low mischief and mirth which we laugh at, while we are ready to despise ourselves for so doing. This is the reason why the reader must peruse the present comedy without pleasure, while the representation of it may make him laugh."

[1] Goldsmith's mouth became so parched and dry, "from the agitation of his mind, that he was unable to swallow a single mouthful."—Northcote's *Reynolds*, i. 286. Northcote repeats the same thing in his *Conversations*, 41.

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at the side-scene, doubtless well pleased to have even so much sanction for all his original forebodings; "don't be afraid of a squib, when we have been sitting these two hours on a barrel of gunpowder." Cooke, who gives the best version of this anecdote, corrects assertions elsewhere made that it had happened at the last rehearsal, tells us that Goldsmith himself had related it to him, and adds that "he never forgave it to Colman to the last hour of his life"[1] To all the actors his gratitude was profuse. So thankful had the Tony Lumpkin, in making Quick's fortune, made him, that he altered a translation of Sedley's from Brueys's comedy of "Le Grondeur," adapted it as a farce (which Thomas Moore, who saw the French original fifty years later at the Français, says it already was, and a wretchedly dull one),[2] and suffered it to be played with his name for the benefit of Quick, before the season closed; and so pleased was he with the exertions of Lee Lewes that on the occasion of *his* benefit, on the night preceding Quick's, he wrote him an occasional epilogue in his pleasantest vein.

The hiss seems to have been really a solitary one; for no difference is to be found in any reliable account, either public or private, as to the comedy's absolute success, and the extraordinary "acclamations" that rang through the theatre "when it was given out for the author's benefit." Indeed the hiss was so notedly exceptional that one paper gives it to Cumberland, another to Kelly, and a third, in a parody on *Ossian*,[3] to Macpherson, who had strong reason for hostility to all the Johnson "clique." It became the manager's turn to be *afraid of squibs;* for never with more galling effect had they played round any poor mortal's head

[1] *European Magazine*, xxiv. 178.

[2] *Diary*, iv. 14. This may be some excuse for Goldsmith having turned it into an afterpiece, though not for having failed to improve its dulness. He ought not to have meddled with it. A specimen scene of Goldsmith's adaptation is printed in *Miscellaneous Works*, iv. 333–342, from the licenser's MS. copy in the possession of Mr. Payne Collier.

[3] "Dumb the sullen sat . . . till at last burst faintly a timorous hiss . . . turn him out, toss him over, was the voice of the crowd . . . the manager grumbled within . . . the people sat laughing amain."

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than now, for some weeks to come, they rattled round that of Colman.[1] Even Wilkes left his graver brawls to try his hand at them. The sentimentalist leaders were hit heavily on all sides; but the evil-boding manager, to use his own expression, was put upon the rack. He ran away to Bath to escape the torture, but it followed him even there, and he had at last to ask Goldsmith himself to intercede for mercy. "Colman is so distressed with abuse," writes Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, "that he has solicited Goldsmith to take him off the rack of the newspapers."[2] Johnson's subsequent judgment of the comedy need hardly be quoted. "I know of no comedy for many years that has so much exhilarated an audience, that has answered so much the great end of comedy, making an audience merry."[3] When in the the-

[1] A few smartish verses will show the character of these attacks:

"Come, Coley, doff those mourning weeds,
Nor thus with jokes be flamm'd;
Though Goldsmith's present play succeeds,
His next may still be damn'd.
As this has 'scaped without a fall,
To sink his next prepare;
New actors hire from Wapping Wall
And dresses from Rag Fair.
For scenes let tatter'd blankets fly,
The prologue Kelly write;
Then swear again the piece must die
Before the author's night.
Should these tricks fail, the lucky elf
To bring to lasting shame,
E'en write the best you can yourself,
And print it in his name."

[2] *Mrs. Piozzi's Letters*, i. 80. It was not till six years after poor Goldsmith was in his grave that Colman thought of offering a sort of public apology for the rack on which he had himself placed Goldsmith. These lines occur in his prologue to the "Chapter of Accidents":

"When Fielding, Humor's favorite child, appear'd,
Low was the word—a word each author fear'd;
Till, cheer'd at length by Pleasantry's bright ray,
Nature and Mirth resumed their lawful sway,
And Goldsmith's genius bask'd in open day!"

[3] *Boswell*, iii. 276.

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atre, even Horace Walpole, though he must have winced a little at the laugh raised in the course of the performance at an old lady friend of his, and a club of which they both were members,[1] found himself obliged to admit that some of the characters were well acted, and that Garrick's "poor epilogue" was admirably spoken by Woodward; and, in short, he has to justify his general ill opinion of the piece by remarking that a play may make you laugh very much indeed, and yet be a very wretched comedy. Goldsmith was not disposed, nevertheless, to be quite contented with that test. "Did it make you laugh?" he asked Northcote, who had applauded lustily in the gallery in company with Ralph, Sir Joshua's confidential man;[2] but who was too modest to offer an opinion of his own when asked next day. "Exceedingly," was the answer. "Then that is all I require;"[3] and the author promised him half a dozen tickets for his first benefit night.

This night, and its two successors,[4] are supposed to have

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[1] The "Albemarle Street Club," to which Young Marlow represents himself playing the agreeable Rattle, and keeping it up with Mrs. Mantrap and old Miss Biddy Buckskin till three in the morning. "I forgot to tell your ladyship," writes Walpole to Lady Ossory, "that Miss Lloyd is in the new play by the name of Rachel Buckskin, though he has altered it in the printed copies. Somebody wrote for her a very sensible reproof to him, only it ended with an indecent *grossièreté*. However, the fool took it seriously, and wrote a most dull and scurrilous answer; but, luckily for him, Mr. Beauclerc and Mr. Garrick intercepted it."—Walpole's *Ossory Letters*, i. 60.

[2] "A party went from Sir Joshua's to support it. The present title was not fixed upon till that morning. Northcote went with Ralph, Sir Joshua's man, into the gallery, to see how it went off; and after the second act there was no doubt of its success."—Northcote's *Conversations*, 41. In a subsequent passage (196), he says that a gross expression fell from one of the actors, which "the gallery" promptly suppressed.

[3] *Life of Reynolds*, i. 286.

[4] To author's nights (or days) Pope alludes in a celebrated passage:

> "Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep
> Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,
> Till genial Jacob, or a warm third day,
> Call forth each mass, a poem or a play."
>
> —*Dunciad*, i. 55–60.

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realized between four and five hundred pounds; and the comedy ran to the end of the season, with only such interruptions as holidays and benefit nights interposed. The tenth night was by royal command, and the twelfth was the season's closing night, on the 31st of May. But Foote acted it in the summer at the Haymarket, and it was resumed in winter with the re-opening of Covent Garden. Again it had the compliment of a royal command; ran many merry nights that second season; has made thousands of honest people merry every season since; and still continues to add its yearly sum to the harmless stock of public pleasure. Goldsmith had meanwhile printed it with all despatch, and dedicated it to Johnson. "In inscribing this slight performance to you," he said, "I do not mean so much to compliment you as myself. It may do me some honor to inform the public that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind also to inform them that the greatest wit may be found in a character without impairing the most unaffected piety."[1]

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[1] Boswell is good enough to remark on this: "Goldsmith, though his vanity often excited him to occasional competition, had a very high regard for Johnson, which he at this time expressed in the strongest manner in the dedication of his comedy." In quitting the comedy let me add another sort of tribute which its success brought upon him. Percy found the subjoined among poor Goldsmith's papers after his death; and that Mrs. John Oakman received an answer perfectly satisfactory, and, in Mr. Oakman's view, creditable to his "good sense," I cannot entertain a doubt. It is entitled "On Dr. Goldsmith's comedy, 'She Stoops to Conquer'":

"Quite sick in her bed Thalia was laid,
A sentiment puke had quite kill'd the sweet maid,
Her bright eyes lost all of their fire:
When a regular Doctor, one Goldsmith by name,
Found out her disorder as soon as he came,
And has made her (forever 'twill crown all his fame)
As lively as one can desire.

"Oh! Doctor, assist a poor bard who lies ill,
Without e'er a nurse, e'er a potion, or pill;
From your kindness he hopes for some ease.

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Goldsmith's dedications are perfect models of what that kind of writing should be.

You're a Good-natur'd Man all the world does allow,
Oh, would your good-nature but shine forth just now,
In a manner—I'm sure your good sense will tell how,
Your servant most humbly 'twould please.

"The bearer is the author's wife, and an answer from Dr. Goldsmith by her will be ever gratefully acknowledged by his Humble Servant, JOHN OAKMAN. Orange Court, Swallow Street, Carnaby Market. Saturday, March 27, 1773."

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CHAPTER XVI

THE SHADOW AND THE SUNSHINE

1773

ONE dark shadow fell upon Goldsmith in the midst of the success of "She Stoops to Conquer," and it came as usual from Kenrick. Nine days after the appearance of the comedy a personal attack by that professional libeller appeared in an evening paper called the *London Packet*.[1] It was not more

[1] Percy thought this worth preserving in a note to the first *Memoir* (103–105), and it may, therefore, perhaps be best to retain it here, if only as a specimen of the vulgar trash with which every successful man may look to be pelted from some quarter or other. It is addressed "To Dr. Goldsmith"; and has for its motto *Vous vous noyez par vanité*. Thus it runs: "SIR,—The happy knack which you have learned of puffing your own compositions provokes me to come forth. You have not been the editor of newspapers and magazines not to discover the trick of literary *humbug*. But the gauze is so thin that the very foolish part of the world see through it, and discover the doctor's monkey-face and cloven foot. Your poetic vanity is as unpardonable as your personal: would man believe it, and will woman bear it, to be told that for hours the *great* Goldsmith will stand surveying his grotesque Oranhotan's figure in a pier-glass? Was but the lovely H——k as much enamoured, you would not sigh, my gentle swain, in vain. But your vanity is preposterous. How will this same bard of Bedlam ring the changes in praise of Goldy! But what has he to be either proud or vain of? The *Traveller* is a flimsy poem, built upon false principles—principles diametrically opposite to liberty. What is the "Good-natured Man" but a poor, water-gruel dramatic dose? What is the *Deserted Village* but a *pretty* poem, of easy numbers, without fancy, dignity, genius, or fire? And pray what may be the last *speaking pantomime*, so praised by the Doctor himself, but an incoherent piece of stuff, the figure of a woman with a fish's tail, without plot, incident, or intrigue? We are made to laugh at stale, dull jokes, wherein we mistake pleasantry for wit and grimace for humor; wherein every scene is unnatural, and inconsistent with the rules, the laws of nature, and of drama—viz., Two gentlemen come

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gross than former favors from the same hand had been. All his writings were denounced in it. The *Traveller* was "flimsy," the *Deserted Village* "without fancy or fire," the "Good-natured Man" "water-gruel," and "She Stoops to Conquer" "a speaking pantomime." Harmless abuse enough, and such as plays the shadow to all success; for even the libeller is compelled to admit that "it is now the *ton* to go and see" the comedy he so elaborately abuses. Swift's sign of a genius is, that the dunces are in confederacy against him; and there is always a large and active class of them in literature. To the end of the chapter the Dryden will have his Shadwell and the Pope his Dennis; and still the *signum fatale Minervæ* will be a signal for the *huic date*, the old cry of attack.[1] "Give it him" is the sentence, if he

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to a man of fortune's house, eat, drink, sleep, etc., and take it for an inn. The one is intended as a lover to the daughter; he talks with her for some hours, and, when he sees her again in a different dress, he treats her as a bar-girl, and swears she squinted. He abuses the master of the house, and threatens to kick him out of his own doors. The 'squire, whom we are told is to be a fool, proves the most sensible being of the piece; and he makes out a whole act by bidding his mother lie close behind a bush, persuading her that his father, her own husband, is a highwayman, and that he has come to cut their throats; and to give his cousin an opportunity to go off, he drives his mother over hedges, ditches, and through ponds. There is not, sweet, sucking Johnson, a natural stroke in the whole play, but the young fellow's giving the stolen jewels to the mother, supposing her to be the landlady. That Mr. Colman did no justice to this piece I honestly allow; that he told all his friends it would be damned, I positively aver; and from such ungenerous insinuations, without a dramatic merit, it rose to public notice, and it is now the *ton* to go and see it, though I never saw a person that either liked it or approved it, any more than the absurd plot of Mr. Home's tragedy of 'Alonzo.' Mr. Goldsmith, correct your arrogance, reduce your vanity; and endeavor to believe, as a man, you are of the plainest sort; and, as an author, but a mortal piece of mediocrity.

'Brise le miroir infidèle
Qui vous cache la vérité.' "Tom Tickle."

[1] "Somebody produced a newspaper in which was a letter of stupid abuse of Sir Joshua Reynolds, of which Johnson himself came in for a share. 'Pray,' said he, 'let us have it read aloud from beginning to end'; which being done, he, with a ludicrous earnestness, and not directing his look to any particular person, called out, 'Are we alive after all this satire?'"—Langton's collectanea in *Boswell*, vii. 376.

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shows signs of life in genius or learning; and the execution seldom fails. But a man who enters literature enters it on this condition. He has to reflect that, sooner or later, he will be stamped for as much as he is worth; and meanwhile has to think that probably his height, dimensions, and prowess might not be so well discerned if less men than himself did not thus surround and waylay him at his starting. Without extenuation of the unjust assailant, so much is fairly to be said; without in the least agitating the question whether a petty larceny or a petty libel be the more immoral, or whether it be the more criminal to filch a purse or a good name. Shakespeare has decided that. But the present libel in the *London Packet* went far beyond the bounds indicated; and to which allusion has only been made that the incident now to be related may be judged correctly. Goldsmith had patiently suffered worse public abuse; and would doubtless here have suffered as patiently if baser matter had not been introduced. But the libeller had invaded private life and dragged in the Jessamy Bride. "Was but the lovely H——k as much enamoured, you would not sigh, my gentle swain, in vain." Having read this, he felt it was his duty to resent it. Captain Charles Horneck, the lady's brother, is said to have accompanied him to the office of the *London Packet*, but in ignorance of his precise intention.[1]

[1] This, however, could hardly be, if Cradock's statement is to be believed. "The Doctor unfortunately went to dine with the family in Westminster just after they had read this insulting article, and they were all most highly indignant at it. The Doctor agonized all dinner time; but as soon as possible afterwards he stole away," etc. The truth is, that the initials only (Captain H——) of the friend who accompanied Goldsmith appeared afterwards in the papers, and they would equally express his countryman, Captain Higgins (introduced into the *Haunch of Venison*); perhaps a more likely man than Captain Horneck to have been his companion in such a business. The account in the text, it is true, is from the relation of one who was present, but, being a mere apprentice at the time, he was doubtless unacquainted with the person of either captain, and must on this point have spoken from his impression of what the papers of the day reported. I cannot help thinking it a strong presumption against Captain Horneck's presence that Goldsmith's anger had been chiefly excited by the allusion to his sister. Boswell himself tells us that he was betrayed into the act of resent-

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Thomas Evans was the publisher (from a note found among his papers, Goldsmith at first seems to have thought him the editor); and must not be confounded with the worthy bookseller of the same name, who first[1] collected Goldsmith's writings. This other Thomas Evans was more eccentric than amiable. He had so violent a quarrel with one of his sons that he allowed him, a year and a half before his own death, literally to perish in the streets; he separated from his wife because she sided with her son in that quarrel; and he would have disinherited his heirs if they had not buried him without coffin or shroud, and limited his funeral expenses to forty shillings.[2] His assistant at this time was a young man named Harris, whose name afterwards rivalled Newbery's in the affection of children, having succeeded to Francis Newbery's business, carried on as the firm of Carnan and Newbery in St. Paul's Churchyard. It was of him that Goldsmith and the Captain inquired whether Evans was at home; and he has described what followed. He called Evans from an adjoining room, and heard him thus addressed: "I have called in consequence of a scurrilous attack in your paper upon me (my name is Goldsmith), and an unwarrantable liberty taken with the name of a young lady. As for myself I care little, but her name must not be sported with." Evans upon this declaring ignorance of the matter, saying he would speak to the editor, and stooping as though to look for the libel, Goldsmith struck him smartly with his cane across the back, crying out as he did so, "You know well enough, you rascal, what I mean."[3] But Evans, being a strong, sturdy

ment because he thought it "impertinent to him and to a lady of his acquaintance."—iii. 247. Since this note was written I find that Dr. M'Donnell had an impression that Captain Higgins was the man. See *Prior*, ii. 347.

[1] In London. See vol. iii. 140. [2] Nichols's *Anecdotes*, iii. 721.

[3] "Among Goldsmith's papers," says the *Percy Memoir*, "has been found the following unfinished relation of the adventure, dictated to an amanuensis; for the poor Doctor's hand was too much bruised to hold a pen. 'As I find the public have been informed by the newspapers of a slight fray which happened between me and the editor of an evening paper, to

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man, returned the blow "with interest"; and in the sudden scuffle a lamp suspended overhead was broken, the combatants covered with the oil, and the undignified affray brought to a somewhat ludicrous pause. Then there stepped from the adjoining editorial room, which Evans had lately quitted, no less a person than Kenrick himself, who had certainly written the libel, and who is described to have "separated the parties and sent Goldsmith home in a coach," greatly disfigured, according to Cradock; the Captain who accompanied him standing transfixed with amazement. Evans subsequently indicted Goldsmith for the assault, but consented to a compromise on his paying fifty pounds to a Welsh charity.[1]

But this money payment was the least of the fines exacted. All the papers abused the poor sensitive poet, even such as were ordinarily favorable to him; and all of them steadily turned aside from the real point in issue. At last he stated it himself, in an Address to the Public which was published in the *Daily Advertiser* of the 31st of March, and which is well worth subjoining. The abuse at which it was aimed had at this time grown to an intolerable height. The Mr. Snakes, whom Sheridan satirized a few years later, were spawning in abundance. "I am not employed in the political line, but in private disputes," said one of them this year to Tommy Townshend, explaining why he had preferred entering into the service of the newspapers rather than into that of the ministers. Attacks upon private char-

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prevent their being imposed upon, the account is shortly this. A friend of mine came on Friday to inform me that a paragraph was inserted against me in the *London Packet*, which I was in honor bound to resent. I read the paper, and considered it in the same light as he did. I went to the editor, and struck him with my cane on the back. A scuffle ensued—'" —105–106. On second thoughts Goldsmith had discreetly substituted for this narrative the more general statement to be presently quoted.

[1] Soon after Kenrick's death a friend of his wrote to the magazines (this was in 1788) denying that he had written the libel, attributing it to Captain Thompson (a statement in all respects improbable), and stating that Kenrick's subsequent interference arose simply from the fact of "passing by the house and seeing the disturbance."

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acter were the most liberal existing source of newspaper income.

"Lest it should be supposed that I have been willing to correct in others an abuse of which I have been guilty myself, I beg leave to declare that in all my life I never wrote, or dictated, a single paragraph, letter, or essay in a newspaper, except a few moral essays, under the character of a Chinese, about ten years ago, in the *Ledger*, and a letter to which I signed my name, in the *St. James's Chronicle*. If the liberty of the press, therefore, has been abused, I have had no hand in it.

"I have always considered the press as the protector of our freedom, as a watchful guardian, capable of uniting the weak against the encroachments of power. What concerns the public most properly admits of a public discussion. But of late the press has turned from defending public interest to making inroads upon private life, from combating the strong to overwhelming the feeble. No condition is now too obscure for its abuse, and the protector is become the tyrant of the people. In this manner the freedom of the press is beginning to sow the seeds of its own dissolution; the great must oppose it from principle and the weak from fear; till at last every rank of mankind shall be found to give up its benefits, content with security from its insults.

"How to put a stop to this licentiousness, by which all are indiscriminately abused, and by which vice consequently escapes in the general censure, I am unable to tell; all I could wish is that as the law gives us no protection against the injury, so it should give calumniators no shelter after having provoked correction. The insults which we receive before the public, by being more open, are the more distressing; by treating them with silent contempt we do not pay a sufficient deference to the opinion of the world. By recurring to legal redress we too often expose the weakness of the law, which only serves to increase our mortification by failing to relieve us. In short, every man should singly consider himself as a guardian of the liberty of the press, and, as far as his influence can extend, should endeavor to prevent its licentiousness becoming at last the grave of its freedom. OLIVER GOLDSMITH."[1]

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[1] *Daily Advertiser*, 31st March, 1773. "What an odd fellow he must be," writes Dr. Hoadly to Garrick, "who speaks against the liberty of the press while he pleads for it! He had better throw what inconsistent humor he has into a novel (as in the *Vicar of Wakefield*) than pretend to a theatrical turn, which he has not. . . . I have not yet had a sight of his five-act farce (for such it must be, from the specimen in the papers) which seemed sadly writ, though capable of some fun in the action."—*Garrick Correspondence*, i. 506. From the tone of Garrick's friends in matters of this kind it is not difficult to infer what his own habit of speaking was; but, indeed, everybody among his contemporaries thought himself privileged to talk in this way of Goldsmith. Hoadly, however, whose coarse manner of writing his private letters proclaims him the very model of a public

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Johnson called this a foolish thing well done. Boswell had come up for his London holiday two days after it appeared, and thought it *so* well done that, knowing Johnson to have dictated arguments in Scotch appeals and other like matters for himself, he assumed Johnson to have done it. "Sir," said Johnson, "Dr. Goldsmith would no more have asked me to have wrote such a thing as that than he would have asked me to feed him with a spoon or to do anything else that denoted his imbecility. I as much believe that he wrote it as if I had seen him do it. Sir, had he shown it to any one friend he would not have been allowed to publish it. He has, indeed, done it very well; but it is a foolish thing well done. I suppose he has been so much elated by the success of his new comedy that he has thought everything that concerned him must be of importance to the public." "I fancy, sir," rejoined Boswell, "that this is the first time that he has been engaged in such an adventure." "Why, sir," laughed Johnson, "I believe it is the first time he has *beat;* he may have been *beaten* before. This, sir, is a new plume to him."[1]

A few days later Boswell repaired to his Fleet Street place of worship with news that he had been to see Goldsmith, and with regrets that he had fallen into a loose way of talking. He reported him to have said, "As I take my shoes from the shoemaker, and my coat from the tailor, so I take my religion from the priest." A silly thing to say, if gravely said; but not so if merely used to dismiss Bozzy's pestering habit of intruding solemn subjects, and flourishing weapons of argument over them which he knew not how to handle. But Johnson happened to be in no humor to discriminate, and simply answered: "Sir, he knows nothing; he has made up his mind about nothing."[2]

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sentimentalist, has soon to advert with ill-concealed impatience to Garrick's change of tone in this matter. "I should be glad to know your present real opinion, etc. You seem now to give in to Dr. Goldsmith's ridiculosity in opposition to all sentimentality. If so, etc."—*Garrick Correspondence*, i. 583.

[1] *Boswell*, iii. 247.

[2] iii. 252. It was a few days after this that Boswell dined with John-

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On the 13th of April the three dined alone with General Oglethorpe and his family, and Goldsmith showed them that at least he could sing. After taking prominent part in the after-dinner talk, expatiating on one of his favorite themes of the effect of luxury in degenerating races, and maintaining afterwards a discussion with Johnson,[1] he sang, with great applause, on joining the ladies at tea, not only Tony Lumpkin's song of the "Three Jolly Pigeons," but a very pretty one to an Irish tune (the "Humors of Ballamagairy," afterwards sung by Irish Johnstone, and appropriated in the delightful *Melodies* of Moore), which he had writ-

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son, and as the account has not only a certain interest for us, but is more creditable to the relater's good sense than other things necessarily recorded in my volumes, I quote it: "I had gratified my curiosity much in dining with Jean Jacques Rousseau while he lived in the wilds of Neufchâtel; I had as great a curiosity to dine with Dr. Samuel Johnson in the dusky recess of a court in Fleet Street. I supposed we should scarcely have knives and forks, and only some strange, uncouth, ill-dressed dish; but I found everything in very good order. We had no other company but Mrs. Williams and a young woman whom I did not know. . . . We had very good soup, a boiled leg of lamb and spinach, a veal pie, and a rice pudding."—iii. 251–253.

[1] Goldsmith expatiated on the common topic that the race of our people was degenerated, and that this was owing to luxury. "JOHNSON: 'Sir, in the first place, I doubt the fact. I believe there are as many tall men in England now as ever there were. But, secondly, supposing the stature of our people to be diminished, that is not owing to luxury; for, sir, consider to how very small a proportion of our people luxury can reach. . . . You will observe there is no man who works at any particular trade but you may know him from his appearance to do so. One part of his body being more used than the rest, he is in some degree deformed; but, sir, that is not luxury. A tailor sits cross-legged; but that is not luxury.' GOLDSMITH: 'Come, you're just going to the same place by another road.' JOHNSON: 'Nay, sir, I say that is not *luxury*. Let us take a walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel, through, I suppose, the greatest series of shops in the world: what is there in any of these shops (if you except gin-shops) that can do any human being any harm?' GOLDSMITH: 'Well, sir, I'll accept your challenge. The very next shop to Northumberland House is a pickle-shop.' JOHNSON: 'Well, sir; do we not know that a maid can in one afternoon make pickles sufficient to serve a whole family for a year? nay, that five pickle-shops can serve all the kingdom? Besides, sir, there is no harm done to anybody by the making of pickles, or the eating of pickles."—iii. 256–257.

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ten for Miss Hardcastle, but which Mrs. Bulkley cut out, not being able to sing. Two days later the three again met at General Paoli's; and what even Boswell noted down of Goldsmith's share in the conversation is no unreasonable answer to his own and Johnson's multiplied charges of absurdity and ignorance. What Goldsmith says for the most part is excellent sense, very tersely and happily expressed. The exception was a hasty remark upon Sterne, to whose writings he was not yet become reconciled. Johnson had instanced "the man Sterne" as having had engagements for three months, in proof that anybody who has a name will have plenty of invitations in London. "And a very dull fellow," interposed Goldsmith. "Why, no, sir," said Johnson. He came off better in a subsequent good-humored hit against Johnson himself, who, describing his poor-author days and the quantities of prefaces and dedications he had written, declared that he had dedicated to the royal family all round: "And perhaps, sir," suggested Goldsmith, "not one sentence of wit in a whole dedication?" "Perhaps not, sir," the other humanely admitted.[1]

And here once for all let me say, as to Goldsmith's share in this and other conversations now to be recorded, that it is never a real deficiency of sense or knowledge that is to be noted in him so much as an occasional blundering precipitancy which does no justice to what is evidently a view of the subject not incorrect in the main. It will in some sort illustrate my meaning to quote a passage from Swift's *Journal to Stella*.[2] "I have," he writes, "my mouth full of water, and was going to spit it out, because I reasoned with myself, how could I write when my mouth was full? Have not you done things like that, *reasoned wrong at first thinking?*" This is what Goldsmith was constantly doing in society, reasoning wrong at first thinking, with the disadvantage that those first thoughts got blurted out, and the thoughts that corrected them came too late.[3]

[1] *Boswell*, iii. 266. [2] *Works*, ii. 76.

[3] Macaulay's view does not appear materially to differ from this. "Minds differ as rivers differ. There are transparent and sparkling rivers from

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He and Johnson, still at Paoli's dinner-table, fell into something like an argument as to whether Signor Martinelli, a very fashionable and complacent teacher of Italian who had written a history of England (he was present at the dinner, or they would hardly have spoken so respectfully of a mere compilation from Rapin), should continue his history to the present day. "To be sure he should," said Goldsmith. "No, sir," said Johnson, "he would give great offence. He would have to tell of almost all the living great what they do not wish to be told." To this Goldsmith replied that it might perhaps be necessary for a native to be more cautious, but a foreigner, who came among us without prejudice, might be considered as holding the place of a judge, and might speak his mind freely. Johnson retorted that the foreigner was just as much in danger of catching "the error and mistaken enthusiasm" of the people he happened to be among. "Sir," persisted Goldsmith, "he wants only to sell his history, and to tell truth: one an honest, the other a laudable motive." "Sir," returned Johnson, "they are both laudable motives. It is laudable in a man to wish to live by his labors; but he should write so as he *may* live by them, not so as he may be knocked on the head. I would advise him to be at Calais before he writes his history of the present age. A foreigner who attaches himself to a political party in this country is in the worst state that can be imagined; he is looked upon as a mere intermeddler. A native may do it from interest." "Or principle," interposed Boswell. Goldsmith's observation on this was not very logical, it must be confessed. "There are people who tell a hundred political lies every day," he said, "and are not hurt by it. Surely, then, one may tell

which it is delightful to drink as they flow; to such rivers the minds of such men as Burke and Johnson may be compared. But there are rivers of which the water when first drawn is turbid and noisome, but becomes pellucid as crystal and delicious to the taste if it be suffered to stand till it has deposited a sediment; and such a river is a type of the mind of Goldsmith. His first thoughts on every subject were confused even to absurdity, but they required only a little time to work themselves clear. When he wrote, they had that time."—*Biographical Essays*. 69.

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truth with safety." "Why, sir," Johnson answered, "a man had rather have a hundred lies told of him than one truth which he does not wish to be told." "Well," protested Goldsmith, "for my part, I'd tell the truth, and shame the devil." "Yes, sir," said the other, "but the devil will be angry. I wish to shame the devil as much as you do, but I should choose to be out of the reach of his claws." "His claws can do you no harm when you have the shield of truth," was Goldsmith's happy retort, which, on the whole, perhaps left the victory with him.[1] The same spirit, but not so good an argument, was in his subsequent comment on Johnson's depreciation of the learning of Harris of Salisbury,[2] the first Lord Malmesbury's father. "He may not be an eminent Grecian," he interposed, "but he is what is much better: he is a worthy, humane man." "Nay, sir," said Johnson," "that will as much prove that he can play upon the fiddle as well as Giardini as that he is an eminent Grecian." Goldsmith felt this; and turned off with a remark that the greatest musical performers have small emoluments.[3]

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[1] *Boswell*, iii. 259.

[2] *Boswell*, iii. 266-267. "The most modest of all books," says Mrs. Piozzi of the *Hermes*, in one of those MS. notes to which I have before referred, "for its author only sends you back to Aristotle at every word in every page, I think." She had got this from Johnson.

[3] Goldsmith might have spoken more confidently. Against Johnson's depreciation of the learning of Harris, and the frequent sneers of Walpole, and (which is more important) the objection of Gray, who instanced the *Hermes* as what he called the "shallow profound" (*Works*, v. 35), are to be set off the weighty opinions of such men as Gibbon, Dugald Stewart, and Coleridge. I would add that some dialogues by Harris (and other lighter works of his are equally accessible), which show him to have been what Goldsmith asserted him to be, something more worthy and humane than mere scholarship would have entitled him to be thought, will be found at the end of the novel *David Simple*, by Fielding's sister, to which Fielding himself wrote a charming preface. "I wish you had been with me last week," writes Joseph Warton to his brother in 1746 (*Wooll*, 215), "when I spent two evenings with Fielding and his sister, who wrote *David Simple*, and you may guess I was very well entertained. The lady, indeed, retir'd pretty soon, but Russell and I sat up with the Poet till one or two in the morning, and were inexpressibly diverted. I find he values, as he justly may, his *Joseph Andrews* above all his writings."

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"Giardini, I am told, does not get above seven hundred a year." "That," replied Johnson, with a philosophy worthy of Adam Smith, "is, indeed, but little for a man to get who does best that which so many endeavor to do." Then there was some talk about "She Stoops to Conquer"; and little weaknesses of Goldsmith's peeped out.

Somebody wondered if the King would come to see the new play. "I wish he would," said Goldsmith, quickly. "Not," he added, with a show of indifference meant to cover his too great earnestness. "that it would do me the least good." "Well then, sir," said Johnson, laughing, "let us say it would do *him* good. No, sir, this affectation will not pass: it is mighty idle. In such a state as ours, who would not wish to please the chief magistrate?" "I *do* wish to please him," returned Goldsmith, frankly, and eager to repair his error. "I remember a line in Dryden,

'And every poet is the monarch's friend.'

It ought to be reversed." "Nay, there are finer lines in Dryden on this subject," said Johnson; and, not caring for the moment to recollect that their host had been a rebel, he quoted the couplet,

"For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
And never rebel was to arts a friend."

"Nay," said Paoli, "successful rebels might." "Happy rebellions," exclaimed Martinelli. "We have no such phrase," said Goldsmith. "But have you not the *thing?*" asked Paoli. "Yes," the other answered; "all our *happy* revolutions. They have hurt our constitution, and will hurt it, till we mend it by another HAPPY REVOLUTION." Boswell adds that he never before discovered that his friend Goldsmith had "so much of the old prejudice in him"; but the remark was more probably thrown out, at once to please old Johnson, and at the same time vindicate his own independence in the matter of royalty. The turn taken by the conversation would indicate this.

"Il a fait," said Paoli of Goldsmith, "un compliment

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très-gracieux à une certaine grande dame." The allusion was to a strong intimation, in "She Stoops to Conquer," of its author's dislike of the Royal Marriage Act, and sympathy with its victim, the Duchess of Gloucester. The Duke of Cumberland had been forbidden the Court on his marriage with a handsome widow, Mrs. Horton (Lord Carhampton's, better known as Colonel Luttrell's, sister), a year before; but on the Duke of Gloucester's subsequent avowal of his marriage with another and more charming widow, Lady Waldegrave (Sir Edward Walpole's natural daughter), the King's indignation found vent in the Royal Marriage Act, which was hotly opposed by the Whigs as an edict of tyranny, Lords Rockingham and Camden[1] contesting it at every stage in the Lords, and Goldsmith (perhaps for Burke's sake) helping to make it unpopular with the people. "We'll go to France," says Hastings to Miss Neville, "for there, even among slaves, the laws of marriage are respected." Said on the first night, this had directed repeated cheering and popular applause to the Duke of Glouces-

[1] Camden, in one of his speeches contesting the bill, made a considerable sensation by the way in which he pointed out the inconvenience and injustice that might arise from the proposal to extend its provisions to all the descendants of George II., who, according to the common process of descent, might be expected in a few generations to amount to many thousands; in support of which he mentioned that he knew an undoubted legitimate descendant of a King of England who was then keeping an alehouse. Camden greatly understated the case, however, if the poet Gray's computation was right, "that there must go a million of ancestors in twenty generations to everybody's composition." In our own day a curious volume has been published descriptive of individuals who have the right to quarter the royal arms, from which it appears that the princely blood of Plantagenet now flows through the humblest veins, and the noble dust of the Tudors presides in person over beer-barrels. It shows us carpenters, sextons, saddlers, shoemakers, butchers, upholsterers, and tailors among the descendants of the sons of Edward I. and Edward III. One of its transformations, however, I am disposed to think less remarkable than at first would appear. It exhibits to us a man taking toll at a turnpike, almost under the very walls of those feudal towers that gave the name to the barony of which he is a co-heir. But what, after all, were his ancestors the feudal barons, what are kings themselves, but toll and tax collectors on a great scale? See a little quarto entitled *Royal Descents*, published by Nichols & Nichols in 1846.

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ter, who sat in one of the boxes; and it now drew forth the allusion of Paoli. But Boswell was not content with a mere hint. Feeling that Goldsmith "might not wish to avow positively his taking part against the Court," and that, therefore, it was not fair to endeavor to bring him to a confession, he naturally resolved, upon the instant, to bring him to it if he could; so, in order that he might hear the exact truth from himself, he straightway doubted if the allusion had ever been intended. Goldsmith smiled and hesitated; when Paoli hastened to relieve him with an elegant metaphor. "Monsieur Goldsmith est comme la mer, qui jette des perles et beaucoup d'autres belles choses, sans s'en apperçevoir." "Très bien dit, et très élégamment," said Goldsmith, highly pleased.

Five days afterwards he dined at Thrale's; again argued with Johnson; and seems to me to have had the best of the argument. Talking of poor Fitzherbert's melancholy suicide the year before, Johnson said he had often thought that, after a man had taken the resolution to kill himself, it was not courage in him to do anything, however desperate, because he had nothing to fear. "I don't see that," remarked Goldsmith, reasonably enough. "Nay, but my dear sir," said Johnson, rather unreasonably, "why should you not see what every one else sees?" "Why," was Goldsmith's reply, "it is for fear of something that he has resolved to kill himself; and will not that timid disposition restrain him?" Johnson's retort was a sophism exactly confirming Goldsmith's view. The argument arose, he said, on the resolution taken, not on the inducement to take it. Determine, and you have nothing more to fear; you may go and take the King of Prussia by the nose, at the head of his army; "you cannot fear the rack, who are resolved to kill yourself."[1] Goldsmith's obvious answer might have been, It is precisely because I fear the rack that I have resolved to kill myself. But there the argument ended.

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[1] *Boswell*, iii. 270–271.

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Garrick's vanity was another topic started at this dinner; and Johnson, while he accounted for it and justified it, by the many bellows that had blown the fire, was interrupted by the "and such bellows too!" of Boswell, who proceeded to count up the notes of famous people (enough to turn his head) that he had persuaded Garrick to show him: "Lord Mansfield with his cheeks like to burst, Lord Chatham like an Æolus"; all which praises Johnson quietly explained with a ready adaptation of a line in Congreve, "True. When he whom everybody else flatters, flatters me, then I am truly happy."[1] Whereupon quick little Mrs. Thrale reminded him that he was here only adapting Congreve. "Yes, madam," he replied, "in the *Way of the World:*

> 'If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
> That heart which others bleed for, bleed for me!'"

But he was not so tolerant of his old friend eight days later when the same party, with Reynolds, Langton, and Thrale, dined at General Oglethorpe's. Goldsmith had said he thought it "mean and gross flattery" in Garrick to have foisted into the dialogue of Beaumont and Fletcher's play of the "Chances," which he had revived that year, a compliment to the Queen; when Johnson, with somewhat needless warmth, remarked, "As to meanness, sir, how is it mean in a player, a showman, a fellow who exhibits himself for a shilling, to flatter his queen?" In admirable taste was then the calm and just rebuke of the kindly Reynolds. "I do not perceive why the profession of a player should be despised; for the great and ultimate end of all the employments of mankind is to produce amusement. Garrick produces more amusement than anybody." This emboldened Boswell to hazard the analogy of a lawyer with a player, the one exhibiting for his fee as the other for his shilling; whereon Johnson roughly seized him, turned the laugh against him, and covered his own retreat. "Why, sir, what does this prove? only that a lawyer is worse.

[1] *Boswell*, iii. 268.

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Boswell is now like Jack in the *Tale of a Tub*, who, when he is puzzled by an argument" (it was Arbuthnot's, not Swift's, Jack, and it was for no such reason, but it served Johnson's laugh to say so), "hangs himself. He thinks I shall cut him down," and here he laughed vociferously, "but I'll let him hang."[1] Boswell's comfort in annoyances of this sort was to diffuse the annoyance by describing the whole scene next day to some one whom it equally affected. Garrick would in this case, of course, be the first to hear all that had passed. But Garrick's revenges on Johnson were harmless enough.[2] At his angriest he would only pay him off[3] by exhibiting his fondness for his old wife, Tetty, in

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[1] Johnson's allusion was not to the piece of wit he mentions, but to the *History of John Bull*. Pleasantly contrasting with this vociferous attack on Boswell is the high-bred courtesy with which Reynolds comes to his relief: "Mr. Boswell thinking that the profession of a lawyer being unquestionably honorable, if he can show the profession of a player to be more honorable, he proves his argument."—iii. 277.

[2] "I repeated this sally to Garrick," he tells us, on a similar occasion to the present, and wondered to find his sensibility as a writer not a little irritated by it. To soothe him, I observed that Johnson spared none of us," etc.—iii. 79. Somewhat later he narrates another, and then adds: "He was always jealous that Johnson spoke lightly of him. I recollect his exhibiting him to me one day as if saying: 'Davy has some convivial pleasantry about him, but 'tis a futile fellow,' which he uttered perfectly with the tone and air of Johnson."—v. 264. On the other hand, it is worth quoting what is said by Mrs. Hannah More, when, writing to her sister in April, 1786, of the "fashion" which Mrs. Piozzi's just published *Anecdotes* had become, she strongly objects to the occasional harsh things reported in them against Garrick. "This new-fashioned biography seems to value itself upon perpetuating everything that is injurious and detracting. I perfectly recollect the candid answer Garrick once made to my inquiry why Johnson was so often harsh and unkind in his speeches, both of and to him. 'Why, *Nine*,' he replied, 'it is very natural: is it not to be expected he should be angry, that I, who have so much less merit than he, should have had so much greater success?'"—*Memoirs*, ii. 16. On the other hand, see *Boswell*, vii. 137–138.

[3] Garrick was always the more considerate to this prejudice against players, exhibited so strongly in the *Life of Savage*, and never wholly dropped in later life, because of Johnson's absolute ignorance, according to him, of what the art of acting really was. He had made no advance in this respect since the old days in Lichfield, when he would say of the Sir Harry Wildair of the theatre, "There is a courtly vivacity about

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their earlier London or Lichfield days; or he might show him using the most uncouth gesticulations to squeeze a lemon into a punch-bowl, looking round the company and calling out, with a broad Lichfield twang, "Who's for *poonsh?*" or perhaps he would imitate his delivery of the celebrated lines of Ovid:

> "Os homini sublime dedit—cœlumque tueri
> Jussit—et erectos ad sidera—tollere vultus,"[1]

which he gave with pauses and half-whistlings interjected, looking *downward* all the time, and absolutely touching the ground with a kind of contorted movement of his arms while he pronounced the last four words, until all the listeners, exhausted with laughter, implored the mimic to desist.[2]

Another subject started at Oglethorpe's table was the custom of eating dogs at Otaheite, which Goldsmith named as existing also in China, adding that a dog-butcher was as common there as any other butcher, and that when he walked abroad (he quite believed this, and stated it in his Natural History) all the dogs fell on him. Johnson did not contradict it, but explained it by the "smell of carnage." "Yes," repeated Goldsmith, "there is a general abhorrence in animals at the signs of massacre. If you put a tub full of blood into a stable, the horses are like to go mad." "I doubt

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the fellow"—the actor who played the part, sir, pursued Garrick, being, in fact, the most vulgar ruffian that ever went on the boards.—*Boswell*, vi. 98. On the other hand, we recognize a shrewd and well-felt piece of criticism when Johnson says of Garrick's Archer: "He does not play it well, sir. The gentleman should break through the footman, which is not the case as he does it." We listen with less confidence when he says that Garrick could "represent all modes of life but that of an easy, fine-bred gentleman" (iv. 132), because our confidence is greater in Garrick's than in Johnson's experience of that kind of gossamer existence.

[1] Of which, let me interpose, the translation by Dryden, where with the addition of a single word he puts a Christian elevation and grandeur into the noble thought of the old Pagan:

> "Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
> Beholds his own *hereditary* skies."—*Ov. Met.* i. line 13—

deserves to be not less celebrated.

[2] *Boswell*, v. 268, and see vi. 96.

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that," said Johnson. "Nay, sir," Goldsmith gravely assured him, "it is a fact well authenticated." "You had better prove it," Thrale quietly interposed, "before you put it into your book on Natural History. You may do it in my stable if you will." But Johnson would have him do no such thing; for the very sensible reason that he had better, taking his information from others as he must, leave others responsible for such errors as he might make in so comprehensive a book as his *Animated Nature* than assume responsibility himself by the arduous task of experiment, and expose himself to blame for not making experiments as to every particular[1] From this the conversation passed to lit-

[1] *Boswell*, iii. 276. Cooke relates an amusing instance of one practical experiment by which Goldsmith proposed to test a theory thrown out in his book. "The Doctor was at times very absent, and showed such an inconsistency of mind that if a person was to judge of his literary knowledge from some particular instances, they must think very meanly of his information or talents. He was once engaged in a violent dispute with George Bellas, the proctor (at the very time he was writing his *History of Animated Nature*) about the *motion* of the upper jaw; and, when Bellas laughed at him on the absurdity of his assertion, the Doctor very seriously, but warmly, desired him to put his finger in his mouth, and he'd convince him. Being soon after desired by a friend to recollect what he had asserted, he paused for some time, and said, 'In truth I had forgot myself, but anyway I ought not to have given up the victory to such an antagonist.'"—*European Magazine*, xxiv. 261. The passage in the *Animated Nature* to which Cooke alludes as connected with this odd experimental test, I am not acquainted with; unless it be that equally singular illustration already given (see vol. iii. 27), from the recollection of his own student days at Edinburgh, on the subject of yawning, which would seem to have reference rather to the lower than the upper jaw. I take this opportunity of subjoining one or two other passages that have an interest personal to the writer. It has been stated, on the authority of his book, that Goldsmith advocated entire abstinence from wine; but the inference is not supported by the passage cited for it (ii. 8), which is simply a comment on the fast-days prescribed by the Roman Catholic church. "How far it may be enjoined in the Scriptures I will not take upon me to say; but this may be asserted, that if the utmost benefit to the individual, and the most extensive advantage to society, serve to mark any institution one of Heaven, this of abstinence may be reckoned among the foremost." Another passage might seem to show that he had at one time taken some part in the direction or management of the Society of Arts. Speaking (iii. 175) of Gesner's description of various traps for the catching of rats and mice, he adds that this society

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erary subjects, and Goldsmith spoke slightingly of the character of Mallet. "Why, sir," remarked Johnson, "Mallet had talents enough to keep his literary reputation alive as long as he himself lived; and that, let me tell you, is a good deal." "But," persisted Goldsmith, "I cannot agree that it was so. His literary reputation was dead long before his natural death. I consider an author's literary reputation to be alive only while his name will insure a good price for his copy from the booksellers. I will get you" (and if the spirit of controversy was here rising in Johnson, his friend at once disarmed it) "a hundred guineas for anything whatever that you shall write, if you will put your name to it." Johnson did not reply, but began to praise "She Stoops to Conquer."

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had proposed a reward for the most ingenious contrivance for that purpose, "and I observed almost every candidate passing off descriptions as inventions of his own. I thought it was cruel to detect the plagiarism, or frustrate the humble ambition of those who would be thought the inventors of a mouse-trap." A third cleverly written passage (v. 273), in which, after pointing out the close resemblance between the frog and the toad in appearance, he stops to show that "such is the force of habit, begun in early prejudice, that those who consider the one as a harmless, playful animal, turn from the other with horror and disgust," has also an autobiographical interest for us. Admirably describing the revolting picture into which the imagination here colors the reality, he continues: "Yet upon my first seeing a toad, none of all those deformities in the least affected me with sensations of loathing: born, as I was, in a country where there are no toads, I had prepared my imagination for some dreadful object; but there seemed nothing to me more alarming in the sight than in that of a common frog; and indeed, for some time, I mistook and handled the one for the other. When first informed of my mistake, I very well remember my sensations; I wondered how I had escaped with safety, after handling and dissecting a toad which I had mistaken for a frog. I then began to lay in a fund of horror against the whole tribe, which, though convinced they are harmless, I shall never get rid of. My first imaginations were too strong, not only for my reason, but for the conviction of my senses."

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CHAPTER XVII

THE CLUB

1773

MEASURED by the test we have seen Goldsmith apply to Johnson's reputation with the booksellers, his own, though still alive, must be held as now sadly in arrear. He had at this time several disputes with booksellers pending,[1] and his circumstances were verging to positive distress. The necessity of completing his *Animated Nature*, for which all the money had been received and spent, hung like a millstone upon him; his advances had been considerable upon other works, as yet not even begun; the money from his comedy was still coming in, but it could not, with the debts it had to satisfy, float his stranded fortunes; and he was now, in what leisure he could get from his larger book, working at a *Grecian History* in the hope of procuring means to meet his daily liabilities. The future was thus gradually and gloomily darkening; but, while he could, he was happy and content not to look beyond the present, cheerful or careless as it might be.[2] He sought relief in society, and went more than ever to the club.

[1] Among them one with Davies, to which Tom mysteriously refers when he mentions, as highly characteristic of Goldsmith, the difference he had with "a bookseller," when, the matter being referred to Johnson, Johnson gave it in favor of the bookseller; and Goldsmith "was enraged to find that one author should have so little feeling for another as to determine a dispute to his disadvantage in favor of a tradesman."—*Life of Garrick*, ii. 158.

[2] Cooke here repeats the charge to which I formerly adverted, of a fondness for play, observing, after a mention of the very large sum made by "She Stoops to Conquer," that "what with his liberalities to poor authors and a passion for gambling, he found himself at the end of the year in

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The change he had himself very strongly advocated was now made in this celebrated society; the circle of its members was enlarged to twenty; and he took renewed interest in its meetings. A sort of understanding was at the same time entered into that the limit of attendances to secure continued membership should be at least twice in five weeks, and that more frequent attendance would be expected from all. The election of Garrick was proposed to fill the first vacancy. This had been zealously seconded by Goldsmith; three nights before "She Stoops to Conquer" came out Garrick made his first appearance in Gerrard Street; and there was a special celebra-

considerable debt." And I take the opportunity of subjoining the very sensible remarks made by this writer, who always treats Goldsmith fairly within his means of judgment, on the alteration in his modes and ways of living during his latter years. "When," says Cooke, "he exchanged his simple habits for those of the great, he contracted their follies without their fortunes or qualifications. Hence, when he eat or drank with them, he contracted habits for expense which he could not individually afford; when he squandered his time with them he squandered part of his income; and when he lost his money at play with them he had not *their talents* to recover it at another opportunity. He had discernment to see all this, but had not the courage to break those fetters he had forged. The consequence was, he was obliged to run in debt, and his debts rendered him, at times, so very melancholy and dejected that I am sure he felt himself, at least the last years of his life, a very unhappy man."—*European Magazine*, xxiv. 172–178. Substantially the same statement had been made several years before by a writer to whom Goldsmith was as intimately known, and who, shortly after his death, thus spoke of him: "While this ingenious man was in the pay of Newbery, and lived in Green Arbor Court, he was a tolerable economist, and lived happily; but when he emerged from obscurity, and enjoyed a great income, he had no principle or idea of saving, or any degree of care; was dreadfully necessitous ten months of every year, and never at that period was quiet, or free from demands he could not pay. When the excess of the evil roused him, he retired at times into the country to a farm-house, where he lived for little or nothing, letting nobody know where he was; and, employing almost the whole day in writing, did not return to London till he was so well stocked with finished manuscripts as to be able to clear himself. These intervals of labor and retirement, he has declared, were among the happiest periods of his life. He enjoyed brilliant moments of wit, festivity, and conversation, but the bulk of all his latter days were poisoned with want and anxiety." I copied this from a magazine of the time to which unfortunately I have lost the reference.

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tion a few weeks later, alleged to have been in honor both of the election and the comedy, when the hospitable brewer of Southwark had a table laid in one of his new brewing-coppers, and beefsteaks dressed at the furnace were set before Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke, and Baretti.[1] On Beauclerc's proposition, the same night of Garrick's election, his friend and fellow-traveller, Lord Charlemont, was chosen, the Irish peer whose subsequent patriotism made the title so illustrious. Burke then proposed a friend of Lord Charlemont's and his own, Mr. Agmondesham Vesey, the husband of Mrs. Montagu's blue-stocking friend, introducing his name with the remark that he was a man of gentle manners. "Sir," interrupted Johnson, "you need say no more. When you have said a man of gentle manners, you have said enough." Nevertheless, when Vesey, with schoolboy gentleness of talk, introduced one day at the club the subject of Catiline's conspiracy, Johnson withdrew his attention and thought about Tom Thumb.[2] Not many days after Vesey's election, Mr. William Jones, a young lawyer and accomplished scholar of the Temple, who had distinguished himself at University College with Chambers and Scott, and had this year made pleasing additions to the select store of Eastern literature, was proposed by Chambers and elected. A fifth candidate was now in agitation; proposed on the 23d of April (when Goldsmith occupied the chair)[3] by Johnson, and

[1] Thursday, the 18th of May, is named in the last *Life of Reynolds* (ii. 58) as the day of this dinner, our knowledge of which we owe to the mention made of it in Northcote's *Life* (i. 317).

[2] Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, 81.

[3] It is curious that the only fragment of correspondence between Johnson and Goldsmith that has been preserved, if indeed any other ever existed, is the formal note in which Boswell's name is submitted to Goldsmith as the chairman of the night. "April 23, 1773. SIR,—I beg that you will excuse my absence to the club; I am going this evening to Oxford. I have another favor to beg. It is that I may be considered as proposing Mr. Boswell for a candidate of our society, and that he may be considered as regularly nominated. I am, Sir, your most humble servant, SAM. JOHNSON." Of course the "Sir" and the "humble servant" are the ordinary phrases in use on such an occasion, and imply nothing of the tone of private inter-

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strenuously seconded by Beauclerc. This was no other than Boswell; and not a little surprised were the majority of the members to hear the name. They did not think that Johnson's love of flattery, or Beauclerc's love of a joke, would have carried either so far. But Johnson was resolute, and had but one answer to all who objected. "If they had refused, sir," he said afterwards to Boswell, "they knew they'd never have got in another. I'd have kept them all out." Burke had not yet seen the busy, consequential, officious young Scotchman, who had so effectually tacked himself on to their old friend; but what he had heard induced him to express a doubt if he was "fit" for Gerrard Street, and the doubt was not likely to be removed by Boswell's own efforts to secure his election. He recommended himself to the various members, he tells us, as in a canvass for election into Parliament.[1]

Well was that seat deserved, nevertheless, by James Boswell. Johnson invented the right word to express his merit when he called him a "clubbable" man. Burke afterwards admitted that though he and several of the members had wished to keep him out, none of them were sorry when he had got in; and he told Johnson, at the same time, that their new member had so much good-humor naturally it was scarce to be held a virtue in him.[2] Boswell was, indeed, eminently social, for society was his very idol, to which he made sacrifice of everything.[3] He had all kinds of brisk

course; but apart from the fact that this was an official note, hasty judgments are not to be formed upon the mere manner of wording letters in the last or preceding centuries. With the pen in his hand, Johnson was "Sir" and "your humble servant" often to the dearest of his friends; and, from "madam" to "my dearest mistress" in his letters to Mrs. Thrale, or from "dear madam" to "my dearest love" in his letters to his daughter-in-law, were with him the most ordinary transitions within the space of very few lines. I say so much, because hasty inferences have more than once been made from supposed "coolnesses" in Johnson's letters.

[1] *Boswell*, iv. 75. [2] *Ib.* iv. 76.

[3] "Mr. Boswell," says Malone, "professed the Scotch and the English law; but had never taken very great pains on the subject. His father, Lord Auchinleck, told him one day that it would cost him more trouble to hide his ignorance in these professions than to show his knowledge.

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and lively ways, good-humor, and perpetual cheerfulness. He was to Reynolds, says Ffarington, the academician, the harbinger of festivity.[1] He was Lord Stowell's realization of a good-natured, jolly fellow. Everybody admits that the frosts of our English nature melted at his approach, and that the reserve which too often damps the pleasure of English society he had the happy faculty of dissipating. Malone knew his weaknesses (he always made "battle" against his account of Goldsmith, for instance, as a folly and a mistake, which, in quite as positive terms, Reynolds, Burke, Lord Charlemont, Percy, and even George Steevens[2] also did); but he knew his strength not less. His eyes glistened, says that unimpassioned observer, and his countenance brightened up, "when he saw the human face divine." The drawback from it all, in social life, was his incontinence of tongue, which had made his name a by-word for eavesdropper, tale-bearer, and babbling spy. He had in this respect but one fault, as Goldsmith said of Hickey, but that one was a thumper. Even this fault, however, served for protection against his failings in other respects. He blabbed them all, as he blabbed everything else; and his friends had ample notice to act on the defen-

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This Boswell owned he had found to be true." I quote this from a paper in the *European Magazine*.

[1] "Sir Joshua was never more happy than when, on such occasions, Boswell was seated within his hearing." The Royal Academy, some years later, gratified their president by electing him secretary for foreign correspondence, and so constituting him an honorary member of their body. See Ffarington's *Memoir*, cciv.

[2] I am bound to add, at the same time, that one of the last sneers levelled at Goldsmith, while he yet lived, proceeded from this clever, unscrupulous man, always consistently bent on making what mischief he could, if consistent in nothing else. Thanking Garrick, on the 6th of March, 1774, for his vote at the club, and alluding to Charles Fox's election with his own, he proceeds to indulge himself with a sarcasm on Goldsmith's fine waistcoats and his homely looks in spite of them. "If the *bon-ton* should prove a contagious disorder among us, it will be curious to trace its progress. I have already seen it breaking out in Dr. G——, under the form of many a waistcoat; but I believe Dr. G—— will be the last man in whom the symptoms of it will be detected."—*Garrick Correspondence*, i. 618.

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Sir Joshua Reynolds

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sive. He told Johnson one day that he was occasionally troubled with fits of stinginess. "Why, sir, so am I," returned Johnson, "*but I do not tell it*"; and, mindful of the warning, he took care, the next time he borrowed sixpence, to guard himself against being dunned for it. "Boswell," he said, "*lend* me sixpence—*not to be repaid.*"[1]

The day fixed for Boswell's ballot was Friday, the 30th of April, when Beauclerc invited him to dinner at his new house in the Adelphi; and among the members of the club assembled at Beauclerc's, as though to secure his election, were Johnson, Reynolds, Lord Charlemont, Vesey, and Langton. Goldsmith was not present; but he was the subject of the after-dinner conversation.[2] They did not sit long, however, but went off in a body to the club, leaving Boswell at Beauclerc's till the fate of his election should be announced to him. He sat in a state of anxiety, he tells us, which even the charming conversation of Lady Di Beauclerc could not entirely dissipate; but in a short time he received the welcome tidings of his election, hastened to Gerrard Street, "and was introduced to such a society as

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[1] *Boswell*, viii. 181. "He has now and then borrowed a shilling of me; and when I asked him for it again, seemed to be rather out of humor."

[2] "Goldsmith being mentioned—JOHNSON: 'It is amazing how little Goldsmith knows. He seldom comes where he is not more ignorant than any one else.' SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS: 'Yet there is no man whose company is more liked.' JOHNSON: 'To be sure, sir. When people find a man of the most distinguished abilities as a writer their inferior while he is with them, it must be highly gratifying to them. What Goldsmith comically says of himself is very true — he always gets the better when he argues alone; meaning that he is master of a subject in his study, and can write well upon it; but when he comes into company, grows confused, and unable to talk. Take him as a poet, his *Traveller* is a very fine performance; ay, and so is his *Deserted Village*, were it not sometimes too much the echo of his *Traveller*. Whether, indeed, we take him as a poet, a comic writer, or as an historian, he stands in the first class.' BOSWELL: 'An historian! My dear sir, you surely will not rank his compilation of the *Roman History* with the works of other historians of this age!' JOHNSON: 'Why, who are before him?' BOSWELL: 'Hume, Robertson—Lord Lyttelton.' JOHNSON (his antipathy to the Scotch beginning to rise): 'I have not read Hume; but, doubtless, Goldsmith's *History* is better than the *verbiage* of Robertson or the foppery of Dalrymple.'"—*Boswell*, iii. 279–280.

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can seldom be found." He now for the first time saw Burke; and at the same supper-table sat Johnson, Garrick, and Goldsmith, Mr. Jones and Dr. Nugent, Reynolds, Lord Charlemont, Langton, Chamier, Vesey, and Beauclerc. As he entered Johnson rose with gravity to acquit himself of a pledge to his fellow-members; and, leaning on his chair as on a desk or pulpit, gave Bozzy a *charge* with humorous formality, pointing out the conduct expected from him as a good member of the club. A warning not to blab or tattle doubtless formed part of it; and the injunction was on the whole not unfaithfully obeyed. We owe to Langton, not to Boswell, the report of a capital bit of Johnson's criticism on this particular evening, when, Goldsmith having produced a printed *Ode* which he had been hearing read by its author in public (at the astonishing rate of five shillings each for admission), Johnson thus disposed of it:[1] "Bolder words and more timorous meaning, I think, never were brought together." Only once does any of the club-conversation appear to have been carried away, in detail, by Boswell; and a portion of that report conveys so agreeably the unaffected social character of the Gerrard Street meetings, that it may fitly close[2] such attempts as I have made to convey a picture of this remarkable society.

[1] Langton's collectanea in *Boswell*, vii. 361. And see iii. 284, where Johnson proposes to match Goldsmith's nonsense by producing what seem to me quite as good lines as many written by himself.

[2] Perhaps I ought not to omit, however, a somewhat striking passage in the *Tour to the Hebrides*, when, on Boswell suggesting that if the club were to be brought to Aberdeen that ancient University might at once be supplied with professors out of its members only, "Dr. Johnson entered fully into the spirit of this project; and we immediately fell to distributing the offices. I was to teach civil and Scotch law; Burke, politics and eloquence; Garrick, the art of public speaking; Langton was to be our Grecian, Colman our Latin professor; Nugent to teach physic; Lord Charlemont, modern history; Beauclerc, natural philosophy; Vesey, Irish antiquities, or Celtic learning; Jones, Oriental learning; Goldsmith, poetry and ancient history; Chamier, commercial politics; Reynolds, painting, and the arts which have beauty for their object; Chambers, the law of England. Dr. Johnson at first said, 'I'll trust theology to nobody but myself.' But, upon due consideration that Percy is a clergyman, it was agreed that Percy should teach practical divinity and British antiquities;

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After ranging through every variety of subject—art, politics, place-hunting, debating, languages, literature, public and private virtue (it was the night when Burke announced his famous judgment that from all the large experience which had been his he had learned to think *better* of mankind),[1] the conversation concluded thus: "I understand,"

Dr. Johnson himself, logic, metaphysics, and scholastic divinity. . . . Dr. Johnson said we only wanted a mathematician since Dyer died, who was a very good one; but as to everything else, we should have a capital University."—iv. 111–112. Certainly a very striking idea is thus presented of the variety of genius and of accomplishments which that famous society then comprised.

[1] "E.: 'From the experience which I have had—and I have had a great deal—I have learned to think *better* of mankind.' JOHNSON: 'From my experience I have found them worse in commercial dealings, more disposed to cheat than I had any notion of; but more disposed to do one another good than I had conceived.' J.: 'Less just and more beneficent.' JOHNSON: 'And, really, it is wonderful—considering how much attention is necessary for men to take care of themselves, and ward off immediate evils which press upon them—it is wonderful how much they do for others. As it is said of the greatest liar that he tells more truth than falsehood, so it may be said of the worst man that he does more good than evil.'"—*Boswell*, vii. 66. Need I remind the reader of what the good Mr. Burchell says to Dr. Primrose? "In my progress through life I have ever perceived that where the mind was capacious the affections were good. And, indeed, Providence seems kindly our friend in this particular thus to debilitate the understanding where the heart is corrupt, and diminish the power where there is the will to do mischief." In connection with this subject, too, let me note the distinction between Swift's and Pope's philosophy to which Warburton happily refers in his *Letters* (474). "Swift said he hated mankind, though he loved some few individuals, such as Peter, James, and John. Pope replied that he loved human nature, but hated many individuals." The original loses somewhat, as generally happens, by transmission. Swift lays down his principle thus: "I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities; and all my love is towards individuals—for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love counsellor such a one and judge such a one. 'Tis so with physicians (I will not speak of my own trade), soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth." Pope, on the other hand, while he avoids an open objection to his friend's philosophy, manages with subtle truth and beauty to insinuate his disapproval. "I really enter," he says, "as fully as you can desire into your principle of love of individuals; and I think the way to have a public spirit is first to have a private one; for who can believe (said a friend of mine) that any

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said Burke, "the hogshead of claret which this society was favored with by our friend the Dean" (Barnard) "is nearly out; I think he should be written to to send another of the same kind. Let the request be made with a happy ambiguity of expression, so that we may have the chance of his sending it also as a present." "I am willing," observed Johnson, "to offer my services as secretary on this occasion." "As many as are for Dr. Johnson being secretary," cried another, "hold up your hands. Carried unanimously." "He will be our dictator," said Boswell. "No," returned Johnson, "the company is to dictate to me. I am only to write for wine; and I am quite disinterested, as I drink none; I shall not be suspected of having forged the application. I am no more than humble *scribe*." "Then," interposed Burke, inveterate punster that he was, "you shall *pre*scribe." "Very well," cried Boswell; "the first play of words to-day." "No, no," interrupted Reynolds, recalling a previous bad pun of Burke's, "the *bulls* in Ireland."[1] "Were I your dictator," resumed Johnson, "you should have no wine. It would be my business *cavere ne quid detrimenti respublica caperet*, and wine is dangerous. Rome," he added, smiling, "was ruined by luxury." "Then," protested Burke, "if you allow no wine as dictator, you shall not have me for your Master of the

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man can care for a hundred thousand people who never cared for one? No ill-humored man can ever be a patriot any more than a friend." According to Mrs. Thrale, Johnson went directly contrary to Swift on this point. —*Anecdotes*, 272.

[1] It was on a talk about emigration and the supply of food when Burke had started what Johnson denounced as a paradox, and proceeded to reply to with an illustration about cows and bulls, which Burke rather irreverently interrupted. I quote Boswell's pleasant report: "E.: 'There are bulls enough in Ireland.' JOHNSON (smiling). 'So, sir, I should think, from your argument.'"—vii. 61. Nay, such was the infection of Burke's example that the sage himself, the denouncer of puns, was sometimes entrapped into punning. "I don't like the Deanery of *Ferns*," said Burke of the new promotion of their friend Dr. Marlay. "*Dr. Heath* should have it," ventured Boswell. "Nay, sir," laughed Johnson, introducing another well-known friend, "I should suggest *Dr. Moss*." See vol. iii. 187.

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Horse."[1] The club lives again for us very pleasantly in this good-humored, friendly talk.

Six days after Boswell's election, he was, with Johnson, Goldsmith, and Langton, among the guests at the dinner-table of booksellers Dilly, in the Poultry. They were Dissenters; and had asked a minister of their own persuasion, Dr. Mayo, as well as the Rev. Mr. Toplady, to meet their distinguished guests. The conversation first turning upon natural history, Goldsmith contributed to it some curious facts about the partial migrations of swallows ("the stronger ones migrate, the others do not"), and on the subject of the nidification of birds seemed disposed to revive the old question of instinct and reason. "Birds build by instinct," said Johnson; "they never improve; they build their first nest as well as any one they ever build." "Yet we see," remarked Goldsmith, "if you take away a bird's nest with the eggs in it, she will make a slighter nest and lay again." "Sir," said Johnson, "that is because at first she has full time and makes her nest deliberately. In the case you mention she is pressed to lay, and must therefore make her nest quickly, and consequently it will be slight." To which Goldsmith contented himself by remarking that "the nidification of birds is what is least known in natural history, though one of the most curious things in it."[2] But this easy flow of instructive gossip did not satisfy Boswell. He saw a great opportunity, with a Dissenting parson present, of making Johnson "*rear*"; and so straightway introduced the subject of "toleration." Johnson disagreed, of course, with Mayo, and with Toplady also; and when they put to him, as a consequence of his argument, that the persecution of the first Christians must be held to have been perfectly right, he frankly declared himself ignorant of any better way of ascertaining the truth than by persecution on the one hand and endurance on the other. "But

[1] *Boswell*, vii. 68.

[2] *Ib.* iii. 290–291. Most charming, as already I have said, are those portions of the *Animated Nature* which refer to this division of natural history.

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how is a man to act, sir?" asked Goldsmith at this point. "Though firmly convinced of the truth of his doctrine, may he not think it wrong to expose himself to persecution? Has he a right to do so? Is it not, as it were, committing voluntary suicide?" "Sir, as to voluntary suicide, as you call it," retorted Johnson, "there are twenty thousand men who will go without scruple to be shot at, and mount a breach for fivepence a day." "But," persisted Goldsmith, "have they a moral right to do this?" Johnson evaded the question by asserting that a man had better not expose himself to martyrdom who had any doubt about it. "He must be convinced that he has a delegation from Heaven." "Nay," repeated Goldsmith, apparently unconscious that he was pressing disagreeably on Johnson, "I would consider whether there is the greater chance of good or evil upon the whole. If I see a man who has fallen into a well I would wish to help him out; but if there is a greater probability that he shall pull me in than that I shall pull him out, I would not attempt it. So, were I to go to Turkey, I might wish to convert the grand signior to the Christian faith; but when I considered that I should probably be put to death without effectuating my purpose in any degree, I should keep myself quiet." To this Johnson replied by enlarging on perfect and imperfect obligations, and by repeating that a man, to be a martyr, must be persuaded of a particular delegation from Heaven. "But how," still persisted Goldsmith, "is this to be known? Our first reformers, who were burned for not believing bread and wine to be Christ—" "Sir," interrupted Johnson, loudly, and careless what unfounded assertion he threw out to interrupt him, "they were *not* burned for not believing bread and wine to be Christ, but for insulting those who did."

What with his dislike of reforming Protestants and his impatience of contradiction, Johnson had now become excited to keep the field he had so recklessly seized, and in such manner that none should dispossess him. Goldsmith suffered accordingly. Boswell describes him during the resumption and continuation of the argument, into which

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Mayo and Toplady[1] again resolutely plunged with their antagonist, sitting in restless agitation from a wish to get in and "shine," which certainly was no unnatural wish after the unfair way he had been ousted. Finding himself still excluded, he had taken his hat to go away; but yet remained with it for some time in his hand, like a gamester at the close of a long night, lingering still for a favorable opening to finish with success. Once he began to speak, and found himself overpowered by the loud voice of Johnson, who was at the opposite end of the table and did not perceive his attempt. "Thus disappointed of his wish to obtain the attention of the company," says Boswell, "Goldsmith in a passion threw down his hat, looking angrily at Johnson, and exclaiming in a bitter tone *Take it.*" At this moment, Toplady being about to speak, and Johnson uttering some sound which led Goldsmith to think he was again beginning, and was taking the words from Toplady, "Sir," he exclaimed, venting his own envy and spleen, according to Boswell, under the pretext of supporting another person, "the gentleman has heard you patiently for an hour; pray allow us now to hear him." "Sir," replied Johnson, sternly, "I was not interrupting the gentleman. I was only giving him a signal of my attention. Sir, you are impertinent."[2] Goldsmith made no reply, but continued in the company for some time. He then left for the club.

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[1] I made the mistake in former editions of calling Mr. Toplady also a Dissenter, whereas the Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady, vicar of Broad Hembury in Devon, was a clergyman of the Church of England, who took the Calvinistic side in the controversy with Wesley and others on Predestination, was a writer of hymns that have been very popular, and the author of some works in high repute both with churchmen and dissenters of the Calvinistic Evangelical school. I owe this correction to an esteemed correspondent.

[2] *Boswell*, iii. 292–297. One may illustrate this and other things of the same kind in Johnson by a remark he let fall not many months later when talking to Boswell about Beattie. "Treating your adversary with respect is giving him an advantage to which he is not entitled. . . . Sir, treating your adversary with respect is striking soft in a battle."—iv. 20. No distinction is made, the reader perceives, between a respectable and a disreputable adversary.

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But it is very possible he had to call at Covent Garden on his way, and that for this, and not for Boswell's reason, he had taken his hat early. The actor who so assisted him in Young Marlow—Lee Lewes—was taking his benefit this 7th of May; and, for an additional attraction, Goldsmith had written him the "occasional" epilogue I formerly mentioned, which Lewes spoke in the character of Harlequin, and which was repeated (for the interest then awakened by the writer's recent death) at his benefit in the following year.[1] But if he called at the theatre his stay was brief; for when Johnson, Langton, and Boswell appeared in Gerrard Street,[2] they found him sitting with Burke, Garrick, and other members, "silently brooding," says Boswell, "over Johnson's reprimand to him after dinner." Johnson saw how matters stood, and saying aside to Langton, "I'll make Goldsmith forgive me," called to him, in a loud voice, "Dr. Goldsmith! something passed to-day where you and I dined; I ask your pardon." To which Goldsmith at once "placidly" answered, "It must be much from you, sir, that I take ill." And so at once, Boswell adds, the difference

[1] It is always printed last in the editions of the *Poems*. And let me here remark how strange it is that Mr. Lee Lewes should have published in 1805, at a time when Goldsmith's fame was thoroughly established, four volumes of anecdotes about himself and his theatrical life, in which, while all sorts of insignificant things and persons are treated at tedious length, not a single syllable appears of the writer's connection with Goldsmith. That name is not once mentioned for which alone we now take an interest in Mr. Lee Lewes's name!

[2] It will be right that I should quote their talk about Goldsmith, as Johnson, Langton, and he went along. Boswell's sudden ambition to rival Addison's *mot* by a pompous imitation of it is highly characteristic. "In our way to the club to-night, when I regretted that Goldsmith would, upon every occasion, endeavor to shine, by which he often exposed himself, Mr. Langton observed that he was not like Addison, who was content with the fame of his writings, and did not aim also at excellency in conversation, for which he found himself unfit; and that he said to a lady who complained of his having talked little in company, 'Madam, I have but ninepence in ready money, but I can draw for a thousand pounds.' I observed that Goldsmith had a great deal of gold in his cabinet, but, not content with that, was always taking out his purse. JOHNSON: 'Yes, sir, and that so often an empty purse!'"—iii. 300.

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was over, and they were on as easy terms as ever, and Goldy rattled away as usual.

The whole story is to Goldsmith's honor. Not so did the Rev. Percy or the Rev. Warton show Christian temper, when the one was called insolent and the other uncivil;[1] not so could the courtly bred Beauclerc or the country-bred Dr. Taylor restrain themselves, when Johnson roared *them* down; not so the gentle Langton and unruffled Reynolds, when even they were called intemperate; not so the historic Robertson, though comparing such rebukes of the righteous to excellent oil which breaks not the head, nor the philosophic Burke, dryly correcting the historian with a suggestion of "oil of vitriol"; not so, in short, with one single submissive exception, any one of the constant victims to that forcible spirit and impetuosity of manner, which, as the submissive victim admits, spared neither sex nor age.

But Boswell was not content that the scene should have passed as it did. Two days after he called to take leave of Goldsmith before returning to Scotland, and seems to have chafed, with his meddling loquacity, what remained of a natural soreness of feeling. He dwells accordingly with great unction, in his book, on the "jealousy and envy" which broke out at this interview,[2] from a man who otherwise possessed so many "most amiable qualities";[3] and yet, in the same passage, is led to make the avowal that he does not think Goldsmith had more envy in him than other people. "Upon another occasion, when Goldsmith confessed himself to be of an envious disposition, I contended with Johnson that we ought not to be angry with him, he was so candid in owning it. 'Nay, sir,' said Johnson, 'we must be angry that a man has such a

[1] *Boswell*, vii. 111; and for allusions following, 292–297, vi. 289, and vii. 259–260.

[2] The *Tatler* already had originated Sheridan's "damned good-natured friend" in the remark, "There is never wanting some good-natured person to send a man an account of what he has no mind to hear," or Boswell might have sat to the wit for that celebrated creation.

[3] *Boswell*, iii. 303–304.

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superabundance of an odious quality that he cannot keep it within his own breast, but it boils over.' In my opinion, however, Goldsmith had not more of it than other people have, but only talked of it freely." He pursues the same subject later, where, in answer to a remark from Johnson about this envy of their friend, he defends him by observing that he owned it frankly on all occasions; and is thus met by Johnson: "Sir, you are enforcing the charge. He had so much envy that he could not conceal it. He was so full of it that it overflowed. He talked of it, to be sure, often enough. Now, sir, what a man avows he is not ashamed to think; though many a man thinks what he is ashamed to avow."[1] Dr. Beattie in like manner informs us: "He was the only person I ever knew who acknowledged himself to be envious";[2] to which let me add that Tom Davies makes a similar remark for himself when he says, in a passage of his *Life of Garrick*, which Johnson saw and approved before publication, that he never knew any man but one who had the honesty and courage to confess that he had envy in him, and that man was Dr. Johnson. Such are the inconsistencies in which we find ourselves on this subject, and which really reach their height when, in reply to some obstinate recurrence of Boswell to the same eternal theme, Johnson goes so far as to say that vanity was so much the motive of Goldsmith's virtues as well as vices that it prevented his being a social man, so that "he never exchanged mind with you."[3] As I have repeatedly illustrated in the course of this book, Goldsmith's faults lay on the ultra-social and communicative side. He was but too ready on all occasions to pour out whatever his mind contained, nor does it seem, as far as we may judge, that he was impatient of receiving like confidences from others.

But his last interview with Boswell remains to be described. As the latter enlarged on his having secured Johnson for a visit to the Hebrides in the autumn (an

[1] *Boswell*, vii. 108. [2] *Forbes*, iii. 49. [3] *Boswell*, vi. 155.

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achievement which elsewhere he compared to that of a dog which had got hold of a large piece of meat, and run away with it to a corner where he might devour it in peace, without any fear of others taking it from him),[1] Goldsmith interrupted him with the impatient remark that "he would be a dead weight for me to carry, and that I should never be able to lug him along through the Highlands and Hebrides." Nor, Boswell continues, was he patiently allowed to enlarge upon Johnson's wonderful abilities; for here Goldsmith broke in with that exclamation, "Is he like Burke, who winds into a subject like a serpent?" which drew forth the triumphant answer, "But Johnson is the Hercules who strangled serpents in his cradle,"[2] seldom equalled for its ludicrous inaptness by even Bozzy himself. All which would be amusing enough if it had rested there; but, straight from the Temple, Boswell took himself to Fleet Street, and with the repetition of what had passed—his common habit—no doubt revived Johnson's bitterness. For this had not wholly subsided even a week or two later, when, on Mrs. Thrale alluding to his future biographer, he asked, "And who will be my biographer, do you think?" "Goldsmith, no doubt," replied Mrs. Thrale; "and he will do it the best among us." "The dog would write it best, to be sure," was Johnson's half-jesting, half-bitter rejoinder, "but his particular malice towards me and general disregard of truth would make the book useless to all and injurious to my character."[3]

Uttered carelessly enough, no doubt ("nobody, at times, talks more laxly than I do," he said, candidly, to Boswell), and with small thought that his gay little mistress would turn authoress, and put it in a book! What Mrs. Thrale herself adds, indeed, would hardly have been said if Johnson had spoken at all seriously. "'Oh! as to that,' said I, 'we should all fasten upon him, and force him to do you justice; but the worst is, the Doctor does not *know* your

[1] *Boswell*, iv. 227–228, and see vi. 189.
[2] *Ib.* iii. 303–304.
[3] Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, 81–82. The remark was made in July, 1773.

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life.'" Let such things, in short, be always taken with the wise comment which Johnson himself applied to them, in an invaluable remark of his ten years later: "I am not an uncandid nor am I a severe man. I sometimes say more than I mean, in jest; and people are apt to believe me serious. However, I am more candid than I was when I was younger. As I know more of mankind, I expect less of them; and am ready now to call a man *a good man* upon easier terms than I was formerly."[1] He loved Goldsmith when he so spoke of him, and had no doubt of Goldsmith's affection; but he spoke with momentary bitterness; of the "something after death," whether a biography or matter more serious, he never spoke patiently; and no man's quarrels, at all times, had in them so much of lovers' quarrels. "Sir," he said to Boswell, with a faltering voice, when Beauclerc was in his last illness, "I would walk to the extremity of the diameter of the earth to save Beauclerc"; yet with no one more bitterly than Beauclerc did he altercate in moments of difference. Nor was his fervent tribute, "the earth, sir, does not bear a worthier man than Bennet Langton," less sincere because one of his most favorite topics of talk to Boswell was the little weaknesses of their worthy friend.

And now, approaching as I am to the conclusion of my book, let me take the opportunity of saying that, with an admiration for Boswell's biography confirmed and extended by my late repeated study of it, I am more than ever convinced that not a few of those opinions of Johnson's put forth in it which appear most repulsive or extravagant would for the most part lose that character if Boswell had accompanied them always with the provocation or incitement under which they were delivered. Certainly he does not always do this, any more than he is careful at all times to distinguish when things are said in irony or jest. To illustrate my meaning, a short passage may be quoted

[1] *Boswell*, viii. 233. The other remark on his own laxity was made upon Boswell showing him a rather questionable opinion attributed to him in a magazine, which he admitted that he might, perhaps, have said.

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from a conversation in which Boswell appears to have fretted and vexed Johnson by trying to prove that the highest sort of praise might yet, in particular circumstances, be resorted to without the suspicion of exaggeration. "Thus," he continued, "one might say of Mr. Edmund Burke, he "is a very wonderful man"; to which Johnson retorted: "No, sir, you would not be safe if another man had a mind perversely to contradict. He might answer: 'Where is all the wonder? Burke is, to be sure, a man of uncommon abilities; with a great quantity of matter in his mind and a great fluency of language in his mouth. But we are not to be stunned and astonished by him.' So you see, sir, even Burke would suffer, not from any fault of his own, but from your folly."[1] This last remark is surely the real clue to a great deal that offends against good taste in Boswell's extraordinary book. Men and things, and poor Goldsmith and his affairs very prominently among both, over and over again "suffer not from any fault of their own," but from a teasing, pertinacious, harassing, and foolish way of dragging them forward. That excellent saying of Mrs. Thrale's formerly quoted, in which she tells us that to praise anything, even what he liked, extravagantly, was generally displeasing to Johnson, was never sufficiently considered by Boswell. This, indeed, was the mistake he most often made; and hence his frequent confession that it was not improbable that if one had taken the other side Johnson "might have reasoned differently."[2] The honest truth was that, so long as, by any sort or kind of pestering or of excitement, he elicited one of Johnson's peculiarities, the more harsh or decisive the better, he did not care what or who might be sacrificed in the process. If he could ever discover a tender place, on that he was sure to fix himself; and any hesitation or misgiving about a particular subject was pretty sure to be turned the wrong way, if he proceeded to meddle with it. In regard to Goldsmith, too, the mere prevalence of a suspicion that he would be biographer to his

[1] *Boswell*, viii. 57–58.

[2] *Ib.* iii. 112.

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hero was, of course, discomforting; and there is doubtless some truth in Sir Walter Scott's suggestion that "rivalry for Johnson's good graces" in regard to this possible point of contention might account for many of the impressions which Boswell, who was by nature neither an ill-tempered nor an unjust man, received from such intercourse as he had with Johnson's earlier and older friend.

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CHAPTER XVIII

DRUDGERY AND DEPRESSION

1773

THE first volume of the *Grecian History* appears to have been finished by Goldsmith soon after Boswell left London, and Griffin, on behalf of the "trade," was then induced to make further advances. An agreement dated on the 22d of June states £250 as the sum agreed and paid for the two volumes; but from this payment had doubtless been deducted some part of the heavy debt for which the author was already in arrear. The rest of that debt it seemed hopeless to satisfy by mere drudgery of his own, never more than doubtfully rewarded at best; and the idea now first occurred to poor Goldsmith of a work that he might edit, for which he might procure contributions from his friends, and in which, without any great labor of the pen, the mere influence of his name and repute might suffice to bring a liberal return.[1] It is pleasant to find Garrick helping him

[1] This project, and the general condition and habits of Goldsmith at the time, are thus described in the *Percy Memoir*, p. 112–113: "He had engaged all his literary friends and the members of the club to contribute articles, each on the subject in which he excelled; so that it could not but have contained a great assemblage of excellent disquisitions. He accordingly had prepared a Prospectus, in which, as usual, he gave a luminous view of his design; but his death unfortunately prevented the execution of the work. He was subject to severe fits of the strangury, owing probably to the intemperate manner in which he confined himself to the desk, when he was employed in his compilations, often, indeed, for several weeks successively without taking exercise. On such occasions he usually hired lodgings in some farm-house a few miles from London, and wrote without cessation till he had finished his task. He then carried his copy to the bookseller, received his compensation, and gave himself up, perhaps for

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in this. "Dear sir," writes Goldsmith to him on the 10th of June, "To be thought of by you, obliges me; to be served by you, still more. It makes me very happy to find that Dr. Burney thinks my scheme of a *Dictionary* useful; still more that he will be so kind as to adorn it with anything of his own. I beg you, also, will accept my gratitude for procuring me so valuable an acquisition. I am, dear sir, Your most affectionate servant, OLIVER GOLDSMITH."[1] Garrick had induced Dr. Burney to promise a paper on Music for the scheme, which was that of a *Popular Dictionary of Arts and Sciences.*

In exertions with a view to this project, and in other persevering labors of the desk, the autumn came on. "Here," he said, exultingly, to Cradock, on the latter entering his chambers one morning, "are some of my best prose writings. I have been hard at work ever since midnight, and I desire you to examine them. They are intended for an introduction to a body of arts and sciences."[2] Cradock thought them excellent indeed, but for other admiration they have unluckily not survived. With these proofs of application, anecdotes also of carelessness, of the disposition which makes so much of the shadow as well as sunshine of the Irish character, as usual alternate; and Cradock relates that, on one occasion, he and Percy met by appointment in the Temple, at Goldsmith's special request, and found him gone away to Windsor after leaving an earnest entreaty (with which they complied) that they would complete for him a half-finished proof of his *Animated Nature*, which lay upon his desk.[3] His once trim chamber had then fallen into grievous disorder. Expensive volumes, which, as he says in his preface to the book just

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months without interruption, to the gayeties, amusements, and societies of London."

[1] Madame d'Arblay's *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, i. 272-273. "My dear Doctor," writes Garrick, enclosing this letter, "I have sent you a letter from Dr. Goldsmith. He is proud to have your name among the elect. Love to all your fair ones. Ever yours, D. GARRICK."

[2] Cradock's *Memoirs*, i. 235.

[3] *Ib.* iv. 285.

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named, had sorely taxed his scanty resources, lay scattered about the tables, and tossing on the floor.[1] But of books he had never been careful. Hawkins relates that when engaged in his historical researches about music, Goldsmith told him some curious things one night at the club, which, having asked him to reduce to writing, he promised that he would, and desired Hawkins to call at his chambers for them, when, on the latter doing so, he stepped into a closet and tore out of a printed book six leaves, containing the facts he had mentioned. The carelessness, however, was not of books only. Such money as he had might be seen lying exposed in drawers, to which his "occasional man-servant" would resort as a mere matter of course, for means to pay any small bill that happened to be applied for; and on a visitor once pointing out the danger of this, "What, my dear friend," exclaimed Goldsmith, "do you take Dennis for a thief?" One John Eyles had lately replaced Dennis, and was become inheritor of the too tempting confidences reposed in his predecessor at the time of Percy's visit to the Temple.

The incident of that visit, I may add, shows us how fleeting the *Rowley* dispute had been; and it was followed by a mark of renewed confidence from Goldsmith, which may also show the fitful despondency under which he was laboring at this time. He asked Percy to be his biographer; told him he should leave him his papers; dictated several incidents of his life to him; and gave him a number of letters and manuscript materials, which were not afterwards so carefully preserved as they might have been.[2] There is

[1] I refer the reader to the auctioneer's catalogue of Goldsmith's furniture and books, which I print, by Mr. Murray's permission, from the very scarce original now in his possession. See Appendix B to this volume.

[2] See Appendix A to this volume. Either Edmund Malone was a sinner in the same way (though, as he would have us believe, through *too much* care), or the Bishop lost also some papers intrusted to him by Malone. "I have a strong recollection," he writes to Percy (5th June, 1802) "of having got, I know not how, some verses addressed by Goldsmith to a lady going to Ranelagh, or going to a masquerade, and of having given them to you for insertion; but I do not find them anywhere." (He is referring to

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no doubt that his spirits were now unusually depressed and uncertain, and that his health had become visibly impaired. Even his temper failed him with his servants; and bursts of passion, altogether strange in him, showed the disorder of his mind. These again he would repent and atone for on the instant; so that his laundress, Mary Ginger, used to contend with John Eyles which of them on such occasions should first fall in his way, knowing well the profitable kindness that would follow the intemperate reproval. From such as now visited him, even men he had formerly most distrusted, he made little concealment of his affairs. "I remember him when, in his chambers in the Temple," says Cumberland, who had called upon him there, "he showed me the beginning of his *Animated Nature;* it was with a sigh such as genius draws when hard necessity diverts it from its bent, to drudge for bread, and talk of birds and beasts and creeping things, which Pidcock's showman would have done as well. Poor fellow! he hardly knew an ass from a mule; nor a turkey from a goose, but when he saw it on the table."[1] Cumberland had none of the necessities of the drudge, and his was not the life of the author militant. That *he* could eat his daily bread without performing some daily task to procure it was a fact he made always very obvious, and was especially likely to impress on any drudge he was visiting. "You and I have very different motives for resorting to the stage. I write for money, and care little about fame,"[2] said Goldsmith sorrowfully. His

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the edition of the *Miscellaneous Works* just then published with the *Percy Memoir* prefixed.) The Bishop appears in his answer to have convinced him that the missing verses had never reached him; and in a second letter (July 20, 1802) Malone adds: "I cannot recollect what I have done with the unpublished verses of Goldsmith, nor from whom I got them. They remained for a long while folded in the Irish edition of his works, and are there no longer; so I suppose I have deposited them somewhere so *safely* that I shall never find them. One often loses things in this way, by too much care."

[1] *Memoirs*, i. 352–353. The reader has had the opportunity of appreciating the value of such remarks.

[2] *Ib.* 366. Many passages in the *Animated Nature* show this melancholyt one; and one fancies it might be with something of a lingering

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own distress, too, had made even more acute, at this time, his sensibility to the distress of others. He was playing whist one evening at Sir William Chambers's, when, at a critical point of the game, he flung down his cards, ran hastily from the room into the street, as hastily returned, resumed his cards, and went on with the game. He had heard an unfortunate woman attempting to sing in the street; and so did her half-singing, half-sobbing, pierce his heart that he could not rest till he had relieved her, and sent her away. The other card-players had been conscious of the woman's voice, but not of the wretchedness in its tone which had so affected Goldsmith.[1]

It occurred to some friends to agitate the question of a

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personal allusion he stopped amid the fables recorded by Aldrovandus (iv. 403), to apostrophize "that great and good man" as one who "was frequently imposed upon by the designing and the needy"; whose unbounded curiosity drew around him people of every kind, "and whose generosity was as ready to reward falsehood as truth. . . . Poor Aldrovandus! . . . he little thought of being reduced at last to want bread, to feel the ingratitude of his country, and to die a beggar in a public hospital!" For another somewhat similar and very striking passage on Réaumur, see v. 213–214. "It was in vain," exclaims Goldsmith, "that this poor man's father dissuaded him from what the world considered as a barren pursuit; it was in vain that an habitual disorder, brought on by his application, interrupted his efforts; it was in vain that mankind treated him with ridicule while living, as they suffered his works to remain long unprinted and neglected when dead; still the Dutch philosopher went on," etc.

[1] I quote the version of this touching anecdote exactly as it appeared in the periodicals of the time: "This truly eccentric, yet amiable, character was one evening at a card-party in the house of the late *Sir William Chambers*, Berners Street. The game, at the table to which he sat down, was *whist*: the set was, *Lady Chambers*, *Baretti*, *Sir William*, and the *Doctor*. In a very important period of this contemplative game, when the fate of the rubber depended upon a single point, *Goldsmith*, to the astonishment of every one, gave a sudden start, threw down his hand of cards, flew out of the room, and into the street. He was back again almost in an instant. *Sir William*, fearful that he had been ill, said, 'Where the deuce have you been in such a hurry, *Goldsmith*?' 'I'll tell you,' he replied; 'as I was deeply engaged, and pondering over my cards, my attention was attracted from them by the voice of a female in the street, who was singing and sobbing at the same time; so I flew down to relieve her distress, for I could not be quiet myself until I had quieted her.'"—*European Magazine*, lv. 443.

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pension for him. Wedderburne had talked somewhat largely, in his recent defence of Johnson's pension, of the resolve of the ministry no longer to restrict the bounty of the crown by political considerations, provided there was "distinction in the literary world, and the prospect of approaching distress." No living writer now answered these conditions better than Goldsmith; yet application on his behalf was met by firm refusal. His talent was not a marketable one. "A late nobleman who had been a member of several administrations," says poor Smollett, "observed to me that one good writer was of more importance to the government than twenty placemen in the House of Commons"; but the good writer was to have also the qualities of the placeman, to enable them to recognize his importance, or induce him to accept their livery. Let me give a pertinent instance of this, on which some light has been lately thrown. Few things could be adduced more characteristic of the time, or of that low valuation of literature among what were called the distinguished and well-bred people to the illustration of which I have devoted so many pages of this biography, than a memorial in favor of the most worthless of hack-partisans, Shebbeare, which will be found in the *Grenville Correspondence*, and which absolutely availed to obtain for him his pension of £200 a year. It is signed by two peers, two baronets, seven county members, four members for towns, and the members for the city and the University of Oxford; and it asks for a pension on two grounds. The first is "that he may be enabled to pursue that laudable *inclination which he has* of manifesting his zeal for the service of his Majesty and his government"—in other words, that a rascal should be bribed to support a corrupt administration; and the second is that the memorialists "*have been informed* that the late Dr. Thomson, Pemberton, Johnson, Smollett, Hume, Hill, Mallet, and others have had either pensions or places granted them as men of letters," or they would not have "taken the liberty" to intercede for Shebbeare.[1] Shebbeare and John-

[1] *Grenville Correspondence*, ii. 271.

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son! Smollett and Mallet! Hume and Hill! how exquisite the impartiality of regard and estimation! It was false, too; for poor Smollett's name never appeared in the pension list at all, and Johnson, on his appearance in it at Michaelmas quarter 1763, had no worthier neighbor than "Mr. Wight, Ward's chymist, one quarter, £75"; which name follows "Mr. Samuel Johnson, one quarter, £75."

It might seem almost incredible to assert, but it is the simple fact, that the most distinguished public recognition of literary merit made at this time was to Arthur Murphy and to Hugh Kelly, the latter having been for some years in government pay; but Goldsmith had declined the overtures which these men accepted. Such political feeling as he had shown in his *English History*, it is true, was decidedly anti-aristocratic; but though, with this, he may have exhibited a strong leaning to the monarchy, he had yet neither the merit, which with the King was still a substitute for most other merit, of being a Scotchman; nor even the merit, which might have done something to supply that defect, of concealing his general contempt for the ministers and politicians of the day. It requires no great stretch of fancy to suppose that such a remark as this of Jack Lofty in the "Good-natured Man" would not be extremely pleasant in great places. "Sincerely, don't you pity us poor creatures in affairs? Thus it is eternally: solicited for places here, teased for pensions there, and courted everywhere. I know you pity me. Yes, I see you do. . . . Waller, Waller, is he of the house? . . . Oh, a modern poet! We men of business despise the moderns; and as for the ancients, we have no time to read them. Poetry is a pretty thing enough for our wives and daughters, but not for us. Why now, here I stand, that know nothing of books; and yet, I believe, upon a land-carriage fishery, a stamp-act, or a jaghire, I can talk by two hours without feeling the want of them." Goldsmith could not have drawn a more exact portrait of the official celebrities, the ministers of state, of his time; and they rewarded him as he probably expected.

While the matter was still in discussion there had come

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up to London the Scotch professor, Beattie, who had written the somewhat trumpery *Essay on Truth* to which I formerly adverted, and which had eagerly been caught at, with avowed exaggerations of praise, as a mere battery of assault against the Voltaire and Hume philosophy. The object, such as it was, was a good one; and though it could not make Beattie a tolerable philosopher, it made him, for the time, a very perfect social idol. He was supposed to have "avenged" insulted Christianity. "He is so caressed, and invited, and treated, and liked, and flattered by the great, that I can see nothing of him," says Johnson.[1] "Every one," says Mrs. Thrale, "loves Dr. Beattie but Goldsmith, who says he cannot bear the sight of so much applause as we all bestow upon him. Did he not tell us so himself, who could believe he was so amazingly ill-natured?" Telling it, one-half called him ill-natured; and the other half, absurd. He certainly had the objection all to himself. "I have been but once at the club since you left England," writes Beauclerc to Lord Charlemont; "we were entertained as usual by Dr. Goldsmith's absurdity. Mr. V[esey] can give you an account of it."[2] Some harangue against Beattie, very probably; for even the sarcastic Beau went with the rest of the "ale-house in Gerrard Street," as he calls the club, in support of the anti-infidel philosopher. What most vexed Goldsmith, however, was the adhesion of Reynolds. It was the only grave difference that had ever been between them; and it is honorable to the poet that

[1] In his enthusiasm he forgot for the time the rule he repeats so often. "You know, sir, that no Scotchman publishes a book, or has a play brought upon the stage, but there are five hundred people ready to applaud him."—*Boswell*, viii. 177.

[2] Letter dated from Muswell Hill, 5th July, 1773.—*Hardy's Life of Lord Charlemont*, 163. It is pleasant to find, from this and other letters, how such men as Beauclerc continued to enjoy the society of the club. "Mr. Vesey will tell you that our club consists of the greatest men in the world, consequently you see there is a good and patriotic reason for you to return to England in the winter. Pray make my best respects to Lady Charlemont, and Miss Hickman, and tell them I wish they were at this moment sitting at the door of our ale-house in Gerrard Street." See *Piozzi Letters*, i. 186.

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this should have arisen on the only incident in the painter's life which has somewhat tarnished his fame. Reynolds accompanied Beattie to Oxford, partook with him in an honorary doctorship of civil law, and on his return painted his fellow-doctor in Oxonian robes, with the *Essay on Truth* under his arm, and at his side the angel of truth overpowering and chasing away the demons of infidelity, sophistry, and falsehood; the last represented by the plump and broad-backed figure of Hume, the second by the lean and piercing face of Voltaire, and the first bearing something of a remote resemblance to Gibbon. "It very ill becomes a man of your eminence and character," said Goldsmith to Sir Joshua—and the spirited rebuke will outlast the silly picture—"to debase so high a genius as Voltaire before so mean a writer as Beattie. Beattie and his book will be forgotten in ten years, while Voltaire's fame will last forever. Take care it does not perpetuate this picture, to the shame of such a man as you."[1] Reynolds persisted, notwithstanding the protest; but was incapable of any poor resentment of it. He produced, at Goldsmith's suggestion, this same year, his painting of "Ugolino," founded on a head not originally painted for that subject, but which had struck Burke as well as Goldsmith to be eminently suited to it; and their friendship, based as it was on sympathies connected with art[2] as well as on strong private regard, knew no abatement. Beattie himself, however, was full of resentment. He called his critic a poor fretful creature, eaten up with affectation and

[1] *Northcote*, i. 300. Cunningham's *Life of Reynolds*, 269–270. "There is only a figure covering his face with his hands," wrote Reynolds himself to Beattie, "which they may call Hume, or anybody else; it is true it has a tolerable broad back. As for Voltaire, I intended he should be one of the group." See Forbes's *Beattie*, ii. 42; and for *Beattie's* description of his sitting to Reynolds, i. 361 and 377.

[2] Beechey's *Memoirs of Reynolds*, i. 197. For proof, I may refer to the witty stroke already quoted (818) from the *Vicar of Wakefield*, where George Primrose humorously sketches in two rules the whole art of the *cognoscenti*, who were the very plagues of Reynolds's existence. The passage was, and deserves to have been, one of Mr. Rogers's especial favorites.

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envy; yet he liked many things in his genius, he said, and (writing a year later, when he had no more to fear from him) was "sorry to find last summer that he looked upon me as a person who seemed to stand *between him and his interest.*"[1] The allusion was to the pension, for which it was well known that Goldsmith was an unsuccessful solicitor, and which had been granted unsolicited to Beattie. The King had sent for him, praised his *Essay*, and given him two hundred a year. Johnson welcomed the news in the Hebrides with his most vehement expression of delight, *Oh, brave we!* Though, seeing he had quoted his favorite *Traveller* but three days before till the "tear started to his eye," he might have thought somewhat of his other *un*pensioned friend, and clapped his hands less loudly.[2]

That the failure of all hope in this direction should a little have soured and changed the unlucky petitioner will hardly provoke surprise. He had hitherto taken little interest, and no part, in politics; and his inclination, as far as it may be traced, had never been to the ministerial side. But he seems no longer to have scrupled to avow a decisive sympathy with the opposition; and there is as little reason to doubt that at this time he was building frail hopes of some appointment through Lord Shelburne's interest. His personal knowledge of that able but wayward statesman gives some color to the assertion; and I have found in a magazine published a few years after Goldsmith's death a distinct statement confirming it, by one who evidently knew him well, and who adds that "the expectation contributed to

[1] Letter in Forbes's *Life* (1807), ii. 69. "Everybody rejoices that the Doctor will get his pension," writes Mrs. Thrale (*Letters*, i. 186).

[2] The passage which so strongly moved him was the character of the English, "the lords of human-kind," which Hawkins professes also to have heard him repeat with wonderful energy and feeling, until his eyes filled. But Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides* came out before Hawkins's *Life*, and the last is very likely to have copied the first. "After a good night's rest, we breakfasted at our leisure. We talked of Goldsmith's *Traveller*, of which Dr. Johnson spoke highly; and while I was helping him on with his great-coat, he repeated from it the character of the British nation, which he did with such energy that the tear started into his eye."—*Boswell*, v. 85. And see *ib.* 105.

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involve him, and he often spoke with great asperity of his dependence on what he called moonshine." Feeble as the light was, however, there are other proofs of his having followed it in these last melancholy months of his life. Lord Shelburne's member and protégé, Townshend, was at this time Lord Mayor of London; and by his fiery liberalism and really bold resolution, quite careless of those "Malagrida" taunts against his patron with which the sarcasm of "Junius" had supplied ministerial assailants, was now exasperating the Court to the last degree. Yet Goldsmith did not hesitate to praise the "patriotic magistrate," and to avow that he had done so. "Goldsmith, the other day," writes Beauclerc to Lord Charlemont, "put a paragraph into the newspapers in praise of Lord Mayor Townshend. The same night we happened to sit next to Lord Shelburne, at Drury Lane. I mentioned the circumstance of the paragraph to him, and he said to Goldsmith that he hoped he had mentioned nothing about Malagrida in it. 'Do you know,' answered Goldsmith, 'that I never could conceive the reason why they call you Malagrida, FOR Malagrida was a very good sort of man.' You see plainly what he meant to say; but that happy turn of expression is peculiar to himself. Mr. Walpole says that this story is a picture of Goldsmith's whole life."[1]

Ah! so it might seem to men whose whole life had been a holiday. No slavish drudgery, no clownish traits, no scholarly loneliness had befallen them; and how to make allowance in others for disadvantages never felt by ourselves is still the great problem for all of us. Poor Goldsmith's blunder was only a false emphasis. He meant that he wondered *Malagrida*, being the name of a good sort of a man, should be used as a term of reproach. But his whole life was a false emphasis, says Walpole. In his sense perhaps it was so. He had been emphatic throughout it, where Walpole had only been indifferent; and what to the wit and man

[1] Letter dated 20th November, 1773, in Hardy's *Life of Lord Charlemont*, 177.

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of fashion had been a scene for laughter, to the poet and man of letters had been fraught with serious suffering. "Life is a comedy to those who think and a tragedy to those who feel."[1] Democritus laughed and Heraclitus wept.

Beauclerc told Lord Charlemont in the same letter just quoted that Goldsmith had written a prologue for Mrs. Yates which she was to speak that night at the Opera-house. "It is very good. You will see it soon in all the newspapers, otherwise I would send it to you." The newspapers have, nevertheless, been searched in vain for it, though it certainly was spoken; and it seems probable that Colman's friends had interfered to suppress it. Mrs. Yates had quarrelled with the Covent Garden manager; and one object of the "poetical exordium" which Goldsmith had thus written for her was to put before that fashionable audience the injustice of her exclusion from the English theatre. He had great sympathy for Mrs. Yates, thinking her the first of English actresses; and it is not wonderful that he should have lost all sympathy with Colman. Their breach had lately widened more and more. Kenrick, driven from Drury Lane, had found refuge at the other house; and, on the very night of Mrs. Yates's prologue, Colman suffered a new comedy, by that libeller of all his friends, to be decisively damned at Covent Garden. If Goldsmith could have withdrawn both his comedies upon this he would probably have done it; for at once he made an effort to remove the first to Drury Lane, which he now had the right to do. But Garrick insisted on his original objection to Lofty, and justified it by reference to the comparative coldness with which, though strengthened by the zealous Lee Lewes in that part (Lewis had not yet assumed it), the comedy had been received during the run of "She Stoops to Conquer" in the summer.[2] He would play the "Good-natured Man" if that objection could be obviated, not otherwise. Here the matter rested for a time; the only result from what passed

[1] *Letters to Mann*, ii. 68.

[2] See vol. iii. 106.

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being Goldsmith's discovery that Newbery had failed to observe his promise in connection with the unpaid bill remaining in Garrick's hands. This was hardly generous, since the copyright of "She Stoops to Conquer" had passed in satisfaction of all claims between them, and was already promising Newbery the ample profits beyond his debt which it subsequently realized. These are said to have amounted to upwards of three hundred pounds; and the play was still so profitable after several years' sale that when the booksellers engaged Johnson for their first scheme of an edition and memoir, the project was defeated by a dispute about the value of the copyright of "She Stoops to Conquer."[1]

The other larger debt to "the trade" which had suggested to Goldsmith his project of a *Dictionary* he had now no means of discharging but by hard, drudging, unassisted labor. His so favorite project, though he had obtained promises of co-operation from Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds, had been finally rejected. Davies, who represented the craft on the occasion, whose own business had not been very prosperous, and many of whose copyrights had already passed to Cadell, gives us the reason of their adverse decision. He says[2] that though they had a very good opinion of the Doctor's abilities, yet they were startled at the bulk, importance, and expense of so great an undertaking, the fate of which was to depend upon the industry of a man with whose indolence of temper and method of procrastination they had long been acquainted. He adds, in further justification of the refusal, that upon every emergency half a dozen projects would present themselves to Goldsmith's mind, which, straightway communicated to the men they were to enrich, at once obtained him money on the mere faith of his great reputation; but the money was generally spent long before the new work was half finished, perhaps before it was begun; and hence arose continual expostulation and reproach on the one side and much anger and vehemence on the other. Johnson described the

[1] See Appendix A to this volume.

[2] *Life of Garrick*, ii. 167.

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same transactions, after all were over, in one of his emphatic sentences. "He had raised money and squandered it, by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. But let not his frailties be remembered: he was a very great man."[1]

[1] *Boswell*, v. 189. Mr. Filby's account against Goldsmith, as it appeared at his death, showed him indebted in the sum of £79 14*s*. A portion of this (£48 4*s*. 6*d*.) was the unpaid balance of the preceding account. The latest half-year's supply, from July to December, 1773 (including two suits, charged respectively £9 15*s*. 6*d*. and £5 13*s*., and £3 19*s*. 3*d*. for a great-coat, amounted to £23 14*s*. 9*d*.; and there was an additional item of £7 14*s*. 9*d*. for a third suit, sent home a fortnight before his death. And having just quoted Johnson's mention of his extravagance, let me at least accompany this last appearance of poor Goldsmith's tailor's bills with his friend's excellent remark at Mrs. Thrale's one day, when somebody was denouncing "showy decorations of the human figure." "Oh," exclaimed Johnson, "let us not be found, when our Master calls us, ripping the lace off our waistcoats, but the spirit of contention from our souls and tongues! . . . Alas, sir! a man who cannot get to heaven in a green coat will not find his way thither the sooner in a gray one."—Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, 109–110.

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CHAPTER XIX

THE CLOUDS STILL GATHERING

1773

THE cherished project, then, of the *Popular Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*, the scheme on which Goldsmith had built so much, was an utter and quite hopeless failure; and under the immediate pang of feeling this, the alteration of his first comedy for Garrick, even upon Garrick's own conditions, would seem to have suddenly presented itself as one of those "artifices of acquisition" which Johnson alleges against him. He wrote to the manager of Drury Lane. The letter has by chance survived, is obligingly communicated to me by its present possessor,[1] and of the scanty collection so preserved is probably the worst composed and worst written. As well in the manner as in the matter of it the writer's distress is very painfully visible. It has every appearance, even to the wafer hastily thrust into it, of having been the sudden suggestion of necessity; it is addressed, without date of time or place, to the Adelphi (where Garrick had lately purchased the centre house of the newly built terrace); nor is it unlikely to have been delivered there by the messenger of a sponging-house. A fac-simile of its signature, which may be compared with Goldsmith's ordinary handwriting in a previous page, will show the writer's agitation, and perhaps account for the vague distraction of his grammar.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your saying you would play my 'Good-natured Man' makes me wish it. The money you advanced me upon Newbery's note I

[1] Then, Mr. Bullock, of Islington; but it has since been sold, and I do not know who now possesses it.

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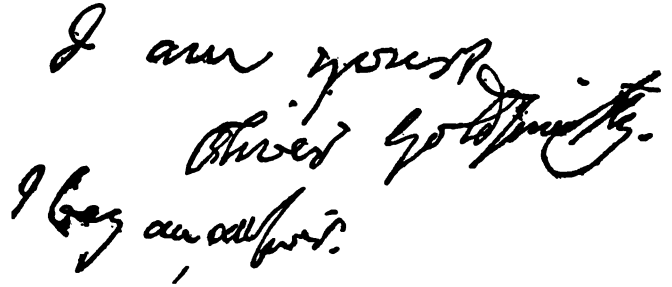
have the mortification to find is not yet paid, but he says he will in two or three days. What I mean by this letter is to lend me sixty pound, for which I will give you Newbery's note, so that the whole of my debt will be an hundred, for which you shall have Newbery's note as a security. This may be paid either from my alteration if my benefit should come to so much, but at any rate I will take care you shall not be a loser. I will give you a new character in my comedy and knock out Lofty, which does not do, and will make such other alterations as you direct.



The letter is indorsed in Garrick's handwriting as "Goldsmith's parlaver." But though it would thus appear to have inspired little sympathy or confidence, and the sacrifice of Lofty had come too late and been too reluctant, Garrick's answer, begged so earnestly, was not unfavorable. He evaded the altered comedy, spoke of the new one already mentioned between them, and offered the money required on Goldsmith's own acceptance. He had proved the small worth of the security of one of Newbery's notes; though the publisher, with his experience of the comedy in hand, would doubtless have taken his chance of the renovated comedy. Poor Goldsmith's enthusiastic acknowledgment has also survived. Nor let it be thought he is acting unfairly to Newbery in the advice which accompanies his thanks. The publisher had frankly accepted the chances of a certain copyright, and had no right to wait the issue of those chances before he admitted the liability they imposed. The second note exhibits such manifest improvement in the writing as a sudden removal of a sore anxiety might occasion; but the writer's usual epistolary neatness is still absent. It is hastily folded up in three-cornered shape,

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is also sealed with wafer, and also indorsed by Garrick, "Goldsmith's parlaver."

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I thank you! I wish I could do something to serve you. I shall have a comedy for you in a season or two at furthest that I believe will be worth your acceptance, for I fancy I will make it a fine thing. You shall have the refusal. I wish you would not take up Newbery's note, but let Waller" (probably a mistake for Wallis, Garrick's solicitor) "tease him, without however coming to extremities; let him haggle after him and he will get it. He owes it and will pay it. I'm sorry you are ill. I will draw upon you one month after date for sixty pound and your acceptance will be ready money, part of which I want to go down to Barton with. May God preserve my honest little man, for he has my heart. Ever, OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

Barton was a gleam of sunshine in his darkest days. There, if nowhere else, he could still strive to be, as in his younger time, "well when he was not ill, and pleased when he was not angry." It was the precious maxim of Reynolds, as it had been the selectest wisdom of Sir William Temple. Reynolds himself too, their temporary disagreement forgotten, gave him much of his society on his return: observing, as he said afterwards, the change in his manner; seeing how greatly he now seemed to need the escape from his own thoughts, and with what a look of distress he would suddenly start from the midst of social scenes he continued still passionately fond of, to go home and brood over his misfortunes. Only two more pictures really gay or bright remain in the life of Goldsmith. The last but one is of himself and Sir Joshua at Vauxhall.[1] And not the least

[1] See vol. iv. 14 and 82–88. "I am just going with Sir Joshua and Dr. Goldsmith to Vauxhall, which will be my first exit from home this day."—Thomas Fitzmaurice to Garrick, 4th August, 1773. So it is, and continues to be, till all is over. "You are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson," said the dull, good man who had been a lad at college with him, and only accidentally met him after a separation of forty-nine years; "I have tried, too, in my time to be a philosopher; but I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in."—*Boswell*, vii. 153. The reader sees that with Oliver Goldsmith, as with the good old Oliver Edwards, notwithstanding a necessity to be grave, cheerfulness is always breaking in. Nevertheless, he was probably not the worse philosopher for it. I may here perhaps appropriately add a reminiscence of the time vouchsafed us lately by one, who was now a girl

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memorable figures in that sauntering crowd; though it numbered princes and ambassadors then, and on its tide and torrent of fashion floated all the beauty of the time, and through its lighted avenues of trees glided cabinet ministers and their daughters, royal dukes and their wives, agreeable "young ladies and gentlemen of eighty-two," and all the red-heeled macaronies; were those of the President, and the ancient history Professor, of the Royal Academy. A little later we trace Goldsmith from Vauxhall to the theatre, but any gayety or enjoyment there is not so certain. Kelly had tried a fourth comedy (the "School for Wives") under a feigned name, and with somewhat better success than its two immediate predecessors, though it lived but a few brief nights; and Beauclerc, who writes to tell Lord Charlemont of the round of pleasures Goldsmith and Joshua had been getting into, and which had prevented their attending the club, had told him also, but a few weeks before, that the new comedy was almost killing the poor poet with spleen. Yet it had been at Beauclerc's own house, and on the very night when the comedy was produced, that there shone forth the last laughter-moving picture I may dwell upon in the checkered life now drawing quickly to its close.

Goldsmith had been invited to pass the day there, with the Garricks, Lord and Lady Edgecumbe, and Horace Walpole; and there seems to have been some promise that Garrick and himself were to amuse the company in the

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of sixteen and afterwards a lady-in-waiting at Court, who has described herself in girlhood as "amused by the buffoonery of Goldsmith," and gives an example of what entertained her. "Goldsmith was, I feel sure, very good-natured; and though neither his features, person, nor manners, had anything of grace to recommend them, his countenance, as far as I can recollect, was honest and open, and in his behavior there was something easy and natural, removed from vulgarity no less than from affectation. His buffoonery, of which I have spoken, was a sort of childish playfulness, such as drinking off a glass of water reversed on the table without spilling a drop, and similar tricks. On some occasion, I forget what" (perhaps one of his Vauxhall adventures), "he was told that he must wear a silk coat, and he purchased one second-hand which had been a nobleman's, without observing that there was visible on the breast a mark showing where a star had been."—Miss Knight's *Autobiography*, i. 10–11.

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evening with a special piece of mirth, the precise nature of which was not disclosed. But unfortunately the new comedy was coming on at Drury Lane, and soon after dinner the great actor fell into a fidget to get to the theatre, and all had to consent to wait his return. He went away at half-past five, and did not reappear till ten, the rest meanwhile providing what present amusement they could, to relieve the dulness of amusement in expectancy. The burden fell on Walpole; and "most thoroughly tired I was," says that fastidious gentleman, "as I knew I should be, I who hate the playing off a butt." Why this task should have been so fatiguing in the special case Horace proceeds to explain by a peculiarity in the butt referred to. "Goldsmith is a fool, *the more wearing for having some sense.*"

However, all fatigue has an end, and at last Garrick came back from the play, and the promised fun began. The player enveloped in a cloak took a seat; the poet sat down in his lap; and the cloak was so arranged as to cover the persons of both, excepting only Goldsmith's head and Garrick's arms, which seemed no longer to belong to separate bodies, but to be part of one and the same. Then, from the head, issued one of the gravest heroic speeches out of Addison's *Cato*, while the arms made nonsense of every solemn phrase by gestures the most extravagantly humorous and inappropriate. It is a never-failing effect of the broadest comedy, in the hands of very ordinary performers; and, with such action as Garrick's to burlesque the brogue and gravity of Goldsmith, must surely have been irresistible. The reader who has any experience of Christmas games will doubtless remember having given in his own time many a laugh to this "Signor Mufti," so personated on that Christmas night a hundred years ago. Mrs. Gwatkin, Sir Joshua Reynolds's younger niece, told also what she had seen of it as presented by the same actors, to Mr. Haydon, who related it in his diary long before Horace Walpole's anecdote was published. "The most delightful man," according to the old lady's account to Haydon, when she was gathering up the memories of her youth, "was Goldsmith. She saw him and Garrick

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keep an immense party laughing till they shrieked. Garrick sat on Goldsmith's knee; a table-cloth was pinned under Garrick's chin, and brought behind Goldsmith, hiding both their figures. Garrick then spoke, in his finest style, Hamlet's speech to his father's ghost. Goldsmith put out his hands on each side of the cloth, and made burlesque action, tapping his heart, and putting his hands to Garrick's head and nose, all at the wrong time." Here, the reader will observe, the actors had not only reversed their parts, but rejoiced in a better audience than they seem to have had at Beauclerc's.

For "how could one laugh," protests Horace Walpole, after describing the thing as he saw it at Beauclerc's, "when one had expected this for four hours?" So, perhaps, he and Beauclerc and Lord Edgecumbe fell back once again on what this had interrupted, and closed up the night with the pleasanter mirth of playing off head and arms in a more mischievous game. "It was the night of a new comedy," says Walpole, "called the 'School for Wives,' which was exceedingly applauded, and which Charles Fox says is execrable. Garrick had at least the chief hand in it; and I never saw anybody in a greater fidget, nor more vain when he returned." Here, then, with Garrick full of the glories of a new play, in some degree aimed against the broadly laughing school of Goldsmith; its author publicly reported to be Major (afterwards Sir William) Addington,[1] and by some suspected to be Horace Walpole[2] himself; its first night's success already half threatening a sudden blight to

[1] For a detailed account of this incident in Kelly's theatrical life, in which the trick formerly attempted (see vol. iii. 20) was repeated with better success, see Taylor's *Records*, i. 95–102. "Yes, we have stole a march on the patriots," exclaimed poor Kelly's wife, exultingly, describing the reception of the comedy. Addington, who appeared as the author and attended all the rehearsals, was afterwards head of the Bow Street magistracy, and is not very correctly described (*Life and Writings* of Kelly, 4to, 1778, vii.) as "Mr. Justice Addington."

[2] See *Letters to Lady Ossory*, i. 120. The scene at Beauclerc's is described in the same volume, 112 (December 14, 1773). See also Haydon's *Memoirs*, iii. 288.

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the hard-won laurels of Young Marlow and Tony Lumpkin; here surely were all the materials of undeniable sport; and who will doubt that such a joke, if started, was in such company more eagerly enjoyed than the other more harmless Christmas game? or that the courtly and sarcastic Beauclerc was not only too happy in the opportunity it afterwards gave him of writing to his noble correspondent: "We have a new comedy here, which is good for nothing: bad as it is, however, it succeeds very well, and almost killed Goldsmith with envy."[1]

Cradock's account of what was really killing him is somewhat different from Beauclerc's, and will, perhaps, be thought more authentic. Although, according to the same letter of the Beau's, all the world but himself and a million of vulgar people were then in the country, Cradock had come up to town to place his wife under the care of a dentist, and had taken lodgings in Norfolk Street to be near his friend. He found Goldsmith much altered, he says; at times, indeed, very low;[2] and he passed his mornings with him. He induced him once to dine in Norfolk Street; but his usual cheerfulness had gone, "and all was forced." The idea occurred to Cradock that money might be raised by a special subscription-edition of the *Traveller* and *Deserted Village*, if consent could be obtained from the holders of the copyrights. "Pray do what you please with them," said Goldsmith, sadly. But he rather submitted than encouraged, says Cradock; and the scheme fell to the ground.[3] "Oh, sir," said two sisters named Gun, milliners, who lived at the corner of Temple Lane and were

[1] Hardy's *Life of Lord Charlemont*, 178.

[2] On one of these occasions Cradock describes himself repeating to Goldsmith some friendly and admiring sentences by Johnson, "which instantly proved a cordial."—i. 231.

[3] The poems were to be thoroughly revised, and the plan was discussed with Cradock at breakfast in the Temple. The alleged talk, however, contained nothing new, but rather a strange confusion of facts or statements already known; which, I must add, is often to be observed in Mr. Cradock's so-called recollections. See *Memoirs*, iv. 287. See also i. 234–265.

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among Goldsmith's creditors, "sooner persuade him to let us work for him gratis than suffer him to apply to any other. We are sure that he will pay us if he can." Cradock ends his melancholy narrative by expressing his conviction that if Goldsmith had freely laid open all the debts for which he was then responsible, his zealous friends were so numerous that they would as freely have contributed to his relief. There is reason to presume as much of Reynolds, certainly; and that he had even offered his aid. "I mean," Cradock adds, "here explicitly to assert only that I believe he died miserable, and that his friends were not entirely aware of his distress."[1] Truly, it was to assert enough.

[1] *Memoirs*, iv. 287. I subjoin from the same book (i. 385–386) Cradock's account of the last day on which he ever saw Goldsmith. "The day before I was to set out for Leicestershire I insisted upon his dining with us. He replied: 'I will; but on one condition—that you will not ask me to eat anything.' . . . After dinner he took some wine with biscuits; but I was soon obliged to leave him for a while, as I had matters to settle for our next day's journey. On my return coffee was ready, . . . and in the course of the evening he endeavored to talk and remark, as usual, but all was forced. He stayed till midnight, and I insisted on seeing him safe home; and we most cordially shook hands at the Temple gate."

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CHAPTER XX

RETALIATION

1773-1774

YET, before this delightful writer died, and from the depth of the distress in which his labors, struggles, and enjoyments left him, his genius flashed forth once more. Johnson had returned to town after his three months' tour in the Hebrides; Parliament had again brought Burke to town; Richard Burke was in London on the eve of his return to Grenada; the old dining-party had resumed their meetings at the St. James's coffee-house, and out of these meetings sprang *Retaliation*. More than one writer has professed to describe the particular scene from which it immediately arose, but their accounts are not always to be reconciled with what is certainly known. The poem itself however, with what was prefixed to it when published, sufficiently explains its own origin. What had formerly been abrupt and strange in Goldsmith's manners had now so visibly increased as to become matter of increased sport to such as were ignorant of its cause; and a proposition, made at one of the dinners when he was absent, to write a series of epitaphs upon him ("his country, dialect, and person," were common themes of wit), was put in practice by several of the guests. The active aggressors appear to have been Garrick, Dr. Barnard, Richard Burke, and Caleb Whitefoord. Cumberland says he, too, wrote an epitaph; but it was complimentary and grave, closing with a line to the effect that "all mourn the poet, *I* lament the man"; and hence the grateful return he received. None were actually preserved (I mean of those that had given the provocation;

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the *ex post-facto* specimens are countless), but Garrick's; yet this will indicate what was doubtless, unless the exception of Cumberland be admitted, the tone of all:

> "Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness call'd Noll,
> Who wrote like an angel but talk'd like poor Poll."

This is said to have been spoken at once, while the rest were read to Goldsmith when he next appeared at the St. James's coffee-house.[1] "The Doctor was called on for *Retaliation*," says the friend who published the poem with that name, "and at their next meeting produced the following, which I think adds one leaf to his immortal wreath." It is possible he may have been *asked* to retaliate, but not likely; very certainly, however, the complete poem was not produced at the next meeting. It was unfinished when the writer died. But fragments of it, as written from time to time, appear to have been handed about, and read at the St. James's coffee-house; and it is pretty clear that not only the masterly lines on Garrick were known some time before the others, but that the opening verses, in which the proposed subjects of his pleasant satire are set forth as the various dishes in a banquet, were among the earliest so read. The course which the affair then took seems to have been that the writers of the original epitaphs thought it prudent so far to protect themselves against an enemy more formidable than at first they had supposed they were provoking, by fresh epitaphs more carefully written, and in a more conciliatory spirit. Thus two sets of *jeux d'esprit* arose, of which only the last have been preserved; and this explains a contradiction apparent in almost all the accounts given by the actors in the affair, who would have us believe that verses evidently suggested by at least the opening lines of *Retaliation* were no other than those which originally provoked and suggested that poem.

Garrick's description, written as a preface to an intended

[1] It was on the same occasion Burke perpetrated his pun of calling an epitaph "a *grave* epigram."—Northcote's *Life of Reynolds*, i. 216.

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collection of all the verses of the various writers, has been lately printed for the first time,[1] and runs thus:

"As the cause of writing the following printed poem called *Retaliation* has not yet been fully explained, a person concerned in the business begs leave to give the following just and minute account of the whole affair: At a meeting of a company of gentlemen, who were well known to each other, and diverting themselves, among many other things, with the peculiar oddities of Dr. Goldsmith, who never would allow a superior in any art, from writing poetry down to dancing a hornpipe, the Doctor with great eagerness insisted upon trying his epigrammatic powers with Mr. Garrick, and each of them was to write the other's epitaph. Mr. Garrick immediately said that his epitaph was finished, and spoke the following distich extempore" (as above given, and, except that "and" is substituted for "but" in the second line, as it was first printed in a memoir of Caleb Whitefoord in the fifty-seventh volume of the *European Magazine*): "Goldsmith, upon the company's laughing very heartily, grew very thoughtful, and either would not, or could not, write anything at that time; however, he went to work, and some weeks after produced the following printed poem called *Retaliation*, which has been much admired, and gone through several editions. The publick in general have been mistaken in imagining that this poem was written in anger by the Doctor; it was just the contrary; the whole on all sides was done with the greatest good humor; and the following poems in manuscript were written by several of the gentlemen on purpose to provoke the Doctor to an answer, which came forth at last with great credit to him in *Retaliation*."

Nothing is so certain as that the Doctor had already been provoked before the poems were so written, and that more especially the lines on Garrick himself had been handed about before Garrick's second elaborate epitaph was composed, though this also was finished before *Retaliation* assumed even the form in which it was left at its author's death. The account given by Cumberland does not greatly differ from Garrick's, but he describes the proposition to write extempore epitaphs as not directed against Goldsmith specifically, but embracing "the parties present." "Pen and ink," he says, "were called for, and Garrick off-hand wrote an epitaph with a great deal of humor upon poor Goldsmith, who was the first in jest, as he proved to be in reality, that we committed to the grave. The

[1] In Mr. Cunningham's Edition of the *Works*, i. 78.

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Dean also gave him an epitaph, and Sir Joshua illuminated the Dean's verses with a sketch of his bust in pen and ink, inimitably caricatured. Neither Johnson nor Burke wrote anything; and when I perceived Oliver was rather sore, and seemed to watch me with that kind of attention which indicated his expectation of something in the same kind of burlesque with theirs, I thought it time to press the joke no further, and wrote a few couplets at a side table, which when I had finished and was called upon by the company to exhibit, Goldsmith with much agitation besought me to spare him, and I was about to tear them, when Johnson wrested them out of my hand, and in a loud voice read them at the table. I have now lost all recollection of them, and, in fact, they were little worth remembering, but as they were serious and complimentary, the effect they had upon Goldsmith was the more pleasing for being so entirely unexpected. . . . At our next meeting he produced his epitaphs. . . . As he had served up the company under the similitude of various kinds of meat, I had in the mean time figured them under that of liquors.[1] Goldsmith sickened and died, and we had one concluding meeting at my house, when it was decided to publish his *Retaliation*."

The obvious defect in all these descriptions is, that the various meetings are carelessly jumbled together, and that incidents which would be easily understood if separately related become mixed up in a manner quite unintelligible. But an unpublished letter of Cumberland's to Garrick is now before me, which seems, to a great extent, to confirm what has been quoted. It was probably written after Goldsmith's death (the epitaph-writing thus set on foot continued till after *Retaliation* was published), for, besides the meeting to which it more immediately refers, the last half of it appears to describe retrospectively what had taken place when Cumberland's "liquor" verses were first produced, and this may have been done in answer to some question

[1] See *Memoirs*, i. 369–372. Cumberland's lines were subsequently printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1778, and may be seen in *Works* (Ed. Cunningham), i. 86–87.

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put by Garrick with a view to that proposed collection of all the poems to which *his* statement was meant to be the preface.

Be this as it may, the letter is highly characteristic. Here, as in everything of Cumberland's, it is most amusing to see to what an alarming extent he and his affairs, his writings, or the writings of which he is the object, occupy the scene. One might imagine, in reading it, that it was Richard Cumberland who had given all its interest to an incident which, but for Goldsmith, would not have lived in memory for a day. It is not as the author of his own immortal epitaphs, but simply as the *recitator acerbus* of the temporary trash in which Cumberland had carried out the notion of a feast by supplying suitable drinks thereto, that Goldsmith is prominent here! "We missed your society much on Wednesday last, and I may say to me in particular it was a singular loss, for in your place there came Mr. Whitefoord with his pockets crammed with epitaphs. Two of them did me honor, and by implication yourself; as the turn of both was a mock lamentation over me from you, with a most severe and ill-natured invective principally collected from the strictures of Mr. Bickerstaff, and thrown upon me with a dung-fork. But of myself and him, enough. Dr. Goldsmith's Dinner was very ingenious, but evidently written with haste and negligence. The Dishes were nothing to the purpose, but they were followed by epitaphs that had humor, some satire, and more panegyric. You had your share of both, but the former very sparingly, and in a strain to leave nothing behind, not at all in the character of Mr. Whitefoord's muse. My Wine was drank very cordially, though it was very ill-poured out by Dr. Goldsmith, who proved himself a *recitator acerbus*. The Dean of Derry went out and produced an exceedingly good extempore in answer to my Wine, which had an excellent effect.[1] Mr. Beauclerc was there, and joined with every one else in condemning the tenor of

[1] This piece, addressed "To Oliver Goldsmith and Richard Cumberland," has been preserved, and is very pleasant. In Goldsmith's poem, Dean

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Mr. Whitefoord's invective, who, I believe, was brought maliciously enough by Sir Joshua."

Cumberland characterizes the famous epitaph on Garrick not unfairly. This was a subject which the author of *Retaliation* had studied thoroughly; most familiar had he good reason to be with its lights and its shadows; very ample and various had been his personal experience of both; and whether anger or adulation should at last predominate, the reader of this narrative of his life has had abundant means of determining. But neither was visible in the character of Garrick. Indignation makes verses, says the poet; yet will the verses be all the better in proportion as the indignation is not seen. The lines on Garrick are quite perfect writing. Without anger, the satire is finished, keen, and uncompromising; the wit is adorned by most discriminating praise; and the truth is only the more unsparing for

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Barnard figures as "Venison"; and in Cumberland's, a bumper of "conventual Sherry" is set apart for him:

"Dear Noll and dear Dick, since you've made us so merry,
Accept the best thanks of the poor Dean of Derry!
Though I here must confess that your meat and your wine
Are not to my taste, though they're both very fine;
For Sherry's a liquor monastic, you own—
Now there's nothing I hate so as drinking alone:
It may do for your Monks, or your Curates and Vicars,
But for my part, I'm fond of more sociable liquors.
Your Ven'son's delicious, though too sweet your sauce is—
Sed non ego maculis offendar paucis.
So soon as you please you may serve me your dish up,
But instead of your Sherry, pray make me a—Bishop."

Another piece of verse of the Dean's has also been preserved, from which it would appear that he was among the first to take alarm at the unexpected satirical faculty exhibited by Goldsmith. He wrote a metrical apology for his first epitaph, in which he laughs at Garrick's absenting himself from their meetings when the work of retaliation had begun, and adjures the retaliator to "spare a hapless stranger" and "set his wit at Davy":

"On him let all thy vengeance fall,
On me you but misplace it;
Remember how he call'd thee *Poll*—
But, ah! he dares not face it."

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its exquisite good manners and good taste. The epitaph-writers might well be alarmed. Garrick returned to the charge with a nervous desire to *re*-retaliate; and elaborated a longer and more malicious epitaph with some undoubtedly clever lines in it, which he afterwards did not scruple to read to his friends (among them the poet laureate Pye and his wife) as having preceded and given occasion for Goldsmith's.[1] Several

[1] Mrs. Pye, the wife of the poet laureate, writes to Garrick from Dijon on the 16th May, 1774 (*Garrick Correspondence* i. 628), "When the Duke of Cumberand was here he gave Mr. Pye a parcel of *Public Advertisers*, which we most eagerly devoured, as you will easily believe, and by those I find Dr. Goldsmith has published a poem called *Retaliation;* if it is written with a tithe of the wit and poetical fire of what you were so good to impart to me which gave occasion to it, his poem is fairly worth taking a journey to England on purpose to read. I long to have your opinion of it." I subjoin the lines of retort, not of provocation (as, indeed, Garrick in his own statement admits), whose wit and poetical fire the poet laureate's lady so greatly admired:

"Here, Hermes, says Jove, who with nectar was mellow,
Go fetch me some clay—I will make an odd fellow:
Right and wrong shall be jumbled, much gold and some dross,
Without cause be he pleased, without cause be he cross;
Be sure as I work to throw in contradictions,
A great love of truth, yet a mind turned to fictions:
Now mix these ingredients, which warm'd in the baking,
Turn'd to learning and gaming, religion and raking.
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste;
Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine taste;
That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to the head and set fire to the tail;
For the joy of each sex on the world I'll bestow it,
The scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet,
Though a mixture so odd he shall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals be Goldsmith his name;
When on earth this strange meteor no more shall appear,
You, Hermes, shall fetch him—to make us sport here."

A second, which also appears in Garrick's *Works*, is poor enough:

"ON DR. GOLDSMITH'S CHARACTERISTIC COOKERY.

"Are these the choice dishes the Doctor has sent us?
Is this the great poet whose works so content us?
This Goldsmith's fine feast who has written fine books?
Heaven sends us good meat, but the devil sends cooks!"

A third was published in the *Public Ledger* with Garrick's initials, while

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of the other assailants submissively deprecated Goldsmith's wrath, in verses that still exist; and the flutter of fear became very perceptible. "*Retaliation*," says Walter Scott, "had the effect of placing the author on a more equal footing with his society than he had ever before assumed." Fear might doubtless have had that effect, if Goldsmith could have visited St. James's Street again; but a sterner invitation awaited him. Allusions to Kenrick show he was still writing his retaliatory epitaphs in the middle of February;[1] such of them as escaped during composition were limited to

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the matter was town-talk; and this has been copied verbatim for me, from the newspaper, by an obliging correspondent, Mr. Edward Ford. Its genuineness cannot be doubted, for Mr. Fitzgerald (*Life of Garrick*, ii. 368) has given it from a copy in Garrick's handwriting; though not at all improved, I must add, by the substitution of "pen" for the manifestly right word "brain," in the last line. "Epitaph on Dr. Goldsmith, read at the Literary Club when the Doctor was present:

"Reader, here lies a favorite son of fame!
By a few outlines you will guess his name:
Full of ideas was his head—so full,
Had it not strength, they must have cracked his skull:
When his mouth open'd all were in a pother,
Rush'd at the door, and tumbled o'er each other!
But rallying soon with all their force again,
In bright array they issued from his brain!"—D. G.

[1] "Our Dods shall be pious, our Kenricks shall lecture." Kenrick's lectures on Shakespeare began at the Devil tavern (Temple Bar), towards the close of January, 1774, and continued for some time. But a more remarkable evidence exists that he was working at these epitaphs to the last, if we are to believe the anonymous correspondent who sent the additional lines on Caleb Whitefoord which appeared in the fifth edition of *Retaliation*. I quote the publisher's preface: "After the fourth edition of this poem was printed, the publisher received an Epitaph on Mr. Whitefoord from a friend of the late Dr. Goldsmith, enclosed in a letter of which the following is an abstract: 'I have in my possession a sheet of paper containing near forty lines in the Doctor's own handwriting; there are many scattered broken verses on Sir Joshua Reynolds, Counsellor Ridge, Mr. Beauclerk, and Mr. Whitefoord. The epitaph on the last-mentioned gentleman is the only one that is finished, and therefore I have copied it that you may add it to the next edition. It is a striking proof of Dr. Goldsmith's good-nature. I saw this sheet of paper in the Doctor's room five or six days before he died; and as I had got all the other epitaphs, I asked him if I might take it. In truth you may, my boy (replied he), for it will

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very few of his acquaintance; and when the publication of the poem challenged wider respect for the writer, the writer had been a week in his grave.

"Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confest without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame,
Till, his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-praised!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies:
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakespeare, receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens, be his Kellys above." [1]

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be of no use to me where I am going.'" The reader must use his judgment in determining whether or not this story is credible. It has to me a somewhat doubtful look."

[1] Mr. Mitford suggests that the hint of the commencing part of *Retaliation* may have been borrowed and adorned from Motteux's rough sketch, in his prologue to Farquhar's *Inconstant*:

"Like hungry guests a sitting audience looks,
Plays are like suppers, poets are the cooks.
Each Act a course, each Scene a different dish," etc.

But it may not be the less worth mentioning, in connection with the fact

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Other brief passages of the poem which were handed about at the same time with this character of Garrick, Burke is said to have received under solemn injunctions of secrecy; which he promised to observe if they had passed into no other hands, but from which he released himself with all despatch when told that Mrs. Cholmondeley had also received a copy.[1] It would be curious to know, if, in the manuscript confided to him, he found that exquisite epitaph, formerly quoted, in which not alone his character was expressed, but his career was prefigured.[2] This may be doubtful, for the plan of the poem, it is evident, had grown far beyond its original purpose, as, "with chaos and blunders encircling his head," poor Goldsmith continued to work at it. It became something better than

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that the two most prominent names in the poem are those of Garrick and Burke, that there exists a playful letter of Burke's addressed to Garrick some four or five years before the present date, from which one can hardly help thinking that Goldsmith may have drawn some hint for the opening lines of his poem, before he saw either Scarron or Motteux. Burke, writing in great spirits to Garrick during the exciting session of 1769 (when, as poor Goldsmith remarked, he was supposed to be near his apotheosis), sends him a *rosa sera*, a late turtle, thus introducing it: "Your true epicureans are of opinion, you know, that it contains in itself all kinds of flesh, fish, and fowl. It is, therefore, a dish fit for one who can represent all the solidity of flesh, the volatility of fowl, and the oddity of fish. As this entertainment can be found no longer anywhere but at your table, or at those tables to which you give conviviality and cheerfulness, let the type and shadow of the master grace his board; a little pepper he can add himself; the wine likewise he will supply: I do not know whether he still retains any friend who can finish the dressing of his turtle by a gentle squeeze of the lemon."—*Garrick Correspondence*, i. 332.

[1] "When," says Cooke, "he had got on as far as the character of Sir Joshua Reynolds in the poem, which was the last character, I believe, of the Doctor's writing" (this would insinuate, but with not very good grounds, that the Caleb Whitefoord lines were Caleb's own), "he showed it to Mr. Burke, of whose talents and friendship he always spoke in the highest degree, but required at the same time a solemn promise of secrecy. 'Before I promise this,' says Mr. Burke, 'be explicit with me; have you shown it to anybody else?' Here the Doctor paused for some time, but at length confessed he had given a copy of it to Mrs. Cholmondeley. 'O then,' replied Mr. Burke, 'to avoid any possible imputation of betraying secrets, I'll promise nothing, but leave it to yourself to confide in me.'"—*European Magazine*, xxiv. 174.

[2] See vol. iv. 39–40.

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"retaliation." In the last lines, on which he is said to have been engaged when his fatal illness seized him, may be read the gratitude of a life. They will help to keep Reynolds immortal.

> "Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
> He has not left a wiser or better behind.
> His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand:
> His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
> Still born to improve us in every part,
> His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
> To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
> When they judged without skill he was still hard of hearing:
> When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
> He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.
> By flattery unspoiled" . . .

It is not unpleasing to think that Goldsmith's hand should have been tracing that unfinished line when illness struck the pen from it forever. It was in the middle of March, 1774. Some little time before he had gone to his Edgware lodging, to pursue his labors undisturbed. Here, at length, he had finished the *Animated Nature;* and the last letter which remains of all that have come down to us, characteristic of his whole life, was written concerning that book to a publisher, Mr. Nourse, who had bought Griffin's original interest. It asked him to allow "his friend Griffin" to purchase back a portion of the copyright; thanked him at the same time for an "over-payment," which, in consideration of the completed manuscript and its writer's necessities, Mr. Nourse had consented to make; and threw out an idea of extending the work into the vegetable and fossil kingdoms.[1] Always working, always wanting, still asking, and

[1] "SIR,—As the work for which we engaged is now near coming out and for the *over* payment of which I return you my thanks, I would consider myself still more obliged to you if you would let my friend Griffin have a part of it. He is ready to pay you for any part you will think proper to give him, and as I have thoughts of extending the work into the *vegetable* and *fossil* kingdoms, you shall share with him in any such engagement as may happen to ensue. I am, Sir, your very humble servant, OLIVER GOLDSMITH."—*Prior*, ii. 504–505. Of the influence with booksellers, reported if not real, which the writer seems to have maintained to the last

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hoping, and planning out fresh labor! Here, too, he was completing the *Grecian History;* making another *Abridgment of English History*, for schools; translating Scarron's *Comic Romance;* revising, for the moderate payment of five guineas vouchsafed by James Dodsley, and with the further condition that he was to put his name to it, a new edition of his *Enquiry into Polite Learning;*[1] laboring to bring into shape the compilation on *Experimental Philosophy*, which had been begun eight years before; writing his *Retaliation;* and making new resolves for the future. Such was the end, such the unwearying and sordid toil, to which even his six years' term of established fame had brought him! The cycle of his life was complete; and in the same miserable labor wherein it had begun, it was to close.

Not without "resolving" to the last, and still hoping to begin anew. "His numerous friends," said Walpole to Mason, speaking of this period of his life three days after its sudden close, "neglected him shamefully at last, as if they had no business with him when it was too serious to laugh. He had lately written epitaphs for them all, some of which hurt, and perhaps made them not sorry that his own was the first necessary."[2] I do not know what excuse may have been given for this piece of scandal, but it is certain that Goldsmith had bitterly felt a reproach which Johnson gave him at their latest interview before leaving London, when, having asked him and Reynolds to dinner at the

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through all his sore distress, here is a proof dating but a few months earlier. It is addressed to the same publisher, Mr. Nourse. "Sir, the bearer is Dr. Andrews, who has just finished a work relative to Denmark, which I have seen and read with great pleasure. He is of opinion that a short letter of this kind expressing my approbation, will be a proper introduction to you. I, therefore, once more recommend it in the warmest manner, and unless I am mistaken it will be a great credit to him as well as benefit to the purchaser of the copy. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant, OLIVER GOLDSMITH." The book was accepted by Nourse and appeared in the following spring.

[1] Mr. Cunningham has carefully marked all the changes and omissions (at which I have glanced from time to time) in this edition, and they may be seen in the *Works* (1854), ii. 1–78.

[2] *Correspondence of Walpole and Mason*, i. 138.

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Temple to meet an old acquaintance to whom his *Dictionary* project had reintroduced him (Dr. Kippis, who tells the anecdote),[1] Johnson silently reproved the extravagance of a too expensive dinner by sending away a whole "second course" untouched.

Soon after that he was taking measures to sell the lease of his Temple chambers; and here in Edgware he was telling his farmer friends that he should never again live longer than two months a year in London. "One has a strange propensity," says Boswell, describing a perpetual habit of his own, "to fix upon some point of time from whence a better course of life may begin." Ah, yes! It is so easy to settle that way what would otherwise never be settled, and comfort ourselves with a flattery of the future. We seem mended at once, without having taken the trouble of mending. Unhappily it is from the same instinctive dislike of trouble that the after-failures of these formal resolutions come. Never will they cease, notwithstanding, till castle-building on the ground is as easy as to build castles in the air. The philosopher smiles at that word *never*, but to the last moment it is pronounced by us all. Here it was whispering to Goldsmith all sorts of enduring resolutions, when the sudden attack of an old illness warned him to seek advice in London. This was a local disorder, a strangury, which had grown from sedentary habits, and had required great care at every period

[1] And whose name I cannot introduce without a regret that Goldsmith had not lived to assist in *his* Dictionary project, to which he would probably have contributed many a charming biography, and of which Walpole soon after this date was writing in his most characteristical strain: "When men write for profit they are not very delicate. What credit can a *Biographia Britannica* be when the editor is a mercenary writer?" etc. Nevertheless, Dr. Kippis's attempt was a great credit to him, and it was a discredit to the age that it should not have been more successful. Its first volume was published four years after Goldsmith's death; and after struggling through five volumes, over a lingering space of fifteen years, it had to be discontinued with the letter E incomplete. It was the last effort of "the trade" to combine anything like greatness, or public usefulness, with their schemes for private profit, and it marks the close of an honorable epoch in the history of bookselling.

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of his life. It was neglect, says Davies, which now brought it on. He describes it as occasioned by "a continual vexation of mind, arising from his involved circumstances"; and adds, "Death, I really believe, was welcome to a man of his great sensibility."[1] In that case, the welcome visitor was come.

[1] *Life of Garrick*, ii. 167.

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CHAPTER XXI

ILLNESS AND DEATH

1774

Goldsmith arrived in London in the middle of March, and obtained relief from the immediate attack of his disease, but was left struggling with symptoms of low nervous fever. Yet he was again among his friends, as well as in the old haunts; and his cordial and close relations with the Horneck family appear in the very last traces left of him in the world.[1] On Friday, the 25th of March, he seems to have been especially anxious to attend the club (Charles Fox, Sir Charles Bunbury, George Steevens, and Dr. George Fordyce, had just obtained their election); but in the afternoon of that day he took to his bed, and at eleven o'clock at night a very benevolent as well as skilful surgeon-apothecary, named Hawes,[2] who lived in the Strand, whom Gold-

[1] Charles Horneck (before referred to, vol. iii. 150) had married in the May of 1773 a daughter of the deceased Lord Albemarle, a lady who in the March of this year ran away with Mr. Scawen, her husband's most intimate friend; and when, in 1775, Horneck sued for his divorce, it appeared that in March, 1774, he had been staying with his wife at Scawen's house in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens; and that on a particular evening "in the middle of that month," one of the female servants found Mrs. Horneck's bedchamber door fastened; whereupon next morning she "inquired why Mrs. Horneck had locked her bedchamber door? and she replied that Mr. Horneck had been at home, and said to her that Mr. Scawen and Dr. Goldsmith were to come and spend the evening in her bedchamber; to which the witness answered that Mr. Horneck had not been at home from the time he went out to dinner, and that Dr. Goldsmith had not been there at all."

[2] For a well-deserved tribute to this excellent man, who took afterwards a physician's degree, and passed a long life of active humanity and

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smith was in the habit of consulting, and to whose efforts to establish a Humane Society he had given active sympathy and assistance, was sent for. He found Goldsmith complaining of violent pain, extending over all the fore-part of his head; his tongue moist, his pulse at ninety, and his mind made up that he should be cured by James's fever powders. He had derived such benefit from this fashionable medicine in previous attacks that it seems to have left him with as obstinate a sense of its universal efficacy as Horace Walpole had, who swore he should take it if the house were on fire. Mr. Hawes saw at once, however, that, his complaint being more of a nervous affection than a febrile disease, such a remedy would be dangerous; that it would force too large and sudden an exhaustion of the vital powers to enable him to cope with the disorder; and he implored him not to think of it. For more than half an hour, he says, he sat by the bedside urging its probable danger; "vehemently entreating" his difficult patient, but unable to prevail upon him to promise that he would not resort to it. Hawes then, after formal protest, said he had one request to make of him. "He very warmly asked me what that was." It was that he would permit his friend, Dr. Fordyce, who had formerly attended him, to be called in at once. He held out against this for some time; endeavored to raise an obstacle by saying Fordyce was gone to spend the evening in Gerrard Street ("where," poor Goldsmith added, "I should also have been if I had not been indisposed"); and at last reluctantly consented. "Well, you may send for him, if you will." Hawes despatched the

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public usefulness, see *Gentleman's Magazine*, lxviii. (1808), 1121. The pamphlet I quote in the text is entitled *An Account of the late Dr. Goldsmith's illness, so far as relates to the exhibition of Dr. James's Powders, together with Remarks on the Use and Abuse of Powerful Medicines in the beginning of fevers and other acute diseases*, by William Hawes, M.D. 1–45. My copy is the fourth edition (1780), and is dedicated to Sir Joshua Reynolds and Edmund Burke, as "two of Dr. Goldsmith's most intimate and respectable friends," of whom in the course of the pamphlet (23) it is observed that they, as well as "Mr. Bott and others of Dr. Goldsmith's best and most esteemed friends, have also testified their approbation of my conduct."

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note to Gerrard Street; and Fordyce, arriving soon after Hawes had left, seems to have given Goldsmith a warning against the fever-medicine equally strong, but as unavailing. Hawes sent medicine and leeches soon after twelve; and, in the hope that Fordyce would have succeeded where he had failed, did not send the fever-powders ordered. But Goldsmith continued obstinate. The leeches were applied, the medicine rejected, and the lad who brought them from Hawes's surgery was sent back for a packet of the powders.

So far, in substance, is the narrative of Hawes, which there is no fair ground for disputing. I omit everything not strictly descriptive of the illness; but the good surgeon had evidently a strong regard for his patient.[1] Other facts, in what remains to be told, appeared in formal statements subsequently published by Francis Newbery, the proprietor of the fever-powders, to vindicate the fame of his medicine. These were made and signed by Goldsmith's servant, John Eyles; his laundress, Mary Ginger; and a night nurse, Sarah

[1] Hawes spoke from experience of his help in many humane projects. I quote the concluding passages of his pamphlet: "It may not be improper to observe (as a kind of Apology for some particulars which are before related to have passed between me and Dr. Goldsmith), that he was bred a Physician, and therefore it was natural to converse with him on the subject of his disorder in a medical manner; but his attention had been so wholly absorbed by polite literature that it prevented him from making any great progress in medical studies. As an elegant Writer, he will always be held in the highest esteem by all persons of true taste. His *Traveller* and *Deserted Village* are deservedly numbered among the best poetical productions of the present age; and some of his essays and other pieces are very advantageously distinguished by general wit and native humor. It should also be remembered that he was not only an excellent writer, but a most amiable man. His humanity and generosity greatly exceeded the narrow limits of his fortune; and those who were no judges of the literary merit of the Author could not but love the Man for that benevolence by which he was so strongly characterized. . . . N.B. As my late respected and ingenious friend, Dr. Goldsmith, was pleased to honor Dr. Cogan and myself with his patronage and assistance in the Undertaking for the Recovery of persons apparently dead by Drowning, and other sudden accidents, now on the point of being established in this kingdom, I think I cannot show a greater proof of my esteem for the deceased than by applying the profits of this publication (if any should arise) to an institution the design of which was favored with his approbation."—15–16.

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Smith, called in on the second day of the illness. As soon as Goldsmith took the powder sent him from the Strand, he protested it was the wrong powder; was very angry with Hawes; threatened to pay his bill next morning, and have done with him; and certainly despatched Eyles, in the afternoon of that day, for a fresh packet from Newbery's. He sent at the same time for his laundress (she was wife of the head-porter of the Temple), to "come and sit by him, until John returned"; described himself, when she arrived, as worse; and damned Hawes ("those were his very words") for the mistake he had made. In the afternoon and night of Saturday, two of the fresh powders were administered, one by the servant, the other by the nurse. The nurse was also despatched for another apothecary, named Maxwell, living near St. Dunstan's church, who came, but declined to act as matters then stood; and from that time "the patient followed the advice of his physicians." He was too ill to make further resistance. Such is the substance of the evidence of the servants, in which a somewhat exaggerated form was given to what might in itself be substantially true, yet in no way affect the veracity of Mr. Hawes.[1] If Goldsmith asserted that a wrong powder had been sent, the sudden impulse to think so was perhaps not unnatural, after the course he had unwisely persisted in; but that Hawes really made the mistake is not credible. Reynolds and Burke made later investigation, and wholly acquitted him; a recent inquirer and intelligent practitioner, Mr. White Cooper, confirms strongly the opinion on which he seems to have acted; nor did poor Goldsmith himself very long adhere to the charge he had made.[2]

[1] The various affidavits, as put forth by Francis Newbery to vindicate the reputation of his medicine, are reprinted as an appendix to Hawes's *Account*.

[2] Horace Walpole is no authority on such a point, but it may mark the interest which was felt on the question if I add what he wrote to Mason on the third day after the fatal termination of the illness: "The republic of Parnassus has lost a member; Dr. Goldsmith is dead of a purple fever, and I think he might have been saved if he had continued James's powder, which had had much effect, but his physician interposed. . . . The poor

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Mr. Hawes (the substance of whose brief narrative I resume, with such illustrations as other sources have supplied) did not see his patient when he called on Saturday morning. "His master was dozing, he lay very quiet," was the announcement of Eyles. He called again at night; when, "with great appearance of concern," the man told him that everything was worse. Hawes went in, and found Goldsmith extremely exhausted and reduced, his pulse very quick and small; and on inquiring how he did, "he sighed deeply, and in a very low voice said he wished he had taken my friendly advice last night." To other questions he made no answer. He was so weak and low that he had neither strength nor spirit to speak. There was now, clearly, danger of the worst; and Fordyce next day proposed to call another physician, named Dr. Turton, into consultation. Goldsmith's consent was obtained to this step at eight o'clock on Monday morning, and Hawes retired altogether from attendance. The patient had again passed a very bad night, "and lay absolutely sunk with weakness." Fordyce and Turton met that day; and continued their consultations twice daily until all was over.

A week passed: the symptoms so fluctuating in the course of it, and the evidence of active disease so manifestly declining, that even sanguine expectations of recovery would appear to have been at one time entertained. But Goldsmith could not sleep. His reason seemed clear; what he said was always perfectly sensible; "he was at times even cheerful"; but sleep had deserted him, his appetite was gone, and it became obvious, in the state of weakness to which he had been reduced, that want of sleep might in itself be fatal. It then occurred to Dr. Turton to put a very pregnant question to his patient. "Your pulse," he said, "is in greater disorder than it should be, from the degree of fever which you have. *Is your mind at ease?*" "*No, it is not,*" was Goldsmith's melancholy answer.[1] They are the

soul had sometimes parts, though never common-sense."—Mitford's *Correspondence of Walpole and Mason*, i. 188.

[1] *Boswell*, vi. 305–306.

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last words we are to hear him utter in this world. The end arrived suddenly and unexpectedly. He lay in the sound and calm sleep which so anxiously had been looked for, at midnight on Sunday, the 3d of April; his respiration was easy and natural, his skin warm and moist, and the favorable turn was thought to have come. But at four o'clock in the morning the apothecary Maxwell was called up in haste, and found him in strong convulsions. These continued without intermission; he sank rapidly; and at a quarter before five o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 4th of April, 1774, having then lived five months beyond his forty-fifth year, Oliver Goldsmith died.[1]

When Burke was told, he burst into tears. Reynolds was in his painting-room when the messenger went to him; but at once he laid his pencil aside, which in times of great family distress he had not been known to do, left his painting-room, and did not re-enter it that day. Northcote describes the blow as the "severest Sir Joshua ever received." Nor was the day less gloomy for Johnson. "Poor Goldsmith is gone," was his anticipation of the evil tidings. "Of poor dear Dr. Goldsmith," he wrote three months later to Boswell, "there is little more to be told. He died of a fever, I am afraid more violent by uneasiness of mind. His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed not less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before?"[2] He spoke of the loss for years as with the

[1] I quote the obituary from the public journals: "DIED.] Much and deservedly regretted, at his chambers in Brick Court, in the Temple, Dr. Oliver Goldsmith, Author of the Poems of the *Traveller* and *Deserted Village*, and many ingenious works in prose. He was seized on Friday se'nnight with a nervous fever in his brain, which occasioned his death."—"Dr. Goldsmith is dead, and my cousin Mrs. Harris," is the dry mention of Horace Walpole to Lady Ossory (*Ossory Letters*, i. 183), the day but one after the event. A few days before he had written to the same lady of an illness affecting his favorite lap-dog, "I have been out of bed twenty times every night, have had no sleep, and sat up with her till three this morning." —i. 77.

[2] *Boswell*, v. 188. The day after he wrote to Langton: "Chambers, you find, is gone far" (he had set out for India), "and poor Goldsmith

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tenderness of a recent grief; and in his little room hung round with portraits of his favorite friends, even as Swift's was adorned with the "just half a dozen"[1] that he really loved away from Laracor, Goldsmith had a place of honor.[2] "So your wild genius, poor Dr. Goldsmith, is dead," wrote Mrs. Carter to Mrs. Vesey. "He was just going to publish a book called *Animated Nature*. I believe a compilation of Natural History. He died of a fever, poor man! I am sincerely glad to hear he has no family, so his loss will not be felt in domestic life."[3] The respectable and learned old lady could not possibly know in what other *un*domestic ways it might be felt. The staircase of Brick Court is said to have been filled with mourners, the reverse of domestic; women without a home, without domesticity of any kind, with no friend but him they had come to weep for; outcasts of that great, solitary, wicked city, to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable.[4] And he had domestic mourners too. His

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is gone much farther. He died of a fever, exasperated, as I believe, by the fear of distress. He had raised money," etc. (see, vol. iv. 165). "I wrote the following tetrastich on poor Goldsmith," etc. (see vol. iv. 200).—*Boswell*, v. 189.

[1] *Journal to Stella*, February 27, 1712–13 (*Works*, iii. 122). "Lord Bolingbroke and Lady Masham have promised to sit for me; but I despair of Lord-Treasurer; only I hope he will give me a copy, and then I shall have all the pictures of those I really love here; just half a dozen; only I will make Lord-Keeper give me his print in a frame."

[2] "We were shown," says Boswell, describing a visit to Lord Scarsdale's seat at Kiddlestone, by Johnson and himself, three years after Goldsmith's death, "a pretty large library. In his lordship's dressing-room lay Johnson's small dictionary: he showed it to me, with some eagerness, saying: 'Look ye! Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris.' He observed, also, Goldsmith's *Animated Nature;* and said: 'Here's our friend! The poor Doctor would have been happy to hear of this.'"—*Boswell*, vi. 302. He wrote to Miss Reynolds five years after Goldsmith's death, and only five before his own: "You will do me a great favor if you will buy for me the prints of Mr. Burke, Mr. Dyer, and Dr. Goldsmith, as you know good impressions."—*Boswell*, vii. 297.

[3] *Letters*, iv. 110. 4th May, 1774.

[4] See vol. iii. 159. "I was in his chambers in Brick Court the other day," writes a friend, with whom I afterwards visited them, and cannot better describe them than in the few simple words of his letter. "The bedroom

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coffin was reopened at the request of Miss Horneck and her sister (such was the regard he was known to have for them), that a lock might be cut from his hair. It was in Mrs. Gwyn's possession when she died, after nearly seventy years.[1]

A public funeral was at first proposed; and Lords Shelburne and Louth, Reynolds, Burke, Beauclerc, and Garrick were to have borne the pall; but it was afterwards felt that a private ceremony would better become the circumstances in which he had died. All the goods he possessed, with such small fragments of property as he had left at the Edgware cottage, were of course in due time sold by public auction, including his "large, valuable, and well-chosen library of curious and scarce books," his "household furniture and other effects";[2] but Bott, Griffin, and others, still remained with unsatisfied claims; and his brother Maurice, who had come over to London in the month preceding the sale for the purpose of "administering" to what had been left, soon saw how hopeless it was to expect that his brother's debts would not absorb everything, and therefore, even before the sale took place, went back empty-handed as he came. For the funeral Burke and Reynolds directed all arrangements; Hawes saw them carried into effect;[3] and the fifth day after his death was appointed for

is a closet without any light in it. It quite pains one to think of the kind old fellow dying off there. There is some good carved work in the rooms; and one can fancy him with General Oglethorpe and Topham Beauclerc, and the fellow coming in with the screw of tea and sugar. What a fine picture Leslie would make of it!" (The writer was Mr. Thackeray. 1870.)

[1] Northcote's *Life of Reynolds*, i. 326, and *Conversations*, 169.

[2] See Appendix B.

[3] And also, by the request of Reynolds, afterwards managed the disposition and sale of the furniture and books, which took place in July. The poet's small writing-desk, a fragment saved from the wreck, is still (1853) in the possession of Mr. Hawes's grandson, the Under-Secretary-at-War, who justly values it. It will not be inappropriate here to quote the letter which Mr. Maurice Goldsmith addressed to Mr. Hawes on leaving London. His manners may have been homely and uncouth, but he could express an honest feeling in plain and simple language, and at any rate deserved a better fate than that which the reader will find described in Appendix A to this volume. The letter is printed in Mr. Hawes's pamphlet (22):

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Goldsmith's Monument in Westminster Abbey, by Nollekens

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the ceremony. Reynolds's nephew, Palmer (afterwards Dean of Cashel), attended as chief mourner, and was accompanied by Mr. Day, afterwards Sir John Day and Judge Advocate-General at Bengal; by his relative and namesake heretofore mentioned, Robert Day, who became the Irish judge; and by Mr. Hawes, and his friend Mr. Etherington. These were unexpectedly joined on the morning of the funeral by Hugh Kelly, who in the presence of that great sorrow had only remembered happier and more friendly days, and was seen still standing weeping at the grave as the others moved away.[1] So, at five o'clock on the evening of Saturday, the 9th of April, the remains of Oliver Goldsmith were committed to their final resting-place in the burial-ground of the Temple Church. No memorial indicates the grave to the pilgrim or the stranger, nor is it possible any longer to identify the spot which received all that was mortal of this delightful writer.

The notion of a monument in Westminster Abbey was the suggestion of Reynolds; and he selected the spot over

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"LONDON, *June* 10, 1774. MR. HAWES,—In a few hours I purpose leaving town, and now return you most sincere thanks for your kind behavior to me since my arrival here. I also am thoroughly convinced of your care, assiduity, and diligence with respect to my brother, Dr. Goldsmith. I am also convinced that, as his affairs were put into your hands by Sir Joshua Reynolds, he could have chose no one who would have acted with more caution and disinterestedness than you have done; for which you have my sincere wishes for the welfare of you and yours. I am, sir, with thanks and respects to your family,

"Your much obliged humble servant, MAURICE GOLDSMITH."

[1] I believe this to have been a genuine feeling on the part of Kelly. Yet it was made the subject of an attack at the time.

"Hence Kelly, who years, without honor or shame,
Had been sticking his bodkin in Oliver's fame,
Who thought, like the Tartar, by this to inherit
His genius, his learning, simplicity, spirit;
Now sets every feature to weep o'er his fate,
And acts as a mourner to blubber in state," etc.

I will not pollute these pages by the foul epitaph with which Kenrick pursued Goldsmith into his grave, describing him as one

"By his own art who justly died,
A blund'ring, artless, suicide."

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the south door in Poets' Corner, where it was subsequently placed in the area of a pointed arch, between the monuments of Gay and the Duke of Argyll. It consisted of a medallion portrait and tablet. Nollekens was the sculptor; and, two years after Goldsmith's death, the inscription was written by Johnson. "I send you the poor dear Doctor's epitaph," he writes to Reynolds, with grief apparently as fresh as though their loss had been of yesterday. "Read it first yourself; and if you then think it right, show it to the club." The principal members of the club, with other friends, dined soon after at Reynolds's;[1] and so many objections were started on its being read that it was resolved to submit them to Johnson in the form of a round-robin, such as sailors adopt at sea when a matter of grievance is started and no one wishes to stand first or last in remonstrance with the captain.

After stating the great pleasure with which the intended epitaph had been read, and the admiration it had created for its elegant composition and masterly style "considered abstractedly," this round-robin, which was dictated by Burke, went on to say that its circumscribers were yet of opinion that the character of Goldsmith as a writer, particularly as a poet, was not perhaps delineated with all the exactness which Dr. Johnson was capable of giving it; and that therefore, with deference to his superior judgment, they humbly requested he would at least take the trouble of revising it, and of making such alterations and additions as he should think proper upon a further perusal. This part of the remonstrance Johnson received with good humor; and desired Sir Joshua, who presented it, to tell the gentlemen he would alter the epitaph in any manner they pleased, as to the sense of it. But then came the pinch of the matter. Langton, who was present when the remonstrance was drawn up, had not objected thus far; but to what now was added he refused to give his name. "But if we might venture to express our wishes, they would lead us to request that

[1] So, *Boswell*. Cumberland (i. 371) says it was at the house of Beauclerc.

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he would write the epitaph in English rather than in Latin, as we think that the memory of so eminent an English writer ought to be perpetuated in the language to which his works are likely to be so lasting an ornament, which we also know to have been the opinion of the late Doctor himself." Langton was too sturdy a classic to assent to this; his scholarly sympathies having already invited and received, from Johnson, even a Greek lament for their common loss. The names circumscribed were those of Burke, Francklin (the translator of *Sophocles* and *Lucian*, who misspelled his own name in signing it), Chamier, Colman, Vachell (a friend of Sir Joshua's), Reynolds, Forbes (the Scotch baronet and biographer of Beattie),[1] Barnard, Sheridan, Metcalfe (another great friend of Sir Joshua's, and a humane as well as active member of the House of Commons), Gibbon, and Joseph Warton. "I wonder," exclaimed Johnson, when he read this part of the remonstrance and the names, "that Joe Warton, a scholar by profession, should be such a fool. I should have thought Mund Burke, too, would have had more sense." His formal answer was not less emphatic. He requested Reynolds at once to acquaint his fellow-mutineers that he would never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription. The Latin was accordingly placed upon the marble, where it now remains. I append a translation as nearly literal, line for line, as I could make it, consistent with an attempt to preserve the spirit as well as manner of the original.

OLIVARII GOLDSMITH
Poetæ, Physici, Historici,
qui nullum fere scribendi genus
non tetigit,
nullum quod tetigit non ornavit:[2]

[1] From whose communication to Boswell (vi. 207–210) these facts are derived. I may mention that Francklin signs his name in the round-robin without the *c*. But his identity is not to be disputed. He was Greek professor at Cambridge, and chaplain to the Royal Academy.

[2] Dean Stanley (*Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, p. 297), remarking happily of this expression that it has passed into the proverbial Latin of mankind, gives hastily a popular but not correct version of it, *nihil tetigit quod*

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sive risus essent movendi,
sive lacrymæ,
affectuum potens, at lenis dominator;
ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis;
oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus:
hoc monumento memoriam coluit
Sodalium amor,
Amicorum fides,
Lectorum veneratio.
Natus Hibernià, Forneiæ Lonfordiensis
in loco cui nomen Pallas,
Nov. XXIX. MDCCXXXI.
Eblanæ literis institutus,
Objit Londini
Apr. IV. MDCCLXXIV.[1]

OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH—
Poet, Naturalist, Historian,
who left scarcely any kind of writing
untouched,

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non ornavit, and adds: "Professor Conington calls my attention to the fact that, if this were a genuine classical quotation, it would be *ornaret*. The slight mistake proves that it is Johnson's own." The mistake is in the quotation. The line as it stands in my text is good Latin, expressing exactly what Johnson intended; and as it so stands, it is on the marble. (I leave this note as written, the error being commonly made in quoting the line it refers to: but the Dean has corrected his mistake in the later editions of his agreeable book.)

[1] This epitaph was first made public in Campbell's *Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland* (437–488), Dr. Johnson having furnished a copy. But it was then incomplete, the exact place of birth not having been ascertained. Mr. Croker, in his last and greatly improved edition of *Boswell*, justly expresses himself at a loss to discover how an English inscription should disgrace an English church, or a writer whose fame is exclusively English; and seems disposed, on the other hand, to think a Latin inscription, in such a place, and for such a purpose, about as absurd in principle as Smollett's dinner after the manner of the ancients. I may here add, from Mr. Croker's volume, the Greek tetrastich which (see vol. iv. 195) Johnson sent to Langton.

Τὸν τάφον εἰσοράᾳς τὸν Ὀλιβάροιο· κονίην
Ἄφροσι μὴ σεμνὴν Ζεῖνε, πόδεσσι πάτει.
Οἷσι μέμηλε φύσις, μίτρων χάρις, ἔργα παλαιῶν,
Κλαίετε ποιητὴν, ἱστορικὸν, φυσικόν.

Here GOLDSMITH lies. O ye, who deeds of Eld
Or Nature's works, or sacred Song regard
With reverence tread . . . for he in all excelled
Historian and Philosopher and Bard.

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and touched nothing that he did not adorn:
Whether smiles were to be stirred
or tears,
commanding our emotions, yet a gentle master:
In genius lofty, lively, versatile,
in style weighty, clear, engaging—
The memory in this monument is cherished
by the love of Companions,
the faithfulness of Friends
the reverence of Readers.
He was born in Ireland,
at a place called Pallas,
(in the parish) of Forney, (and county) of Longford,
on the 29th Nov. 1731.
Trained in letters at Dublin.
Died in London,
4th April, 1774.

Sixty-one years after this monument was placed in the Abbey it occurred to the Benchers of the Temple Inn, to which I have the honor to belong, to contribute to the place such additional interest as it might receive from commemorating Goldsmith's connection with it. A simple and handsome inscribed slab of plain solid white marble was accordingly, in 1837, fixed in the church, which, when the subsequent repairs and restorations compelled its removal, was transferred to the recesses of the vestry-chamber, where it now remains interred.

THIS TABLET
RECORDING THAT
OLIVER GOLDSMITH
DIED IN THE TEMPLE
ON THE 4TH OF APRIL, 1774,
AND WAS BURIED
IN THE ADJOINING CHURCHYARD,
WAS ERECTED BY THE BENCHERS OF
THE HONORABLE SOCIETY OF THE INNER TEMPLE
A.D. 1837.
SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK,
TREASURER.

Availing myself of the friendship of the distinguished person whose name is affixed to this tablet, at that time Treasurer of the Inner Temple and afterwards Chief Baron, we visited together, in 1852, the burial-ground of the Tem-

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ple in the hope of identifying the grave; but we did not succeed in the object of our search. We examined unavailingly every spot beneath which interment had taken place, and every stone and sculpture on the ground; nor was it possible to discover any clue in the register of burials which we afterwards looked through with the Master of the Temple. It simply records as "Buried 9th April, Oliver Goldsmith, M.B., late of Brick Court, Middle Temple."

I had so written nearly twenty years ago; and in a correspondence respecting it held lately with the present Reader of the Temple, the Rev. Mr. Ainger thus wrote to me last August (1870): "As you suppose, I was well aware that the exact position of Goldsmith's grave is not known. A flat gravestone with his name has, however, been placed in the yard at the north side of the church, a few feet west of the Master's house. As you do not mention this stone in the last edition (1855) of your *Life*, which I have by me, I conclude that it has been placed there subsequently. The old vestry of the church has been superseded by a larger and more commodious room since you wrote, and is now occupied by the blowing-machinery of the organ; so that the tablet, which, as you say, was transferred thither at the restoration of the church, is now still further hidden from the eyes of the curious." More recently (1871) I learn that it is moved into the triforium, where it will in future remain; and not a Sunday passes, the Reader of the Temple assures me, that he does not see pilgrims of all classes thronging about the flat gravestone in the Temple churchyard on which mere fancy has inscribed for them "*Here* lies OLIVER GOLDSMITH." Within the last few years, too, by the exercise of a higher fancy, the poet has received in the land of his birth more exalted homage. His full-length statue by Mr. Foley stands now by the gate of the Dublin University. An engraving of it, with approval and assistance from the sculptor, adorns my volumes; and the painting by Reynolds, also in this work, reproduced from its original, could not have a worthier companion.

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Statue of Goldsmith, by Foley

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CHAPTER XXII

THE REWARDS OF GENIUS

1774

WHILE Goldsmith lay upon his death-bed there was much discussion in London about the rights of authors. After two decisions in the courts of common law, which declared an author's property to be perpetual in any work he might have written, the question had been brought upon appeal before the House of Lords, where the opinions of the judges were taken.[1] This was that dignified audience in whose ears might still be ringing some echo of the memorable words addressed to them by Lord Chesterfield. "Wit, my lords, is a sort of property—the property of those who have it, and too often the only property they have to depend on. It is, indeed, but a precarious dependence. We, my lords, thank God, have a dependence of another kind."

[1] Lord Shelburne, in a letter to Lord Chatham, describes the scene, with a very manifest spleen against the Chief Justice. "Lord Mansfield showed himself the merest Captain Bobadil that, I suppose, ever existed in real life. I ought, instead of being a bad writer, to be a good painter, to convey to your lordship the ridicule of the scene. You can, perhaps, imagine to yourself the Bishop of Carlisle, an old metaphysical head of a college, reading a paper, not a speech, out of an old sermon-book, with very bad sight, leaning on the table, Lord Mansfield sitting at it, with eyes of fixed melancholy looking at him, knowing that the Bishop's were the only eyes in the house who could not meet his; the judges behind him full of rage at being drawn into so absurd an opinion, and abandoned in it by their chief; the bishops waking, as your lordship knows they do, just before they vote, and staring on finding something the matter; while Lord Townsend was close to the bar, getting Mr. Dunning to put up his glass to look at the head of criminal justice."—*Chatham Correspondence*, iv. 327–328.

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Safe in that dependence of another kind, what was their judgment, then, as to the only property which not the least distinguished of their fellow-citizens had entirely and exclusively to count upon for subsistence and support?

First for the opinions of the judges. Five declared their belief that, by the common law of England, the sole right of multiplying copies of any work was vested forever in him by the exercise of whose genius, faculties, or industry such work had been produced; and that no enactment had yet been passed of force to limit that estate in fee.[1] The special verdict in the case of Millar *vs.* Taylor found it as a fact, "that before the reign of Queen Anne it was usual to purchase from authors the perpetual copyright of their books, and to assign the same from hand to hand for valuable considerations, and to make them the subject of family settlements"; and, in the subsequent elaborate judgment, Lord Mansfield, Mr. Justice Willes, and Mr. Justice Aston, concurred in holding that copyright was still perpetual by the common law, and not limited, except as to penalties, by the statute. Six other judges, on the contrary, held that this perpetual property which undoubtedly existed at common law had been reduced to a short

[1] Arthur Murphy, at this time practising as a barrister, argued the case against the perpetual right, as counsel for Donaldson and the other appellants (Foot's *Life*, 356). He had already, five years earlier, defended against Millar's prosecution a Scotch pirate named Taylor, for having seized and appropriated Thomson's *Seasons*. I mention this because his argument, in which I have little doubt that Johnson assisted him, is a somewhat elaborate statement of the reasoning in favor of the limitation of the author's right, and is partly printed in Foot's *Life*, 340–346. It is to be hoped, however, that Johnson did not supply him with the hint for one part of his defence, which would be equally good as an argument against the admission of any kind of property in the production of a book. "To whom," says Murphy, "is it owing that many valuable compositions are now to be had in pocket volumes? To the country booksellers altogether . . . and the London booksellers, in their own defence, and not from choice, have had recourse to the same measure. The present defendant lives at Berwick; he goes about to fairs and markets with a cart, and there disposes of Thomson's *Seasons*, etc., by which means a taste for reading is propagated in the country, where perhaps, without his activity, that benefit would not be so extensive."

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term by an act passed in the reign of Queen Anne, and somewhat strangely entitled (if this were, indeed, its right construction) as for the encouragement of literature. Chief Justice Mansfield's opinion would have equalized these opposing judgments; but, though retaining it still as strongly as when it had decided the right in his own court, the highest tribunal of common law, he thought it becoming not then to repeat it. Lord Camden upon this moved and carried a reversal of Lord Mansfield's decision, by reversing the decree which had been founded upon it. The House of Lords thus declared the statute of Anne to have been a confiscation to the public use, after a certain brief term, of such rights of property in the fruits of his own labor and genius as, up to the period of its enactment, an author had undoubtedly possessed.

Lord Camden glorified this result as an advantage to literature itself. For he held that genius was intended not for the benefit of the individual who possessed it, but the universal benefit of the race; and, believing Fame to be its sufficient reward, thought that all who deserved so divine a recompense, spurning delights and living laborious days, should scorn and reject every other. The real price which genius sets upon its labors, he fervently exclaimed, is Immortality, and posterity pays that.[1] On the other hand, Mr. Justice Willes announced an opinion hardly less earnest in its tone, to the effect that he held it to be wise in every state to encourage men of letters, without precise regard to

[1] "Glory is the reward of science; and those who deserve it scorn all meaner views. I speak not of the scribblers for bread, who tease the world with their wretched productions; fourteen years is too long a period for their perishable trash. It was not for gain that Bacon, Newton, Milton, Locke, instructed and delighted the world. . . . When the bookseller offered Milton five pounds for his *Paradise Lost*, he did not reject the offer and commit his piece to the flames, nor did he accept the miserable pittance as the reward of his labors; he knew that the real price of his work was immortality, and that posterity would pay it."—*Parliamentary History*, xvii. 992. Having thus a great lawyer's opinion of those who "scribble for their bread," one would much like to have known what he thought of those who quibble for their bread, and whether the one was not quite as respectable as the other.

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what the measure of their powers might be; and that the easiest and most equal way of doing it was by securing to them the property of their own works. By that means nobody contributed who was not willing; and though a good book might be run down, and a bad one cried up, for a time, yet sooner or later the reward would be fairly proportioned to the merit of the work. "A writer's fame," added this learned and upright judge, "will not be the less that he has bread; without being under the necessity, that he may get bread, of prostituting his pen to flattery or to party."

Such interest as society showed in the discussion went wholly with the majestic sentiments of Camden. "The very thought," wrote Lord Chatham to Lord Shelburne, "of coining literature into ready rhino! Why, it is as illiberal as it is illegal."[1] So runs the circle of injustice. Attempt to get social station by your talents, and you are illiberal; use your talents without social station to commend them, and you are despised. It is, nevertheless, probable that the reader who may have accompanied me through this narrative thus far will think it not "illiberal" to put these rival and opposing doctrines to the practical test of the Life and Death it has recorded. To that, in the individual case, they may now be left, with such illustrative comment from the nature and the claims of Goldsmith's writings and the peculiarities of his character as already I have amply supplied.

Let this be added: The debt which Lord Camden proclaimed due to genius (though, from his conduct on the only occasion when they met, he probably did not think it due to Goldsmith),[2] has to this date been amply paid in the fame of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, the *Citizen of the World*, the *Deserted Village*, "She Stoops to Conquer," and the *Traveller*. Goldsmith died in the prime of his age and his powers, because his strength had been overtasked and his mind was ill at ease; but by this the world's enjoyment of what he left has been in no respect weakened or impaired. Nor was his lot upon the whole

[1] *Chatham Correspondence*, iv. 382.

[2] See vol. iii. 285.

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an unhappy one, for him or for us. Nature is vindicated in the sorrows of her favorite children, for a thousand enduring and elevating pleasures survive to redeem their temporary sufferings. The acquisition of wealth, the attainment of tranquillity and worldly ease, so eagerly coveted and unscrupulously toiled for, are not themselves achieved without attendant losses; and not without much to soften the harshness of anxiety and poverty, to show what gains may be saved out of the greatest apparent disadvantage, and to render us all some solid assistance out of even his thriftless, imprudent, insolvent circumstances, had Goldsmith lived and died. He worthily did the work that was in him to do; proved himself in his garret a gentleman of nature; left the world no ungenerous bequest; and went his unknown way. Nor have posterity been backward to acknowledge the debt which his contemporaries left them to discharge; and it is with calm, unruffled, joyful aspect on the one hand, and with grateful, loving, eager admiration on the other, that the creditor and his debtors at length stand face to face.

All this is the world's honor as well as gain; which has yet to consider, notwithstanding, with a view to its own larger profit in both, if its debt to the man of genius might not earlier be discharged, and if the thorns which only become invisible beneath the laurel that overgrows his grave, should not rather, while he lives, be plucked away. But it is not an act of Parliament that can determine this; even though it were an act to restore to the man of letters the rights of which the legislature has thought fit to deprive him. The world must exercise those higher privileges which legislation follows and obeys, before the proper remedy can be found for literary wrongs. Mere wealth would not have supplied it in Goldsmith's day, and does not supply it now.

This book has been written to little purpose if the intention can be attributed to it of claiming for the literary man either more money than is proportioned to the work he does by the appreciation it commands, or immunity from those

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conditions of prudence, industry, and a knowledge of the multiplication-table, which are inseparable from success in all other walks of life. But, with a design far other than that, one object of it has been to show that the very character of the writer's calling, by the thoughts which he creates, by the emotions he is able to inspire, by the happiness he may extend to distant generations, so far places him on a different level from the tradesman, merchant, lawyer, or physician, who has his wares and merchandise or advice to sell, that whereas in the latter case the service is as definite as the reward due to it, in the former a balance must be always left which only time can adjust fairly. In the vast majority of cases, too, even the attempt at adjustment is not made until the tuneful tongue is silent and the ear deaf to praise; nor, much as the extension of the public of readers has done to diminish the probabilities of a writer's suffering, are the chances of his lot bettered even yet in regard to that fair and full reward. Another object of this book has, therefore, been to point out that literature ought long ago to have received from the state an amount of recognition which would at least have placed its highest cultivators on a level with other and not worthier recipients of its gratitude. The lapse of time, in widening and enlarging the dominion of intellect, has not lessened this grave necessity. The mind of the nation now more than ever claims to be recognized for itself. More than ever it is felt as a national opprobrium that such of our countrymen as have heretofore achieved greatness, whether in literature or in science, should have struggled into fame without the aid of English institutions, by waging continuous war against disparagement and depression, and in sheer defiance of both forcing their reluctant way.[1] Every season has its fashions, indeed, in litera-

[1] "The Order of the Bath was lately reorganized for the express purpose of still further extending its honors to civil merit; but how was *civil merit* understood? Exclusively in the sense of diplomatic and administrative talent. . . . Some months since we published a table in which we compared the salaries granted by government to persons employed in a literary or scientific capacity with the emoluments of other officials. In that docu-

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ture and other things; and, at the service of the popular man who cares to attend them, there will always be great men's feasts and rooms full of gaping admirers, such as, in Goldsmith's day, and only a few years before Sterne's own miserable death, the creator of Mr. Shandy and my Uncle Toby had the good fortune to enjoy. But such cases only more glaringly exhibit the disproportion that exists between the power which a writer exerts in his vocation and the respect which he ought to be, and is not, able to claim for himself. It is not with patronage in that sense, or in any sense, that the claim of literature, the equal claim of science, the claim of human intellect worthily exercised, to its due place among men, has really anything to do. But its relation to the state involves higher considerations; for the best offices of service to a state are those in which thinkers are required; and, more than many of its lawyers, more than all its soldiers, it is in such offices that the higher class of men of letters and science are competent to assist. Yet, if any one would measure the weight of contempt and neglect that now presses down such service, let him compare the deeds for which an English Parliament ordinarily bestows its thanks, its peerages, and its pensions, with the highest grade of honor or reward that it has ever vouchsafed to the loftiest genius, the highest distinction in literature, the greatest moral or mechanical achievement, by which not simply England has been benefited and exalted, but the whole human race.

Other classes of the community, however, besides our

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ment the reader will perceive how finely the estimate of value tapers off as it approaches the departments of thought and invention. The door-keeper of the House of Commons receives £74 per annum more than the Royal Astronomer or the Principal Librarian at the British Museum; and the board-room porter at the Admiralty enjoys precisely the same stipend as the third Assistant Astronomer Royal. We do not refer to such instances as special ones. They happen to be among the latest, and we therefore select them as ordinary examples of a system."—*The Athenæum*, July 15, 1848, from a series of papers on the Claims of Literature published on the appearance of the first edition of this biography. The "table" referred to appeared on the 1st of April, 1848.

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rulers and governors, have their share in inflicting the wrong, and must have a larger share in bringing about the remedy. Society cannot help being swayed and mastered in the most important of its interests, yet it can steadily refuse to recognize the men who hold and exercise that power. Partly because of the sordid ills that attended authorship in such days as have been described in this volume, partly from the fact that it is a calling daily entered by men whom neither natural gifts nor laborious acquirements entitle to success in it, the belief is still very common that to be an author is to be a kind of vagrant, picking up subsistence as he can, a loaf to-day, a crumb to-morrow, and that to such a man no special signification of respect in social life can possibly be paid. When Lord Mansfield proclaimed from the bench that there really existed such a thing as an author's right to his copy, his meaning was as little understood as, three-quarters of a century later, the author's claim to those few more years' enjoyment of the fruits of his own labor or genius which thirty years ago was humbly solicited, and painfully recovered,[1] out of the confiscation applauded by Lord

[1] By Mr. Justice (then Mr. Sergeant) Talfourd, who in his preface to the republication of his *Three Speeches* on Copyright (1840) describes as "a compromise" the measure which the House of Commons (by mutilating it before they permitted it to pass) proclaimed to be far too liberal a compromise; declares his conviction of the justice of restoring perpetual copyright; and illustrates his case by reference to the dying struggle and destitution of De Foe. "Had every schoolboy, whose young imagination has been prompted by his great work, and whose heart has learned to throb in the strange yet familiar solitude he created, given even the half-penny of the statute of Anne, there would have been no want of a provision for his children, no need of a subscription for a statue to his memory!" As I transcribe these words (January, 1854), I become acquainted with the most striking practical comment which it would be possible for them to receive, in the fact that there is now living in Kennington, in deep though uncomplaining poverty, James De Foe, aged seventy-seven, the great-grandson of the author of *Robinson Crusoe*. The result of the mention thus made (I am now writing in January, 1871) was a subscription under the management of Mr. Dickens, Mr. Charles Knight, and myself, out of which, up to May, 1857, two hundred pounds were paid, in small sums according to his needs, to the worthy old man, on whose death, in that month, the small balance was handed over to his two daughters. In further aid of the latter

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Camden. Nor, in marking thus the low account and general disesteem of their calling, are the literary class themselves to be exempted from blame. "It were well," said Goldsmith on one occasion, with bitter truth, "if none but the dunces of society were combined to render the profession of an author ridiculous or unhappy"; and he proceeds to say that one writer quarrelling with another will set all the world that cannot write laughing at him, though, whatever they may think of themselves, it is at least two to one that they are greater blockheads than the most scribbling dunce they affect to despise.[1] The profession themselves have yet to learn the secret of co-operation; they have to put away internal jealousies; they have to claim for themselves, as poor Goldsmith after his fashion very loudly did, that defined position from which greater respect and more frequent consideration in public life could not long be withheld; in fine, they have frankly to feel that their vocation, properly regarded, ranks with the worthiest, and that on all occasions to do justice to it and to each other is the way to obtain justice from the world. If writers had thus been true to themselves, the subject of copyright might have been equitably settled when attention was first drawn to it; but while De Foe was urging the author's claim Swift was calling De Foe a fellow that had been pilloried, and we have still to discuss as in *formâ pauperis* the rights of the English author.

Confiscation is a hard word; but after the decision given above of the highest English court, it is the word which alone describes fairly the statute of Anne for encouragement of literature. That is now superseded by another statute, having the same gorgeous name, and the same inglorious meaning; for even this last enactment, sorely resisted as it was, leaves England behind any other country in the world in the amount of their own property secured

some small additional moneys were afterwards collected; and upon a mention of the case by Lord Shaftesbury to the then Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston at once directed £100 to be contributed out of the Queen's bounty to James De Foe's daughters.

[1] *Enquiry*, chap. ix.

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to her authors. In some, to this day, perpetual copyright exists; and though it may be reasonable, as Dr. Johnson argued that it was,[1] to surrender a part for greater efficiency of protection to the rest, yet the commonest dictates of natural justice might at least require that an author's family should not be beggared of their inheritance as soon as his own capacity to provide for them may have ceased. In every continental country this is cared for, the lowest term secured by the most niggardly arrangement being twenty-five years; whereas in England it is the munificent number of seven. Yet the most laborious works, and often the most delightful, are for the most part of a kind which the hereafter only can repay. The poet, the historian, the sci-

[1] Dr. Johnson, says Boswell, speaking of the part he took when the question was under debate in the House of Lords, "was zealous against a perpetuity; but he thought that the term of the exclusive right of authors should be considerably enlarged. He was then for granting a hundred years."—ii. 228. I will here subjoin also the argument by which Johnson, at Langton's dinner-table, illustrated this zeal against a perpetuity to which Boswell refers. It really contains the substance of all that has been, or can be, urged against the author on behalf of the public; and which no author would think of resisting, if only honest effect were given to the important admission with which it closes. "There seems," said he, "to be in authors a stronger right of property than that by occupancy; a metaphysical right, a right, as it were, of creation, which should from its nature be perpetual; but the consent of nations is against it; and, indeed, reason and the interests of learning are against it; for were it to be perpetual, no book, however useful, could be universally diffused among mankind should the proprietor take it into his head to restrain its circulation. No book could have the advantage of being edited with notes, however necessary to its elucidation, should the proprietor perversely oppose it. For the general good of the world, therefore, whatever valuable work has once been created by an author, and issued out by him, should be understood as no longer in his power, but as belonging to the public; at the same time the author is entitled to an adequate reward. This he should have by an exclusive right to his work for a considerable number of years."—*Boswell*, iii. 302–303. As Mr. Carlyle put it, in his immortal petition on the copyright bill printed among his *Miscellanies*, to which no answer by way of argument will be found possible, the legislature should forbid all Thomas Teggs and other extraneous persons entirely unconcerned in an author's adventure to steal from him his small winnings for a space of sixty years at shortest. "After sixty years, unless your honorable house provide otherwise, they may begin to steal."

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entific investigator, do, indeed, find readers to-day; but if they have labored with success, they have produced books whose substantial reward is not the large and temporary, but the limited and constant, nature of their sale. No consideration of moral right exists, no principle of economical science can be stated, which would justify the seizure of such books by the public, before they have had the chance of remunerating the genius and labor of their producers.

But though Parliament can easily commit this wrong, it is not in such case the quarter to look to for redress. There is no hope of a better state of things till the author shall enlist upon his side the power of which Parliament is but the inferior expression. The true remedy for literary wrongs must flow from a higher sense than has at any period yet prevailed in England, of the duties and responsibilities assumed by the public writer, and of the social consideration and respect that their effectual discharge should have an undisputed right to claim. The world will be greatly the gainer when such time shall arrive, and when the biography of the man of genius shall no longer be a picture of the most harsh struggles and mean necessities to which man's life is subject, exhibited as in shameful contrast to the glory of his fame. With society itself rests the advent of that time.

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APPENDIX TO VOLUME IV

A. (i. 10, 122; iv. 155, 165, 196, etc.)

WHAT WAS PROPOSED AND WHAT WAS DONE FOR THE RELATIVES OF GOLDSMITH

For nearly thirty years nothing was done. Thirteen years had passed before it was discovered that anything might or could be done. The project of an edition with a life by Johnson was overthrown by a paltry dispute about the copyright of "She Stoops to Conquer," and no one appeared to have anything to suggest in its place. At last the attention of Dr. Percy, then the Bishop of Dromore, was called, when in Dublin, to the destitute state of Maurice Goldsmith, in a manner which it was difficult to resist; and he opened a correspondence on the subject with his London friends. He described Maurice to them as a cabinet-maker, who had been a decent tradesman, a very honest, worthy man, very unfortunate, and in great indigence. He urged subscriptions for his present help, and said that even a "guinea a piece from the members of the club" would be a great relief to him. Nevertheless, this modest suggestion failed; and it was not till near two years from the time when the Bishop first discovered Maurice's destitution (the "poor creature," as he calls him, having been "starving" in that interval), that a little place was obtained for him in the License Office of Dublin, and, for the scanty help of its additional pittance, he was made mace-bearer to the Irish Academy.

What meanwhile had been started in another way for his relief, and the result of it, I must relate as distinctly as I can from the imperfect memoranda left in Percy's correspondence. The Bishop had, of course, been consulted as to the proposed edition and life by Johnson, to whom indeed, for a time, he had handed materials for it possessed by himself (many of which, I regret to say, Johnson

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lost); and now, somewhat precipitately, under an impulse of compassion for the wretched poverty of these relatives of their old friend, particularly, as has been seen, of poor Maurice, and part of Henry's family, he issued proposals and entered into engagements for an edition, first of the poems only, and afterwards of the miscellaneous writings, to be published with a view to their benefit, which he seems to have found it very difficult and irksome to redeem. Several years passed in merely adding to his materials, for which Malone, Mrs. Hodson, Henry Goldsmith's widow, Dr. Wilson, and many others, were placed under contribution. For the foundations of such a memoir had been earlier laid, even by Goldsmith himself, who, in the hope that Percy might become his biographer, had, "one rainy day" in Northumberland House, dictated certain facts and dates about himself, and subsequently handed to Percy several pieces in manuscript, "among a parcel of letters and papers, some written by himself, and some addressed to him, with not much explanation." —Percy to Steevens, *Nichols*, vii. 31. In the same letter, I may add, the Bishop tells his friend, whose help he has been asking to determine the authenticity of a poem afterwards printed as Goldsmith's and certainly his, that he has "another printed poem of Dr. Goldsmith's in his own handwriting that is undoubtedly his, which is of more consequence" (this was a copy of verses addressed to a lady going to Ranelagh, or to a masquerade, and it is surely a pity, being of such consequence, that the Bishop should afterwards have lost it, which he did),[1] "together with many original and some very curious letters."—*Ib.* There was thus no lack of materials for what had been proposed.

Still, year succeeded year, and the biography was not begun. Then, an enthusiastic Irish clergyman, Dr. Thomas Campbell, who

[1] In a letter to Malone, in 1785, the Bishop is less tolerant of Johnson's carelessness in this matter than he became in later years, when he had precisely the same sin himself to answer for. "The paper which you have recovered in my own handwriting, giving dates and many interesting particulars relating to his life, and which I had concluded to be irrevocably lost, was dictated to me by himself one rainy day at Northumberland House, and sent by me to Dr. Johnson. The other memoranda on the subject were transmitted to me by his brother and others of his family, to afford materials for a life of Goldsmith which Johnson was to write and publish for their benefit. But he utterly forgot them and the subject; so that when he composed Goldsmith's epitaph he gave a wrong place for that of his birth." Such was both Percy's and Malone's impression at this time. But subsequent information showed that Pallas *was* the place of birth, and not, as had been imagined, Elphin.

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had been an occasional visitor to London about the time of Goldsmith's death, a friend of the Thrales, a devoted admirer of Johnson, and fond of dabbling in literature, finding himself with leisure on his hands in his comfortable Irish rectory (that of Clones, in Monaghan), offered his services to the Bishop to throw what he had collected into form. On this friendly work Campbell appears to have been engaged from the spring of 1790 to the autumn of 1791.[1] The manuscript of an outline memoir being then placed in the Bishop's hands, the latter made very copious notes in its margin, which his chaplain, Mr. Boyd, afterwards embodied in the text, rewriting portions at the Bishop's suggestion, and putting Campbell's outline into reasonably complete and final shape. Poor Maurice (whose trade of cabinet-making had never thriven with him, and whose dis-

[1] For various allusions to the work during its progress, see the correspondence of Campbell and Percy in *Nichols's Illustrations*, vii. 759–795. The first sight we get of Campbell himself is in one of Mrs. Thrale's lively letters written to Johnson from Bath, in May, 1776. "We have a flashy friend here already, who is much your adorer: I wonder how you will like *him?* An Irishman he is; very handsome, very hot-headed, loud and lively, and sure to be a favorite with you, he tells us, for he can live with a man of 'ever so odd a temper.' My master laughs, but likes him; and it diverts me to think what you will do when he professes that he will clean shoes for you; that he could shed his blood for you; with twenty more extravagant flights—and you say, *I* flatter! 'Upon my honor, sir, and indeed now,' as Dr. C——l's phrase is, 'I am but a twitter to him.'"—*Piozzi Letters*, i. 329. [Dr. C——l was certainly Campbell, but in supposing him to have been also Mrs. Thrale's "flashy friend" I was misled by Mr. Nichols. The friend described by Mrs. Thrale in May, 1776, was a worshipper of Johnson, named Musgrave; his other Irish visitor, Campbell, having come to London in May, 1775, and being already well known to the set. Of this earlier visit, I should add, curious revelation was made a few years ago in a little book published (1854) at Sydney with the title, *Diary of a Visit to England in* 1775 *by an Irishman* (Dr. Thomas Campbell). Edited with notes by Samuel Raymond, M.A., Prothonotary of the Supreme Court of New South Wales. The MS., found in one of the offices of the Supreme Court, had doubtless been left there by Campbell's eldest nephew and heir, who went out to New South Wales in 1810, and held a civil employment there. See *Edinburgh Review*, cx. 322–342. The little book thus strangely exhumed is a worthy addition even to Boswell, going over some of his ground with new and valuable touches. I have given one respecting Burke on a previous page (vol. iv. 84 *n*); and have only very much to regret that Goldsmith was dead before Campbell came to London. I quote the single reference to him. "When Dr. Goldsmith was mentioned, and Dr. Percy's intention of writing his life, he" (Dr. Johnson) "expressed his approbation, strongly adding that Goldsmith was the best writer he ever knew upon every subject he wrote upon." 1870.]

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appointment at his famous brother's insolvency I have described) had meanwhile been "inquiring," with a very natural anxiety (Campbell to Percy, *Nichols*, vii. 783) after the long-delayed scheme for his benefit; but not till the summer of 1793 had the Bishop any news to give, and it then came too late for Maurice. "I am glad to find," writes Campbell (*Nichols*, vii. 790), "that you have brought the affair of Goldsmith to so good an issue—but, alas! poor Maurice. He is to receive no comfort from your lordship's labors in his behalf. He departed from a miserable life last winter, and luckily has left no children; but he has left a widow, and 'faith a very nice one, who called on me, etc., so that you will not want claimants."

Nevertheless, the supposed "good issue" proves no issue at all; another unaccountable delay intervenes; and January, 1796, arrives with everything still unsettled. For the "trade," being now banded together to work the profitable and already richly yielding farm of Goldsmith's works to their own benefit, could not agree with the Bishop on what would be a reasonable percentage *from one edition* for the benefit of Goldsmith's family; and, as it was now too late to resort to a subscription, the Bishop was in their power. The dispute appears to have raged for more than a year and a half; Percy, for the family, insisting on a payment of money, together with a small number of copies to be given them for sale; and Cadell and Davies, for the booksellers, refusing to consent to anything more than a payment altogether in books out of the impression printed. That the Bishop had himself always contemplated the latter in partial satisfaction of his project, appears from an allusion in one of Campbell's letters (*Nichols*, vii. 777); but, for the present relief of Maurice Goldsmith's widow and Henry Goldsmith's daughter, he held the accompanying money payment also to be absolutely essential.

Meanwhile it could not be other than notorious to a majority of those who had been in familiar intercourse with Goldsmith that the greater number of his family, who had inherited no richer possession than his name were almost literally starving. A letter of Esther Goldsmith's addressed to Mr. Cooper Walker, of Dublin (*Prior*, ii. 577), leaves it not doubtful that Dr. Barnard and Lord Charlemont must have known this on authority not to be disputed. "From your goodness on former occasions," she writes, "and kind attention to me, I take the liberty of requesting the honor of a line from you, to inform me what your opinion is in regard to the Academy House, whether I may have hopes of being housekeeper to it. I blush to give this trouble to a gentleman who is almost a stranger to me in every respect except my misfortunes; but I trust I have an

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advocate in your humane heart. I have informed you, sir, of the Bishop of Killaloe's goodness in handing in my memorial, and also the kind reception it met with from the members present. May I presume to beg that you will be so kind as to recommend me to Lord Charlemont, which would serve the business much, and infinitely serve me!" This well-expressed, earnest letter was written in 1793; yet years passed, and the poor, modest petitioner was as far as ever from that miserable object of her ambition, to be allowed to keep the rooms and sweep out the dust of the new Irish Academy. It seems to have been generally understood that the entire question of Goldsmith and his family was in the hands of Percy and the booksellers, and that everything must depend on the settlement of that dispute.

Great anger and excitement now began to mark its continuance, and in September, 1797, Percy put the case before George Steevens. This curious letter, which reveals more of the details of this not very creditable transaction than any other that appears to have been preserved out of all the correspondence, was printed a few years ago in the *Athenæum* (29th April, 1848). It shows us, not simply that the booksellers adhered to their refusal to advance a shilling of money, but that they would give only two hundred and fifty copies of the books in satisfaction of all claims; and this, too, on condition that all the copies were to be sold in Ireland, and that Percy was to pay the expense of their carriage to that country, as well as the cost of binding them as they might be required for sale; or, supposing he insisted on liberty to sell in England, then they would restrict their munificence to two hundred copies "stitched in blue paper." The reader will observe also the not unimportant avowal, in this letter, that it was only an objection to appearing before the public as his "*ostensible* biographer" which withheld Percy from openly avowing his responsibility for the facts and statements put forth in the Memoir.

"I wish," writes the Bishop to Steevens, dating his communication from "near Northampton," 6th September, 1797, "to consult you about an answer I am about to send to a captious letter from Messrs. Cadell and Davies, who have been in treaty for what *reliques* I have of Goldsmith, which I want to make advantageous to two poor women nearly related to him. When I was last in England I had reason to expect they would give me two hundred guineas for them in money, and fifty copies of a proposed edition in four volumes; as also repay me twenty or thirty guineas for a Life, which I was to have written by some man of character, into which would be inserted a good number of curious letters by or concerning him, that would

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give considerable light and importance to his biographic history. (I have particular reasons for not being myself his *ostensible* biographer.) I accordingly got such a life written by Mr. Boyd, the ingenious translator of Dante,[1] for which I have paid him thirty guineas out of my own pocket. Since my return to England Messrs. Cadell and Davies, who take upon them to manage for all the proprietors, utterly refused to pay any money for the poor women (though they did not refuse to repay me my thirty guineas); but proposed, as soon as the four volumes of this collected edition of Dr. Goldsmith's works are completed, to 'supply to the order of the Bishop of Dromore two hundred and fifty perfect sets, in sheets, of the said edition, free of all charge, for the purpose of the said sets being sent to Ireland, and disposed of in that kingdom, for the benefit of two surviving relations of Dr. Goldsmith.' Knowing that the poor women would not be able to dispose of them unless I went about soliciting subscriptions through that kingdom, which I cannot now submit to, and that our Irish booksellers would some of them get their books and never pay them, I desired they would leave out the condition of *the books being all to be disposed of in Ireland;* and allow them in part to be sold here. They now will admit of no other alternative but either my sending the two hundred and fifty copies in sheets to Ireland, with the carriage at my own expense, there to be stitched or bound, and sold, etc.—or else they will give me here only two hundred copies for them, stitched in blue paper, with liberty to dispose of them in England. This proposal is made in terms so uncivil that I think they wish me to be affronted, and so break off all further treaty; which I should really prefer, with the loss of my thirty guineas, but for the sake of the poor women; and out of compassion for their poverty, I have submitted to the rudest treatment in the whole of the correspondence, as you will acknowledge when I come to show you their letters. Before I answer their last letter containing this proposal, I wish to consult you. What would you advise? If I take two hundred copies here, I shall have some difficulty in selling them to booksellers of character; for, to discourage me from printing an edition for the charity, they have informed me that all the principal booksellers in London are connected with them; and I must after all send some of the books to Ireland. I suppose the binders will require a shilling a volume for sewing the

[1] Mr. Boyd was Percy's chaplain, and, as I have stated in a previous passage, had completed Campbell's draft of the Memoir by engrafting into it Percy's own remarks and suggestions.

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two hundred and fifty copies in blue paper, etc. This would be £40 (*i.e.*, the two hundred copies), which, with the privilege of selling in England, may perhaps be more than equivalent in value to the fifty copies in sheets, and the whole to be confined to Ireland. But you can probably inform me what the binders would demand; and of the Irish market I can judge myself. Pray favor me with your opinion; and if you please, as early as possible. . . . Give my compliments to Mr. Reed, and thanks for assisting in the research about Goldsmith's Epilogue, for which I must desire you to accept yourself my kindest acknowledgments."

To this communication, and all its sorry and shameful details, most characteristic was the reply of George Steevens. He did not spare the booksellers, "the priests of Mammon," as he calls them, who might be brought to their senses, he thought, by the threat of a new subscription-edition "prefaced by an account of their behavior"; for "the works of Goldsmith are among their staple commodities, and they will hardly choose they should fall into any other hands than those of their leading publishers; nor can I believe they will think it prudent either to lose, or provoke, a pen so pointed and so popular as yours. It should seem, however," continues Steevens, "from your own representation of this affair, that you only *expected* they would give you, etc., not that any specific terms were formally settled between the knights of the rubrick post and your lordship." And he goes on to state that he had learned that morning, from the records of the Chapter coffee-house, that the proposal made by the booksellers as long ago as November, 1795, had been "exactly the terms they now offer; at least, no mention is there made of the £200 for the endowment of the poor women." Wherefore he concludes his letter by recommending the Bishop to make the best of his bargain; since he must submit, if he cannot intimidate; and quits the subject with this pithy remark: "The works of Goldsmith will always be sought after, but you will discover little zeal to promote the welfare of his needy relations."—*Nichols*, vii. 31.

On this advice Percy reluctantly acted; and in a few weeks afterwards the agreement was signed, and the Memoir placed in Cadell and Davies's hands. But a doom seemed to hang over the project, and no sooner was one obstruction cleared than new difficulties started in its way. The trade could not now settle among themselves what the edition was to contain; the Bishop, resenting very angrily what had passed, would give no further help which he had the power to withhold; on a new editor being selected in the person of Mr. Rose (Cowper's friend), Malone appears to have joined Percy

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in a protest against any tampering with the memoir; and, probably from this protest not meeting with proper attention, the name of the Bishop of Dromore was formally and finally withdrawn from the scheme. This period in its luckless history brings me to 1800, when (I now quote from a letter of the Bishop to Dr. Anderson, written in 1808) "Dr. Goldsmith's niece, daughter of his eldest brother the clergyman, being reduced to indigence, on her account the Bishop applied, in 1800, to Messrs. Cadell and Davies to afford some present relief, to alleviate the distress occasioned by the delay of the publication, which being refused by them, the Bishop supplied the same himself, and continued to do so till her death, which took place before Mr. Archer had come to a settlement for the one hundred and twenty-five copies transmitted to him."—*Nichols*, vii. 191.

The last allusion explains the character of the agreement with the trade to which Dr. Percy had finally and so reluctantly consented. The booksellers had consented to the magnificent compromise of allowing one-half the copies in sheets to be sold in England! In consideration of the memoir with which he had supplied them, they were to transmit to him, on publication, two hundred and fifty unbound copies of the *Miscellaneous Works*, to which it was prefixed; one hundred and twenty-five to be sold in Dublin, and one hundred and twenty-five in London, for the benefit of the Goldsmiths. Mr. Archer was the Dublin bookseller to whom the Irish copies were at last consigned on the appearance of the book in 1801; and that Cadell and Davies had taken a sound business view of the matter in refusing to advance money on those copies even a few months before publication, the Bishop, writing six years after it, makes pretty clear to us by the remark that "part of these one hundred and twenty-five copies transmitted to Mr. Archer are still unsold, and as *two more elegant editions* have been printed in London, which it is feared will impede the sale of these, it is intended to get them into the country and dispose of them by private subscription."—*Nichols*, vii. 191.

So much for the Irish branch of this trade-munificence to poor Goldsmith's memory. From the same letter I can also indicate its equally generous flow in England, where a new claimant had suddenly appeared. "Of the two hundred and fifty copies," writes Percy, "one half were allowed to be sold in England, and these were delivered to Mr. White, bookseller in Fleet Street, London, with an injunction that he was to account for all the profits arising from the same to Dr. Goldsmith's brother, Charles Goldsmith, who had returned from the West Indies with his family, and resided in the neighborhood of Tottenham Court [Road]. From this brother of

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Dr. Goldsmith the Bishop frequently heard, informing him that the payments were duly made, and whatever copies he desired were delivered to him to dispose of among his friends for his own benefit. He believes Mr. Charles Goldsmith is now dead, but the account is still open with his family."—*Nichols*, vii. 191.

The circumstances of brother Charles's return have been described (see vol. i. 121–122); and from the son of Mr. Robert Cabbell Roffe, whose communication to the *Mirror* is there quoted, I received (16th June, 1862) an earlier private letter of his father's, and a letter from himself, in further illustration of his father's statement and of the copy of Sir Joshua's portrait mentioned in it. The earlier letter of Mr. Robert Roffe (59 Ossulston Street, Camden Town, 12th February, 1821) informs us: "At an early age Charles left his parents in Ireland, and after wandering about the world for many years, settled at last in one of the West India islands, where he acquired a tolerable property, which he brought to England, and began spending faster than he got it. My acquaintance with him commenced about twenty-three years ago, upon the occasion of his putting his son apprentice to the same master as myself. He often invited me to his house (his family consisted of himself, his wife, two daughters, and one son, at that time). I found him an intelligent man, but with manners not at all softened by having been a negro-driver in the West Indies. He was a perfect bashaw in his family, and treated his wife, who was a Creole, according to my feelings, very uncivilly. His eldest daughter died in about three years after his settling in London. I attended her funeral, and it was with difficulty I could wear the appearance of sorrow, from the odd manner in which he affected it, and the remarks he made upon the parson not coming in time to bury his *dare child* as he called her. At the peace of Amiens he sold some of his property in Somers Town, and went to settle in the South of France; but was obliged to leave it in a hurry, by the way of Holland, for fear of being detained a prisoner by Buonaparte. In consequence he arrived in England very poor, sold more of his property, and ultimately died almost in a state of second childhood, at a lodging in the same street in which I live. His wife, with a son he had by her in England, went to the West Indies. His son Henry, who was my fellow-apprentice, tried engraving for two or three years, when he took such a dislike to it that his father shipped him off to his native country. These particulars, I am aware, can derive no interest except from their being those of the brother of the immortal Goldsmith, and in that view I relate them. He was very like the portrait of Dr. Goldsmith by Sir Joshua Reynolds. He once showed me a

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piece of original poetry by his brother, when he was nine years of age."

Referring to the Reynolds portrait, Mr. Edwin Roffe writes to me (16th June, 1862): "A few months ago, a friend, upon reading my father's note concerning Goldsmith, said, *I think I know who is now in possession of that very portrait.* Upon further conversation with him, it transpired that an elderly lady (whom I had previously met at my friend's table) was the supposed possessor. Although it ultimately turned out that my friend was somewhat mistaken, yet the circumstances of the case were somewhat curious. It appeared that during the time Charles Goldsmith resided in the Polygon, this lady and her brother went to reside there; and immediately upon their removal they went out for a walk (there were beautiful fields near at hand then), and upon returning were for a time doubtful of their house, until one of them espied, through an open parlor-window, *the* portrait of the poet hanging on the wall. 'This must be the house, there is the painting.' 'But *our* painting hangs in the back-parlor.' 'Well, but there it is.' In this state of dilemma, there was nothing left but to knock at the door, which they did; and, to their surprise, found themselves introduced to the family of Oliver Goldsmith's brother, with the very portrait (mentioned by my father) hanging in the front-parlor, while their own copy of Sir Joshua *was* hanging up next door; but in the back-parlor."

Out of all that was proposed, then, for the relatives of Goldsmith, the general result of what was done amounted to this: Goldsmith's last surviving brother died in London in great poverty, scantily relieved from time to time by the necessarily slow sale (for of course all the best channels of circulation were preoccupied) of his share in the copies conceded by the booksellers. The only daughter of his eldest brother, Henry, died in Dublin, even before her share was duly apportioned to her, in distress and indigence yet more extreme. Her mother, Henry's widow, had meanwhile been contented with the very humble yet at least safe retreat of matron to the Meath Infirmary. Her brother, Henry's only son, for whom, twenty years earlier, a commission had been obtained, had happily gone to the other side of the Atlantic to achieve a somewhat better fortune. Maurice's widow was living in Dublin, in extreme poverty; so was Goldsmith's younger married sister, in Athlone; a third female Goldsmith was a petitioner for the most abject employments; nor does the elder sister, Mrs. Hodson (to members of whose family I have referred in my text, vol. iii. 176), appear to have had the power, whatever her desires may have been, to assist these unhappy women. The family left by Charles had

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been thinned before his death by the death of one of his daughters, the marriage of another, and the return of his eldest son to Jamaica. Happily, therefore, there remained only the widow and her youngest son, Oliver, for whom, as Bishop Percy expresses it, the munificent trade "account" continued to be kept open. She and they might thus freely subsist, for as long as they could, on the still unsold remainder of books assigned to her husband; yet, alas! her only grateful acknowledgment to her generous patrons was to take flight immediately with her boy for Jamaica. The fate of the married daughter is also traceable. Five years ago the New York *Tribune* announced: "In the town of West Hoboken, New Jersey, resides an old lady—blind, crippled, and suffering from the want of the necessaries of life. She is the niece of Oliver Goldsmith. Her father was the brother of Oliver, and his junior by ten years. He was married in the West Indies at the age of forty-two. Mrs. Hanson was his third child—Catherine. She was married to Mr. John T. Hanson in 1806." Hardly had attention been thus called to her, however, when her death followed, on the 21st of September in the same year, "at the age of eighty-one."

So fared all the known members of this hapless family who had any claim to notice or remembrance in connection with Goldsmith's memory. A few sold and unsold shabby books, "in sheets," represent their pretensions and their hopes, and all that was done to realize them. And how meanwhile had the booksellers fared? They had at once sold all the impressions of the collected works reserved for themselves, and had afterwards issued two handsome editions, unencumbered with any such unnatural interception of their natural profits as a charge for the family of the author. Who can doubt, then, that throughout these transactions the advantage remained clearly with the "trade," and that their prudence as shrewd men of business had been amply asserted and rewarded?

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B. (PAGES 155 AND 196.)

A

CATALOGUE[1]

OF

THE HOUSHOLD FURNITURE,

WITH THE

Select Collection of Scarce, Curious, and Valuable Books,

IN

ENGLISH, LATIN, GREEK, FRENCH, ITALIAN, AND OTHER LANGUAGES,

LATE THE LIBRARY OF

DR. GOLDSMITH, Deceased.

WHICH

BY ORDER OF THE ADMINISTRATOR,

Will be Sold by Auction, by

MR. GOOD,

At his GREAT ROOM, No. 121 Fleet Street,

On TUESDAY the 12th of July, 1774, at Twelve o'Clock.

To be viewed on MONDAY, and till the Time of Sale, when Catalogues may be had as above.

I*st*, The highest Bidder to be the Buyer, and if any Dispute arises between any two or more Bidders, the Lot in Dispute to be put up again, or be decided by the Majority of the Company.

II*dly*, No Person to advance less than Six-pence; above one Pound one Shilling; above five Pounds, two Shillings and Six-pence; and so in Proportion.

III*dly*, The Buyer to give in his Name and Place of Abode, (if required) and pay five Shillings in the Pound as Earnest for each Lot.

Lastly, The Goods to be taken away, with all Faults at the Expence of the Purchaser, within two Days after the Sale is ended, and the remainder of the Purchase-money to be paid on the Delivery; otherwise the Lots to be re-sold, and what Deficiency may arise with the Charges, to be made good by the first Purchaser.

[1] This is an exact reprint, throughout, from the original catalogue in the possession of Mr. Murray, and for its mistakes and misspellings the worthy auctioneer is solely responsible.

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CATALOGUE, &c.

TUESDAY, JULY 12, 1774.

HOUSHOLD FURNITURE.

Lot
1 A Bath stove, compass front, open border, fender, shovel, tongs and poker.
2 One blue morine festoon window-curtain compleat.
3 A mahogany dining-table.
4 Six ditto hollow seat chairs, covered with blue morine, finished with a double row of brass nails, and check cases.
5 A Wilton carpet.
6 A sun-shade, line and pulleys, and a deal side-board stained.
7 A tea-chest and 2 mahogany card-racks.
8 A four-post bedstead, crimson and white check furniture.
9 A feather-bed, bolster, and 2 down pillows.
10 A check mattrass.
11 Three blankets and a counterpane.
12 Three blue morine window-curtains compleat.
13 Two oval glasses, gilt frames.
14 Two ditto two-light girandoles.
15 A very large dressing-glass, mahogany frame.
16 A three-plate bordered chimney-glass, gilt frame.
17 A large Wilton carpet.
18 A mahogany sofa covered with blue morine, finished with a double row of brass nails, and a check case.
19 Eight ditto chairs and check cases.
20 Two mahogany compass front card tables, lined.
21 A ditto Pembroke table.
22 A stove, brass fender, shovel, tongs and poker.
23 A stained matted chair, and a wainscot table.
24 Two telescopes.
25 A steel hilted sword, inlaid with gold, and a black hilted ditto.
26 Eleven blue and white octagon dishes, 18 ditto plates and an enamalled bowl.
27 A teapot, 5 coffee cups, sugar bason and cover, 4 saucers, and 6 cups.
28 Two quart decanters and stoppers, 1 plain ditto, 11 glasses and 1 wine and water glass.
29 A pair of bellows, a brush, a footman, a copper tea kettle and a coal scuttle.
30 Two pair of plated candlesticks.
31 A mahogany tea-board, a fret bordered ditto, a large round japanned ditto, and 2 waiters.
32 The Tragic Muse, in a gold frame.

BOOKS.

FOLIOS.

Lot
1 Harduini Opera, *Amst.* 1709. Plinii Hist. Naturalis. *Francf.* 1582.
2 Kercheri Latium, *Amst.* 1671. Hist. Rom. Scriptores, *Gen.* 1653. Hugoni Militia Equestri *Antw.* 1630.

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Lot
3 Gesnerus de Quadrupedibus, cum fig. 1551. Baconi Opera, *Franc.* 1665. Blount Censura Authorum, *Lond.* 1690.
4 Photii Epistolæ, *Lond.* 1651. Thuani Hist. sui temporis, 4 tom. *Franc.* 1625.
4*Buchanani Opera, 2 tom. *Edinb.* 1715.
5 Rowe's Lucan, 1718. Jure Divino, 1706. Prior's Poems, 1718. Du Bartas.
6 Chaucer's Works, 1602.
7 Davenant's Works, 1673, and 2 more.
8 Camoen's Luciad, by Fanshaw, 1655. Cowley's Works, 1674. Skelton's Don Quixote.
8*Wood's Athenæ Oxoniensis, 1691.
9 Heylyn's Cosmography, 1703. Knolles's Hist. of the Turks, 1638.
10 Raleigh's Hist. of the World, 1614.
11 Breval's Travals, 1738. Horrebow's Hist. of Iceland, 1758. Ludolphus's Hist. of Ethiopia.
12 Pietro della Valle's Travels, 1665. Sir J. Chardin's Travels, 1686. Herbert's Travels, 1638.
13 Ambassador's Voyages and Travels, 1662. Sandys's Travels, 1637. Life of John de Castro, 1664. Taverner's Travels, 1684.
14 Stanley's Lives of the Philosophers, 1701.
15 Rolt's Dictionary of Trade and Commerce, 1761.
16 Croker's Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, 3 vols. 1768.
17 Stephani Thesaurus, Ling. Lat. 2 tom. *Par.* 1543.
18 Fabri Thesaurus, *Lips.* 1726.
19 Calipini Dictionarium, 2 tom. *Bas.* Scapulæ Lexicon, Gen. 1619. Photii Bibliotheca. *Rothom.* 1653.
20 Aldrovandus de Quadrupedibus, de Piscibus & Ornithologia, 3 tom. *Bonon.* 1619, &c.
21 Oeuvres de la Mothe le Vayer, 2 tom. 1656. Oeuvres du P. le Moyne. 1671.
22 Dictionaire de Commerce, par Savary, 3 tom. *Par.* 1723.
23 Aristotelis Opera, 4 tom. *Par.* 1639.
24 Xenophontis Opera Gr. H. Stephani. *Gen.* 1581. Diogines Laertius. *Lond.* 1664.
25 Kappii Bibliotheca, *Amst.* 1744.
26 Rushworth's Collections, 3 vol. Machiavel's Works, 1675.
27 Hill's Natural History of Fossils. 1748.
28 Terentii Comœdiæ, Lat. & Ital. *cum. fig. Rom.* 1767.
29 Historia da Angeloni, *Rom.* 1641.
30 Histoire Romaine, *Paris* 1625.

QUARTOS.

Lot
1 Fenton's Poems. Williams's Poems. Say's Poems. The Secretes of Maister Alexis, 1580, and 9 more. Literary Journals, &c.
2 Acta Lipsiensa, 7 tom. 1736, &c.
3 Oeuvres de Voiture, *Par.* 1650. Histoire de Turcs, Pieces Curieuses, 1644.

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Lot

*3 Histoire de Poissons par Gouan, 1770, and 7 more.

4 Chefs d'Oeuvres de Marmontel. *Par.* 1773. Histoire de Ciceron, 2 tom. *ib.* 1745.

5 Puffendorf droit de la Nature, 2 tom. Oeuvres de Boileau.

6 Hist. de Blois. Tournefort's Voyage du Levant. *Amst.* 1718. Tournefort's Herbaria. *Par.* 3 vol. 1719, and 5 more.

7 Bonda Carmina ex Lap. Antiq. 1751. Casaubon's de Rebus Sacris, 1654. Institut. Univers. Philosoph. 2 tom. Donati Roma Vetus a Recens, 1695, and 11 more.

8 Miscellanea Græcorum aliquot Script. Carmina a Maittaire, *Lond.* 1722. Bohadsch de Animal. Marinis, 1761. Noodt Opera Omnia, 1713.

9 Rosini Antiq. Rom. 1663. Wolfii Element. Matheseos, 2 tom. 1717, and 5 more.

10 Miscellanea Curiosa Medico. Physica, 19 tom. *Lips.* 1670, &c. Orlando Furioso di Ariosto. *Ven.* 1564.

11 Davila Hist di Francia, 1642. L'Ercoma del Sig. Biondi, 1624.

12 Philosophical Transactions, 8 vol. The same abridged, by Lowthorp and Jones, 5 vol.

13 Cibber's Apology and Considerations on the Life of Cicero, 1740, &c.

14 Astruc on the Venereal Disease, 1754. Owen on Serpents, 1742.

15 Revolutions d'Espagne par le P. d'Orleans, 3 tom. 1734.

16 Statii Opera, 2 tom. *Par.* 1618. Ennii Fragmenta, *Nap.* 1590. Salmasi Epistolæ, *L. Bat.* 1656.

17 Bulwer's Artificial Changling, 1653. Verstigan's Antiquities, 1634. Hartlib's Legacie, 1651. Sir K. Digby on the Nature of Bodies, 1645.

18 Histoire des Insectes par de Geer, 2 tom. *Stock.* 1771.

19 Dictionaire Raisonne & Univers. des Animaux, 4 tom. *Par.* 1759.

20 Leland's Life of Philip of Macedon, 1761.

21 Wharton's History of English Poetry, 1774.

22 Killarney, a Poem, by Leslie, *Dub.* 1772. Chambers's Oriental Gardening, 1772.

23 La Jartiere, a French Poem in M. S. S. dedicated to the King, elegantly bound.

24 Terentius, Horatius, Virgilius, Catullus, Tibullus & Propertius, 4 tom. *Cant.* 1701.

25 Lucretius, *Lond.* 1712.

26 Encyclopedie ou Dictionare Univers. Raisonne, 25 tom. 1770.

OCTAVOS, TWELVES, &c.

Lot

1 Voyages to Bengal and Buenos Ayres. Three odd volumes of Plays. Epistles of Aristænetus, and 4 more.

2 Collier on Trade. Chapman on Education. Travels to Arabia. Henry and Frances, 3 and 4 vol. Vanburgh's Plays, and 4 more.

3 Brook's Natural History, 5 and 6 vol. The Idler vol. 1. Scot's Epigrams. Pac on the Roman Poets, and 4 more.

4 Bons Mots de Santeuil. Lettres de Montesquieu. Dictionaire Gentilhomme. Four odd vols. of Corneille's Plays, and 7 more French books.

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Lot

5 French Plays by Avis. Ditto by Grange. Ditto by Champmélé. Theatre de la Foire. Ditto by Favart, and 5 more.

6 Analecta Medii; Aeviæ Specimen Literatur Florentinæ, 2 vols. and 6 more.

7 Voyage par Winckleman. Passetemps Poetique. Fanny Palmer, 2 parts. Scaroon Roman Comique, 2 tom. and 10 more.

8 Ouvres de Balzac. Theatre Espagnol, 2 tom. Theatre de la Chaussée, and 8 more.

9 La Fabricia Bibliotheca, 3 tom. Theophrastus. Martial, and 15 more.

10 Ouvres D'ancourt, 7 tom. the 1st wanting. Ouvres de Bruey's, 1st 3d 4th and 5th tom. Theatre de la Haye, 1st 2d 4th and 5th tom.

11 Histoire de L'Academie Royale, 15 tom. the 11th wanting.

12 Theatre Italien de Gherardi, 3 tom. 1st wanting, and 8 others.

13 Goldsmith's History of the Earth and Animated Nature, 8 vol. imperfect, and 2 vol. of curious pamphlets.

14 D'Foe's Works, 2 tom. South's Sermons, 4 vol. Collier's Essays, 4 vol. in 3.

15 Tindal's Continuation, 25th 27th and 28th vol. Milton's History of England.

16 Hudibras, and 12 more.

17 Spectator, 8 vol. 1729.

18 Nature Displayed, 7 vol. 1757.

19 Lettre del Annibal Caro, 6 vol.

20 Dryden's Virgil, 3 vol. 1763.

21 Fielding's Works, 12 vol. 1766.

22 Bysshe's Art of Poetry, 2 vol. and Hoole's Metastatio, 2 vol.

23 World, 4 vol. and Bysshe's Art of Poetry, 2 vol.

24 Connoisseur, 4 vol.

25 Young's Works, 4 vol. 1762.

26 Gay's Poems, 2 vol. 1767. Hoole's Metastasio, 2 vol. 1767.

27 Hawkins's Origin of the English Drama, 3 vol. 1773.

28 Reliques of Ancient Poetry, 3 vol. *Dublin*, 1766.

29 Cibber's Works, 5 vol. 1760.

30 Bell's Travels, 2 vols. 1764. Sentimental Journey through Greece, 3 vol. 1772.

31 Pope's Homer, 5 vol. *Edinb.* 1767. Gray's Poems, 2 vol. 1767. Celebrated Authors, 2 vol. 1750. Waller's Poems, 1758.

32 Hughes's Spencer, 6 vol. 1750.

33 Cibber's Lives of the Poets, 5 vol. 1753.

34 Amenites Litteraires and Recueil d'Anecdotes, 2 tom. 1773.

35 Recherches Philosophiques, 2 tom. 1773. Histoire du Fanatisme, 2 tom. 1737.

36 Oeuvres de Boissy, 8 tom. 1768.

37 Histoire de Siam, 2 tom. 1771. Voyage Litteraire de la Grece, 2 tom. 1771. Voyage d'Italie, 2 tom. 1773. Oeuvres de Rousseau, 4 tom. 1734.

38 Dictionaire Literaire, 3 tom. *Liege*, 1768. Dictionaire Veterinaire & des Animaux Domestiques, 2 tom. *Par.* 1790.

39 Dictionaire Critique Pittoresque & Sentencieux, 3 tom. *Par.* 1768. Dic-

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tionaire d'Anecdotes, 2 tom. *Par.* 1769. Dictionaire Abrege d'Antiquites, *Par.* 1733.

40 Commedia di Dante, 3 tom. *Ven.* 1751.

41 Rime de Chiabrera, 3 tom. *Rom.* 1718.

42 Parrhasiana, 2 tom. Ducatiana, 2 tom. Naudæana & Patiniana, 1703.

43 Oeuvres de Gresset, 2 tom. Oeuvres de Saintfoix, 2 tom.

44 Fables Choisies de Fontaine, 5 tom.

45 Lecons de Physique par Mollet, 2 tom. Entretiens Physiques per Regnault, 4 tom.

46 Memoires de Retz, 4 tom. Bossuet Histoire Universelle, 2 tom.

47 Tite-Live, 8 tom. *Amst.* 1700.

48 Oeuvres du Fresny, 3 tom. Oeuvres de Grange. Chancel, 3 tom. Reflexion sur la Poesie, &c. 2 tom. 1719. Oeuvres de Patru, 2 tom. Le Passé-Tems Agreable. Contes D'Ouville, 2 tom. 1703.

49 Dictionaire de Litteraire, 3 vol. 1770. Vertot Revolutions de Romaine, 3 tom. 1752.

50 Theatre Francois, 11 tom. 12th wanting, *Par.* 1737.

51 Nouveau Theatre Francois, 12 tom. *Utrecht.* 1735.

52 Oeuvres de Saint Real, 3 tom. *Par.* 1757.

53 Oeuvres de Regnard, 4 tom. 1758. Oeuvres de Pavillon, 2 tom. 1750.

54 Recueil des Poetes Francois, 6 tom. *Par.* 1752.

55 Oeuvres de Destouches, 7 tom. 1745.

56 Helvetius de L'homme de Facultes Intellectualles & de Education, 2 tom. *Lond.* 1773.

57 Oeuvres de Voltaire, 19 odd vol.

58 Oeuvres de Fontenelle, 10 odd vol.

59 Gerusalemme di Tasso, 2 tom. *Nimes*, 1764.

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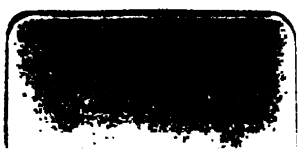

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